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VOL
XXXIII
NO 1

U.A. STODDARD

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APRIL

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From the painting by Arthur de Ferraris

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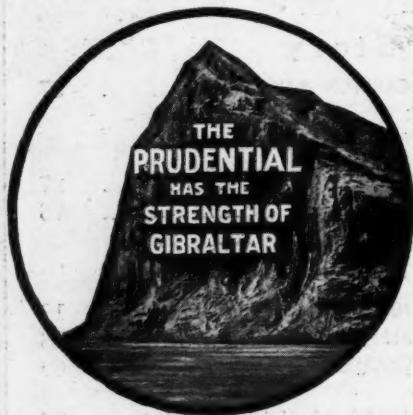
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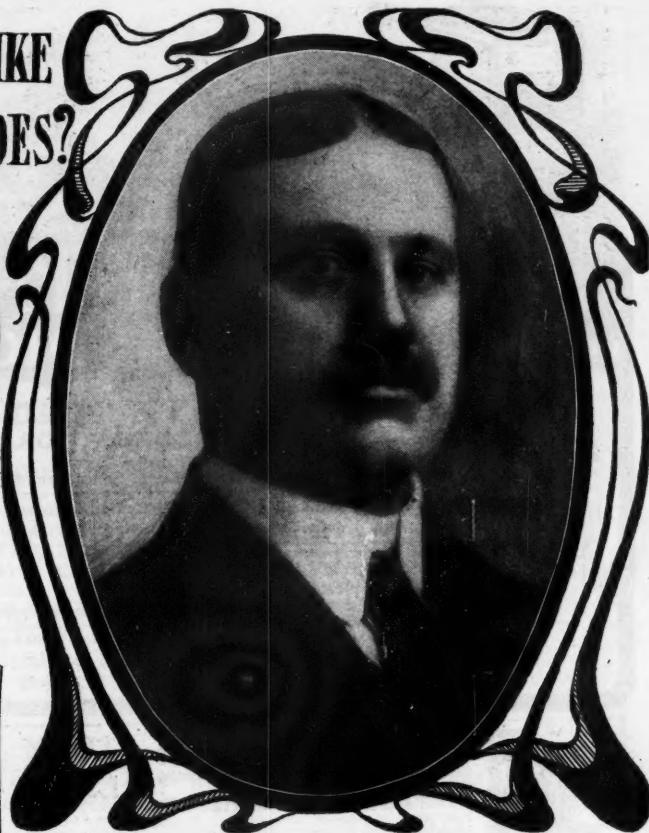
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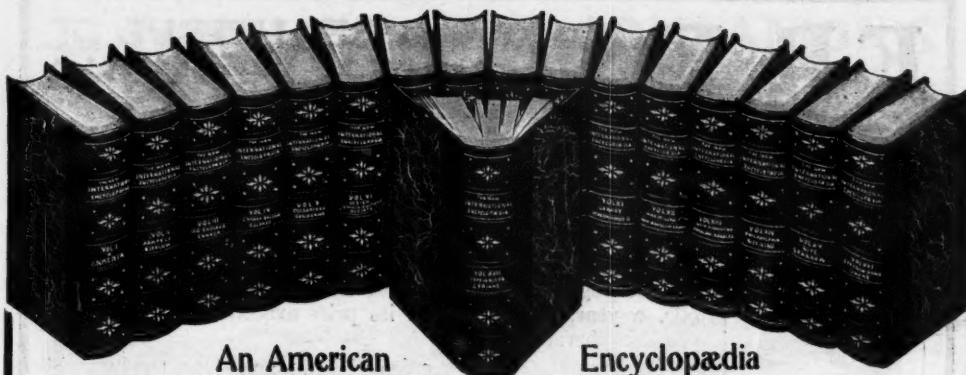
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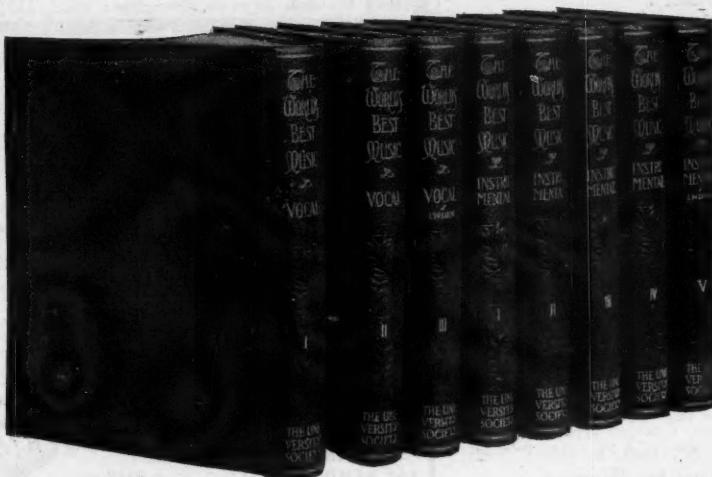
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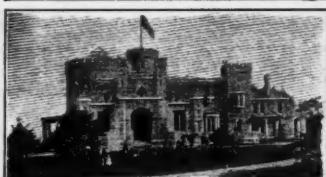
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1803 BRADFORD - ACADEMY 1805

FOR YOUNG WOMEN. One hour from Boston. College Preparatory and General Courses. Two years' Course for High School graduates. New gymnasium. Boating, skating, golf, tennis, basket ball and field hockey. Catalogue and views on application.

Miss LAURA A. KNOTT, A. M., Principal, Bradford, Mass.

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CATHERINE C. McNAUGHTON, Chicago, Ill.

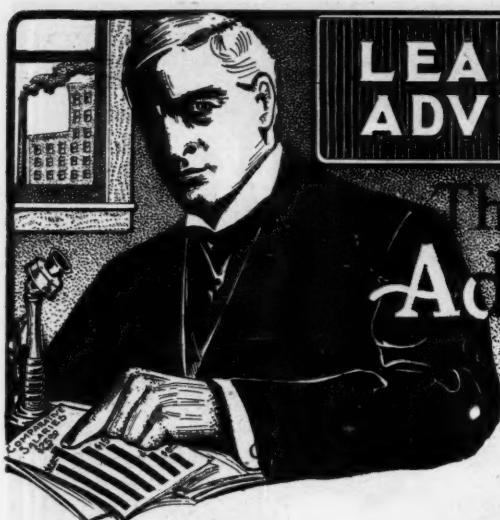
This Mellin's Food baby, when 6 1-2 months old, weighed 19 1-2 lbs. Her flesh is hard and firm and she is, and always has been, perfectly happy and well.

Mellin's Food will do just as much for your baby, and we should like to send you a sample free to try.

Mellin's Food was the **ONLY** Infants' Food which received the Grand Prize at the St. Louis Exposition, 1904. Higher than a gold medal.

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BOSTON, MASS.



LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

There is a Fortune in Advertising For You

BY Edward T. Page

YOUR opportunities for making money and for congenial employment are greater in the advertising business than in any other vocation on earth. This is because there is no other business in which the salaries are so high or the lines of activity so varied.

Where you succeed as a clerk, stenographer, salesman, etc., to the extent of earning a salary of \$15 a week, you should be able to earn \$25 a week as an advertising man; if you are earning \$25 a week in your present position, as an advertisement writer you should be worth \$40 a week; and so on up the scale.

An illustration of this fact is the experience of Lester Taylor, who was drawing the average clerk's salary in the little town of

Kewanee, Ill., when he began studying with us. He is now advertising manager for Sanger Brothers, who operate department stores in the principal cities of Texas, with an income, it is needless to add, many times as large as his former salary. Another substantial evidence of rapid improvement through study with us is Vernon H. Peck, who was only a stenographer; now

he is advertising manager for a large manufacturing firm in Los Angeles. Arthur F. Rohn was a sales-

man before we educated him for this business. He got immediately into a splendid position as advertising manager for a large proprietary medicine concern of Boston. And then there is Mr. R. I. Tucker, of Rochester, New York, a newspaper man, whom we qualified to do advertisement writing; his salary, as assistant manager of the Rochester Evening Times, is more than double what it was when reporter on the same paper.

Mr. A. W. Armstrong of Seattle, Washington, was earning a good income, but desiring to do still better, studied advertisement writing, with the result that he is now advertising manager for a large dry goods house, with a salary far in advance of what he earned before taking up this study.

I can tell you also of hundreds of men, in business for themselves, who have been able largely to increase their business through a knowledge of advertising gained in our school. I might go on and enumerate numbers of such cases, for we issue every month a long list of the names of men and women who have stepped into excellent positions through studying advertisement writing with us. They represent every line, from factory hands to financiers; but the point, I think, is evident. The



C. P. POWDERLY

Advertising manager for Clark Brothers, who conduct a large wholesale and retail store at Scranton, Penn. He was a railway clerk when he began studying with the Page-Davis Company.



F. M. HENRY

Advertising manager for the Jno. Tea. Delahay Company, of New Orleans, La. When he enrolled for a course of study with the Page-Davis Company he was a clerk in a tea store.

same amount of brain power, ability, and energy commands a better income in the advertising business than anywhere else. Salaries are higher and the possibilities greater.

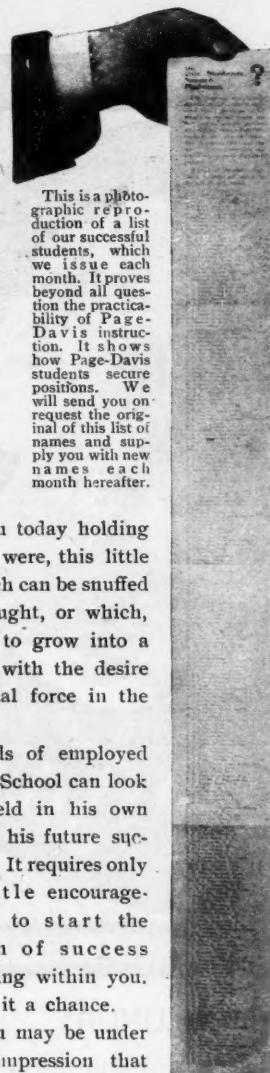
I think this homely comparison will make present conditions plain to you: a man holds a small lighted match between his fingers; with the slightest breath he can extinguish it forever, but should he feed the small flame, it will spread and spread till it shall become a power beyond control. And so it is with you today holding between your fingers, as it were, this little spark of encouragement which can be snuffed out by a mere passing thought, or which, if you will, may be made to grow into a great future by feeding it with the desire to know all about this vital force in the business world.

Everyone of the hundreds of employed graduates of the Page-Davis School can look back and see where he held in his own grasp his future success. It requires only a little encouragement to start the germ of success working within you. Give it a chance.

You may be under the impression that an advertising man is a born genius, like the poet, who lives fairly comfortably from the poems he writes, but could not earn a living at any practical work. You

never made a greater mistake in your life. The truth is that the man who makes a success in advertisement writing is the one who studies this profession in the same spirit that he would add a new machine to his factory, should he see the necessity of doing so, in order to keep up with his competitor or a little ahead of him.

EDWIN HARRIS
Advertising manager for
J. S. Simmons, seed merchant and grower, of Toronto, Canada. He was a flour and feed merchant before he prepared for advertisement writing in the Page-Davis School.



This is a photographic reproduction of a list of our successful students, which we issue each month. It proves beyond all question the practicability of Page-Davis instruction. It shows how Page-Davis students secure positions. We will send you on request of this list of names and supply you with new names each month hereafter.

The advertising department is an improvement added to modern business equipment. The man who recognizes this requirement is the man who succeeds. The progressive business man realizes that he can no more hope to keep at the front in the face of competition, without this essential equipment, than the shoemaker can compete with modern factories and continue to make his shoes by hand, putting them together with wooden pegs.

There is just one thing necessary for you to do: learn to write advertisements. We will guarantee to teach you. We will put you on our regular staff and give you six months' experience as a practical advertisement writer. We will guarantee to round out your education so perfectly that you will be capable of undertaking the highest class of advertisement writing, with compensation in proportion.

Write at once for this advertising book, sent free, together with our latest list of employed graduates, earning up to \$100 a week. You will be interested.

You will find your varied opportunities in this business fully explained on page 19 of our large book, which we will send you on request. You will find much of special interest, which we can't go into here.

Just enter your name on this coupon and address

Page-Davis Co.

Address either office:
90 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO
150 Nassau St., NEW YORK

414
Page-Davis
Company
Chicago or
New York

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Concerned desirous of engaging
competent advertisement writers at a salary of \$25 to \$100
per week are requested to
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This service is gratis.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE
Send me without
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and all other information
setting forth a most
profitable profession for a
man to enter.

Name
Address
City State



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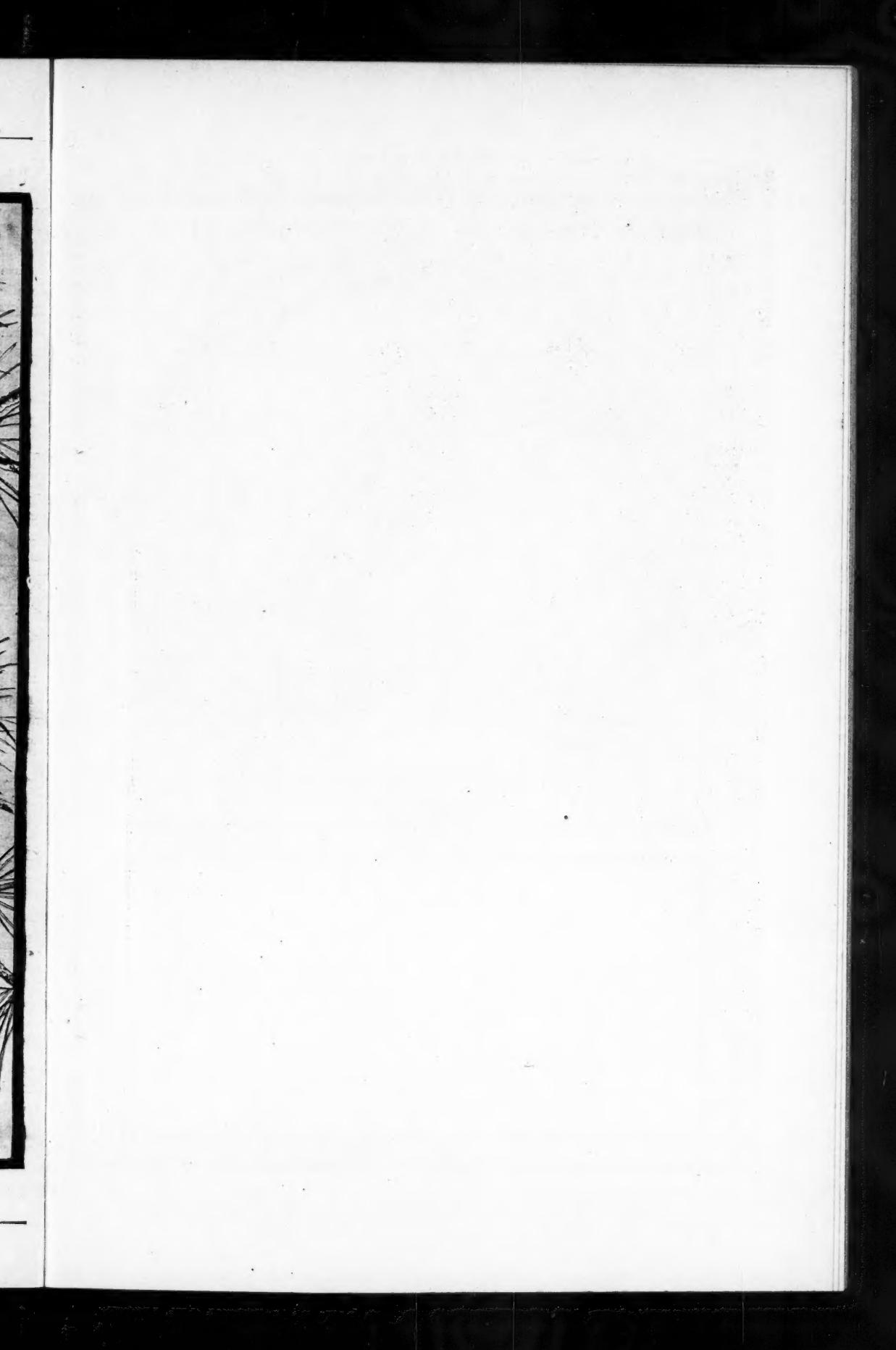
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MARIE, CROWN PRINCESS OF RUMANIA, WHO IS KNOWN AS "THE PRETTIEST PRINCESS IN EUROPE."

By courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company, from the portrait by Arthur de Ferrari.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

APRIL, 1905.

No. 1.

THE DOMINANT FORCES IN RUSSIA.

BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD.

THE PRESENT CRISIS IN THE CZAR'S EMPIRE, THE MEN AND THE INFLUENCES THAT HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT THE EXISTING SITUATION, AND THE CONDITIONS UPON WHICH THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA DEPENDS.

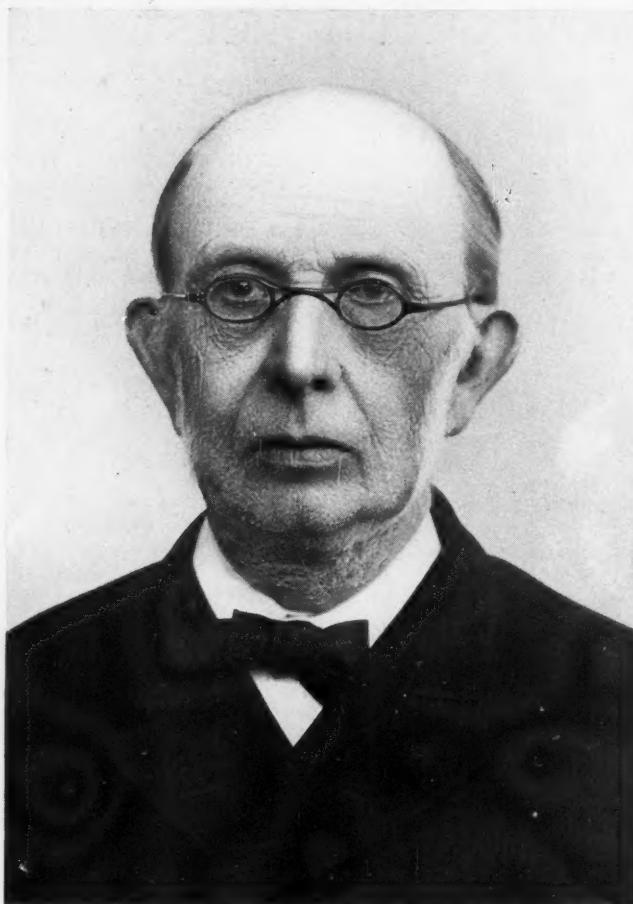
WAS ever any ruler the victim of such cruel circumstances as those by which Nicholas II is beset? The Russian Institution has reached a point in its development where it has come to be a serious question whether one man can



THE LATE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS ALEXANDROVITCH, UNCLE OF THE CZAR, ASSASSINATED IN MOSCOW ON FEBRUARY 17 LAST.

ever again direct its destinies according to his personal will as did Peter the Great. In the very nature of the situation, the task of the present Czar is vastly harder than that of his most famous ancestor. In judging Nicholas

crisis in her history. A decisive struggle, apparently, is about to take place between the old-established order of things and the forces of modern civilization which have penetrated the vast semi-oriental empire. And between the



CONSTANTINE PETROVITCH POBIEDONOSTSEFF, PROCURATOR-GENERAL OF THE HOLY SYNOD, THE MOST INFLUENTIAL PERSONALITY IN THE RUSSIAN BUREAUCRACY.

II in the light of the military and naval disasters of Russia, of the poverty and illiteracy of his people, of the recent labor agitations, and of the assassinations of his executive officers, whether grand dukes or bureaucrats, we must take into account the unique difficulties of his position—difficulties insuperable to any one but a man of extraordinary strength.

Russia seems to be approaching a

contending forces Nicholas stands practically helpless.

Theoretically, the reigning Romanoff must do the thinking for one hundred and fifty million subjects whom the divine will has placed in his charge. He must bear the responsibility of every governmental act, whether it emanates directly from him, receives his indirect sanction, or is merely done in his name, in the hope that the result will meet with

his approval—or perhaps in the hope that he will know nothing of it. The world at large can scarcely understand the crushing nature of his burdens. It does not realize that the education of a Czar does not furnish him either with the inspiration to cast them off or with the means of doing so.

WHAT THE CZAR HAS DONE FOR RUSSIA.

Imbued with absolutism as he necessarily is, the best that Nicholas II can do in the exercise of his paternal functions is to attempt to ameliorate the condition of his people without changing their political status. He has accomplished something in this direction. He has aided such movements as those for the establishment of scientific schools and the diminution of vodka-drinking. He has helped to provide the chief Russian cities with hospitals which are unexcelled in the world. But if it requires a good Czar to do thus much, what rare right-mindedness, what penetrating intelligence, and what almost superhuman strength must a Czar possess to perceive that the existing régime is an intolerable anachronism, to realize that the only permanent remedy for present ills is a constitution, and to give practical effect to such momentous and revolutionary determinations?

Probably no monarch ever ascended a throne with less ambition to reign, with less knowledge of the duties of his office and of the real condition of his people, than did Nicholas II in 1894. His very inadequacy seemed from the first almost to constitute a criticism of the divine command. It is not strange that both the autocracy and the bureaucracy should have made the most of this anomaly. The former pressed the imperial elbow with a firmer grasp, and the latter offered advice where formerly it had given unquestioned service without suggestion.

It may be said, in extenuation of his weakness as a sovereign, that in private life Nicholas II is an uncommonly proper gentleman—a dutiful son, a model husband, a fond father, and an habitué of the domestic circle. He is a narrow, honest man, the horizon of whose real joys in life is confined to the home in the most commonplace significance. If early formative influences had not made him such an exasperating individualist, he would undoubtedly be a sincere democrat. Being an individualist, he naturally resents the intrusion of public affairs in his daily life, and only



NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH, EMPEROR AND
AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS—BORN
MAY 18, 1868; SUCCEEDED TO THE
THRONE NOVEMBER 1, 1894.



PRINCE MICHAEL KHLIKOFF, MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS AND RAILWAYS, THE ONE RUSSIAN OFFICIAL WHO HAS ENHANCED HIS REPUTATION DURING THE WAR WITH JAPAN.



SERGIUS DE WITTE, FORMERLY MINISTER OF FINANCE, NOW RELEGATED TO THE HONORARY POSITION OF PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS.

suffers such intrusion as an exigent extremity.

In this spirit he gladly accepted M. Muravieff's disarmament and arbitration program, ten years ago. He was utterly oblivious of the fact that, while the whole world was singing his praises as "the great pacifier," his war office, under the direction of Kuropatkin, was reorganizing the Siberian army corps, augmenting the Russian garrisons along the Amur, and incidentally sowing seeds of rebellion in western China which were presently to bear fruit in the Boxer campaign. Nicholas probably marveled no less than did the world at Russia's curious preparedness to meet this campaign, but the absorption of Manchuria brought him added responsibilities. The financial burden he was glad to divert to the shoulders of M. de Witte, and the political responsibility to his left-handed uncle, Admiral Alexieff, as Vice-roy of the East.

Still there was no peace for him. Autocracy continued to jog his elbow and bureaucracy to advise. The first made it easy for him to break his oath to maintain the Finnish constitution; the second showed him the expediency, if not the virtue, of the Kishineff massacres; both plunged him unprepared into unprovoked

war, that each might find profit in wartime conditions—advancement in rank and pecuniary gain in handling war materials and supplies.

THE CUMBROUS MACHINE OF BUREAUCRACY.

We look in vain among the governments of the world for analogies that will help us to define the Russian Institution and its functions. The fact cannot be too often emphasized that whatever may be the admirable personal qualities of the Czar, they count as little under the constant influence of the grand-ducal circle, and even less against the interpretation of the fundamental laws of the realm made by the various councils, or boards of the bureaucracy. These laws, promulgated for the most part by Peter the Great, so limit and qualify the personal initiative of the Czar that it would need a far stronger man than Nicholas II to break through the barriers that hem him in on this side and on that.

What is the bureaucracy of Russia? The great machine which is supposed to interpret the imperial will, but which may more accurately be said to interpret Russian tradition, is made up of four boards, or colleges. These in turn, through a long line of subordinate boards

and officials, reach every department and penetrate the entire fabric of Russian life—civil, social, military, religious. What corresponds to the cabinet of other European governments forms the fourth and probably the least important board of all. The third is the Holy Synod. Theoretically, the

Czar is the head of the Russian church, and the decisions of the Synod have no force unless approved by him. As a matter of fact, its great powers have been in the hands of the metropolitans, or archbishops, and their advising bishops, and above all in those of M. Pobiedonostseff, the procurator-general.



THE GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR ALEXANDROVITCH, THE CZAR'S ELDEST UNCLE, A LEADER OF THE REACTIONARIES—SINCE THE ASSASSINATION OF HIS BROTHER SERGIUS, HE IS REPORTED TO BE BROKEN IN HEALTH.

The second board, or Senate, promulgates as well as interprets laws; while the first board, or Council of State, in which the ministers of the fourth board and six members of the imperial house sit *ex officio*, has for its chief function the examination of proposed laws and decrees in every department.

It is easy to infer that so complicated and cumbrous a system is practically unworkable. Dealing with this over-weighted machine on one side, distracted by a disastrous war in the Far East and by threatening anarchy at home, with the terror of assassination walking ever

at his elbow, is it any wonder that the young Czar has proved unequal to the problems that confront him and his empire? Some Cromwell or Napoleon, some strong soul to whom men are as puppets and conventions as the soil under his feet, might burst through such tremendous obstacles—but not Nicholas Alexandrovitch.

THE RUSSIAN GRAND DUKES.

But if the councils, boards, and colleges of the bureaucracy encroach upon the nominal powers of the Czar by interpreting Russian tradition in their



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL NICHOLAIEVITCH, THE ONLY SURVIVING SON OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS I—THE GRAND DUKE, NOW IN HIS SEVENTY-THIRD YEAR, IS PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE AND DEAN OF THE GRAND-DUCAL CIRCLE.



MAJOR-GENERAL TREPOOFF, RECENTLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF ST. PETERSBURG.

own way, the influence of what is called the grand-ducal circle is not less potent, possessing as it does the advantage of family contact. It is concerned in maintaining the autocracy in its most absolute form. It is in frequent conflict with the bureaucracy, although at times it makes common cause with the more reactionary officials. In its eyes, all members of the bureaucracy are merely the

executive officers of the sovereign, and should never presume to advise him, least of all contrary to the tenets of the autocracy.

It is necessary to say a few words about the personnel of this grand-ducal circle. Every descendant of a Czar is not a grand duke, the title being limited to the sons and grandsons of sovereigns. Great-grandsons are simply princes.



THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICHOLAIEVITCH,
A GRANDSON OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS I,
INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF CAVALRY, AND
A MAN OF GREAT INFLUENCE IN
ARMY MATTERS.

The man who may be called the dean of the grand-ducal circle is Michael, the only surviving son of Nicholas I. His five sons are the Grand Dukes Nicholas, Michael—who is married to a morganatic wife, the Countess Torby, and who does not concern himself with autocracy—George, Alexander, and Sergius.

Another step toward the throne brings us to the sons of Michael's two deceased brothers, Constantine and Nicholas. Constantine is represented by three sons, Nicholas, who is more or less an exile, Constantine, and Dimitri, neither of whom is prominent in Russian life. The other brother, Nicholas, left two sons, Nicholas and Peter. The latter is brother-in-law of the King of Italy, having married Queen Helena's sister, Princess Militza of Montenegro. He has one son, Prince Roman, who, being more than two generations from royalty, is not a grand duke.

Still another step toward the throne brings us into the circle of the Czar's uncles, the surviving sons of Alexander I. Of these there are three—Vladimir,

Alexis, and Paul—besides Sergius, who was assassinated the other day. Vladimir, of whom we will presently speak further, has three sons—Cyril, who narrowly escaped death on the ill-fated flagship of Admiral Makaroff; Boris, who was much feted when he visited the United States three years ago; and Andrew. Alexis is unmarried, and Sergius, who was married to a sister of the Czarina, left no children. Paul has one son, the fourteen-year-old Grand Duke Dimitri.

Two more grand dukes complete the list, which numbers twenty in all—the baby Czarevitch, heir to his father's uneasy crown, and the Czar's younger brother, Michael, who held that title before a son was born to Nicholas.

THE WIELDER OF THE SPIRITUAL POWER.

The Russian Institution has been called "a despotism tempered by assassination." Two elements have combined more than any others to perpetuate this despotism—the church and the ignorance of the masses. The first owes its



THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS ALEXANDROVITCH,
UNCLE OF THE CZAR, AND TITULAR HEAD
OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY AS LORD
HIGH ADMIRAL.

supremacy to the second. Through the church, the fetish of the "little father" and his "children" is inspired and stimulated; ninety-two per cent of these "children" are illiterates.

The great political force in the Russian church is the procurator-general of the Holy Synod. Since the early years of the reign of Alexander III this office has been held by M. Pobiedonostseff. He is a man of learning, and of a certain knowledge of the world—gained from books. He was the professor of church history and philosophy to Alexander the Reactionary, to whom he owes his position. Under him the Russian church has been made the most substantial pillar of the Institution, the most perfect and far-reaching bureaucracy in that edifice of bureaux whose influence, extending from its ideally autocratic head, penetrates the most isolated phases of Russian life. A fanatic, he believes that the future of Russia depends upon the supremacy of the church; a politician, he knows that this supremacy can best be maintained by keeping the lower masses in fathomless, hopeless ignorance, and by confining education to the governing classes—the autocrats and the bureaucrats.

THE CLASHING OF RIVAL DEPARTMENTS.

When the present Czar ascended the throne, M. Pobiedonostseff's chief recommendation to the new sovereign was that he could do his work without bothering the imperial mind. What he had done was on record. The amiable young Czar was content to leave things as they were. It was not long, however, before the procurator himself found occasion to remonstrate. If M. Pobiedonostseff was allowed to work out the destiny of his own department, the same privilege had also been freely accorded to other heads. This was notably the case with the ministry of war, held alternately by Generals Sakharoff and Kuropatkin; with the ministry of foreign affairs, occupied by Counts Muravieff and Lamsdorff, the ministry of the interior, held successively by MM. Bogoliepoff, Sipiaguine, and de Plehve—all assassinated—and finally by Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky, who, wishing to save himself from the fate meted out to his predecessors, has, by his liberality, become a marked man for political decapitation by the autocracy. Much independence was also conceded to the ministry of finance, so long and so ably administered by M. de Witte, who was last year kicked upstairs to the honorary position of presi-

dent of the council of ministers, in order to make room for a more pliable creature of the aristocracy, Privy Councillor Kokovtsoff.

Left to themselves by the indulgent Czar, it is natural that before long these various heads of departments should clash. As each in his turn gained the weary ear of his august master, we find the spirit of war, of foreign intrigue, of oppression of the laboring classes, and of financial economy and industrial expansion, alternately dominating the imperial government. Each policy in turn has given way before rival influences, as each minister has managed to dominate that portion of the aristocracy which has intimate family relations with the Czar.

Only one minister of any importance has been able to conform his policy to the changing influences. He is Prince Khilkoff, who has held the ministry of public works and railways since 1895. Prince Khilkoff is a remarkable man. Educated in his youth at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia, he can build an engine as well as survey a railway, and can provide for the transportation of industrial products as well as of troops and munitions of war. Whatever principle is in the ascendancy at St. Petersburg, he becomes its faithful and efficient servant.

Still, there is one man who maintains the balance of power, and without whose support no change of policy is possible. The present Czar is sufficiently mystical, sufficiently superstitious, to be ultimately swayed by the procurator-general of the Holy Synod. It was M. Pobiedonostseff who indorsed Muravieff's universal peace, disarmament, and arbitration enterprise, while leading a ready ear to Kuropatkin's scheme for reorganizing the army. It was he who condoned the Czar's perjury in regard to Finland. It was he who excused Plehve's massacre of the Jews on the ground of religious exigency. It was he who advised the taking of the Armenian church funds. It was he who brought about the downfall of Witte when that financier and political economist had declined to make his department subservient to the ministry of war. And it is he who has combated every liberal and enlightening influence which, from time to time, has by some chance or other managed to excite the interest of his august master. The oaths of the Czar, and the pledges made by various ministers to foreign powers, their promises to the proletariat, have by him been rendered nought.

What is the appearance of this modern Torquemada? Let one who has had the opportunity to observe him intimately, but whose name must not be given, say:

Many may imagine that the clericalist fanatic who bears Holy Russia and the Orthodox Church, like a second Atlas, on his shoulders, must also show some athletic traits in his physical appearance. Nothing could be more erroneous. He is a lean, ascetic person, like certain mediaeval monks—represented in pictures of the Renaissance. There is little of the statesman in his physiognomy; nothing whatever of the refined diplomatist. He rather looks like a scourge of heretics, with a countenance indicating relentless severity. His eyes, covered by black horn spectacles, fix the listener with a penetrating glance, while he himself speaks with ardent animosity. He talks fluently, and somewhat like a man accustomed to society, in French; and in German with some harshness of utterance and with a little difficulty. Occasionally he mixes French with a German word of scientific or literary import.

He gives the impression of being a scholar acquainted with the literatures of several nations, who knows the ideas discussed in the modern world, only to condemn them one and all. Parliamentary institutions, freedom of the press, trial by jury, even popular instruction, are to this learned inquisitor so many lies. He equally anathematizes all aspirations to shorter hours of work for the laboring classes, and will not hear of restrictions as regards labor even for children still at school. He has largely contributed to the forcible Russification of the Baltic Provinces, and to the persecution of the Poles, whom he hates on racial and religious grounds. That melancholy despot, Alexander III, was his pupil, and on Nicholas II he has exercised his fatal influence. Such is the man upon whose doctrines the present Czar has acted. Verily, Russia is being systematically driven into a cataclysm!

Let us now say a few words concerning some other autocrats and bureaucrats whom recent events have thrown prominently before the public view. One of the most conspicuous and important is the Czar's eldest uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, who since the assassination of his brother Sergius is said to have sunk into a condition of physical collapse.

In Vladimir—who shared with Sergius the reputation of being the best-hated man in Russia—the procurator-general has ever found his most powerful ally. As chief of the reactionary coterie of grand dukes, he has always been in the front rank of those who menace liberal tendencies. Where others work by stealth, he has worked openly. It was he who, anticipating revolt, replaced the home garrisons by wild Tartar troops, and it was he who so effectually used these troops against the Russian workingmen coming to petition the "little father" on the bloody 22d of January. How much a creature of the

Institution he is, however, may be easily gathered from the fact that in private life Vladimir has been heard to praise liberal governments, and actually believes that the salvation of the world is to be found in socialism. Personally, too, he is kindly and honest.

THE REMARKABLE CAREER OF TREPOFF.

Major-General Trepoff, the newly-appointed governor-general of St. Petersburg, like Vladimir and Khilkoff, knows how to make his public demeanor conform to the policy which for the time dominates the government. Although it is said in St. Petersburg that he owes his advancement to the fact that he is the illegitimate son of an exalted personage, Trepoff is certainly not without talents. He was appointed chief of police in Moscow in 1895, succeeding the scapegoat who was blamed for the disaster at the Czar's coronation—which, as everybody in Russia knows, was really due to the incompetency of the late Grand Duke Sergius. Thence, two months ago, he was appointed governor-general of St. Petersburg.

Trepoff's past conduct presents a curious paradox. When he took charge of the Moscow police, disorder was rife and anarchy was being openly preached. He at once issued a decree against street demonstrations and meetings, either in the cause of labor or politics. The decree being disregarded, his troops dispersed street gatherings with the bullet, the bayonet, and the knout; his agents arrested the labor and political leaders, and his judges sent them to Siberia.

Having restored tranquillity, he invited the laborers to appoint new leaders to confer with him. He frankly told these leaders that he appreciated the wrongs under which they toiled, and that the policy of their employers was quite as contrary to the sentiment of the government as it was to their own well-being. He invited them to organize unions against their common enemies, the employers, but to have nothing to do with their former friends, the students and revolutionists. In this way he succeeded in arraying the workingmen of Moscow on the side of the government.

At that time, M. Sipiaguine held the fatal portfolio of the interior. The home office was soon overwhelmed with complaints from capitalists all over the empire. What was done in Moscow might be done elsewhere, they said—to the utter destruction of Russian industry. Sipiaguine ordered Trepoff to cease coquetting

with labor. The latter appealed to the Czar, who assured him of his sympathy.

Soon the laboring classes of St. Petersburg began to clamor for equal rights with their fellows in Moscow. Sipiaguine was assassinated. The Czar became nervous, the grand dukes alarmed. When M. de Plehve became minister of the interior, the first thing he did was to examine Trepoff's policy. He found it admirable in itself, but dangerous to introduce elsewhere, and disquieting to the empire. As usual, the procurator-general of the Holy Synod spoke the final word which undid Trepoff's work. He pronounced it, if allowed to develop, with its educational influences, a menace to the church. Trepoff was obliged to dissolve the labor unions of Moscow.

MIRSKY, THE LIBERALIST.

Prince Mirsky, who, the cable despatches notwithstanding, may still be minister of the interior, is evidently a man of good intentions, whether as an individualist or a patriot. When he stepped into the bloody shoes of M. de Plehve last September, the Czar, appalled by the assassination of Plehve and of General Bobrikoff, governor-general of Finland, lent his ear to the liberal proposals of the new home secretary. For the time being neither M. Pobiedonostseff nor the reactionary grand dukes and bureaucrats dared to interrupt the interest which Nicholas took in Mirsky's suggestions. With the full approval and encouragement of his majesty, the minister announced the following scheme of reform:

A series of great internal changes in the early future; extension of local government; peasants to be recognized as free citizens possessing full rights; modification of press laws, and of laws relating to heterodox and non-Christian communities; state insurance for workmen; equality of all persons before the law; the modification of existing coercion laws. To crown all, the reorganization of the zemstvos, or district councils, was promised upon a liberal basis devised by themselves; and it was intimated to them that should they respectfully petition for chosen representatives to have some voice in the legislative administration of the empire, such a petition would be graciously received.

When the district councils attempted to avail themselves of these suggestions, what followed may be summed up in a short sentence. It was officially announced that the minister of the interior

had exceeded his authority. M. Pobiedonostseff and the reactionary grand dukes were again in the ascendancy. By one supreme stroke of daring, Mirsky tried to save the situation. He made himself the go-between of the St. Petersburg strikers and the Czar, and on Friday, January 20, he informed his majesty that the men would present a petition at the Winter Palace on the following Sunday. He hoped that from the mouths of his "children" the "little father" might learn something of the condition of the workingmen of Russia, and be inspired to learn more.

No direct reply was made to Mirsky. But on Saturday the Czar quietly left the palace for Tsarskoye Selo, and next day the rifles of his soldiers replied to the petitioners in a manner which has aroused the horror of the world.

THE FUTURE DEPENDS ON THE ARMY.

The present situation may be briefly summarized. Beyond the spasmodic and isolated demonstrations in Moscow, Warsaw, and elsewhere, and the assassination of Grand Duke Sergius, there is nothing, at the present time, which savors of a revolution by force of arms. It is too early to forecast the result, or even to discuss the precise meaning, of the rescript issued just as these pages go to press, announcing that the Czar will convene "the worthiest men possessing the confidence of the people, and elected by them, to participate in the consideration of legislative measures." It may prove to be as empty as previous fair-sounding manifestoes.

It seems safe to say that for the time being autocrats and bureaucrats have buried their mutual antagonisms, and are working together to preserve the imperial *status quo*. The revolutionists are biding their time. They do not discourage the Nihilist principle of assassination, but they know the futility of popular uprisings in these days of machine guns, and realize that the army must always be supreme in any situation. They are patiently waiting for the end of the war, and find encouragement in the thought that the bullets of the alien Cossacks are more effective educators than thousands of revolutionary tracts scattered before a people who cannot read. They are waiting for the end of the war, and for the return of a defeated army with officers who can read and who have read.

And what will these officers and their men do? The fate of the Romanoff dynasty is to be found in the answer.

WHY JAPAN VALUES AMERICAN GOOD-WILL.

BY CAPTAIN FRANK BRINKLEY.

AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST WHO HAS LIVED FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS IN JAPAN TELLS OF THE HIGH ESTEEM IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES IS HELD IN THE FAR EAST, AND GIVES THE REASONS FOR IT.

THERE is probably none of her assets that Japan values so highly as the sympathy of the United States. New friendships are often the object of special enthusiasm, but it is to the old friend that one's heart turns in seasons of crisis, and if the heart of Japan could be laid bare to-day America's name would be found engraved there above and before all others.

How this sentiment originated, and by what events it has been fostered, are matters of history. The general public see Commodore Perry at the beginning of the chain of kindly relations between Japan and America, but Commodore Perry has an objective rather than a subjective place in the story. He is remembered not so much for the sake of what he himself did as for the sake of what he enabled others to do. His despatches do not introduce us to a man conspicuously free from the empire-building impulses that nature seems to have implanted in Anglo-Saxon bosoms. On the contrary, had his counsels been adopted, the Stars and Stripes would have flown over the Riukiu Islands, between Japan and Formosa, fifty years ago, and the United States might now be one of the greatest landlords in the Far East.

THE MINISTRY OF TOWNSEND HARRIS.

It is the diplomacy of Townsend Harris that constitutes the true preface of America's record in Japan. Harris was an unalloyed product of his country; a man who sincerely believed and obeyed the principle that aggrandizement is not the essential purpose of international intercourse, and that the longitude in which a country happens to be situated does not affect its title to just treatment.

When he took up his duties as America's representative in Yedo (now Tokio), the polities of Japan were profoundly perplexing to foreigners. There was the anomaly of a titular sovereign and an administrative autocrat forming part of the same polity, but adopting

widely different attitudes toward foreign intercourse. There was the bewildering fact that whereas the illiberal propaganda of the court in Kioto was really inspired by a desire to contrive the overthrow of the court in Yedo by embroiling it with foreigners, such indications as foreigners themselves could detect suggested that the policy of seclusion had its origin in the latter capital. There was a perpetual chorus of complaints from the resident foreign merchant that the Yedo officials dishonestly sought to evade their treaty obligations, whereas in truth their honest efforts to fulfil them threatened to precipitate an insurrection destructive of their own authority.

Among all the representatives of western powers, Townsend Harris alone saw the light through this labyrinth of perplexities. Whence he derived his luminous insight there has never been any attempt to explain. Perhaps the explanation is simple. Perhaps because he did not read duplicity into all oriental professions and practise, his vista was not constantly clouded by suspicion.

One of his earliest experiences in Yedo was an interview with Hotta, foreign minister under the Tokugawa government. There were present several leaders of Japanese thought. Harris talked to this assembly for six hours; listened quietly to their arguments, showed that he appreciated their difficulties, and marshaled for their consideration many and weighty reasons against the continuance of Japanese seclusion. They were sufficiently sagacious to be persuaded, and he was sufficiently clear-sighted to see that he had persuaded them.

It was an epoch-making interview. Thenceforth the intentions of the Shogun's government were sincerely liberal, though its practise was often vacillating and invertebrate. While other foreign representatives accused it of double-dealing, of condoning if not actually prompting the murderous protests of its bigoted compatriots, and of deliberately endeav-

oring to render Japan an impossible place of residence for aliens, Harris alone appreciated its difficulties and trusted its assurances.

It was thus that from the very outset American diplomacy assumed in the eyes of the Japanese a distinctive aspect. They learned to regard the Washington statesmen as their country's genuine well-wishers, whose policy no element of aggressive masterfulness disfigured or would ever disfigure.

FURTHER EVIDENCE OF AMERICAN SYMPATHY.

Judge Bingham, a worthy successor of Townsend Harris, confirmed and deepened this impression. During the long period of his service as American representative at the court of the Mikado, the treaty-revision struggle took place. Only one who has been admitted to the very closest intimacy with their publicists and administrators can know how profoundly painful to the patriotism of the Japanese was the treaty provision which denied their competence to be intrusted with the care of the lives and properties of occidentals living within their borders. Until that stigma could be removed not only was the rank of a sovereign state denied to Japan, but she saw herself ostracised from the comity of civilized nations. America was the first to respond to her aspirations in this respect. Years before any European power could be induced to make such a concession, the United States signed a treaty restoring to Japan her judicial autonomy.

A great injustice is connected with this incident. There appeared in the treaty a clause deferring its operation until other occidental governments should conclude a similar convention, and as other occidental governments would certainly delay long before doing anything of the kind, the world said that America's liberality was a cheap pretense. But in truth this conditional clause had been inserted at the request of Japan herself, whose reasons for such reserve need not be detailed here. There were no flaws in America's concession; it was whole-hearted, and subsequently when plenipotentiaries of the European powers, meeting in endless conference in Tokio, were seeking to surround a similar concession on their own part with safeguards which would have constituted a new humiliation for Japan, Judge Bingham attended the many-minded council chamber as the representative of a state which had already given everything without asking for any safeguards.

To understand what an effect this unbroken record of trustfulness and sympathy produced upon the Japanese, it is scarcely necessary to remember that they are an intensely patriotic people, and that never previously in a history of two thousand years had they been compelled by *force majeure* to carry openly the yoke of international inferiority.

In effect a less cardinal evidence of good-will, but in appearance even more striking, was America's restitution of her share of the Shimonoseki indemnity. It may be remembered that the feudal chief of Choshu had attempted to close the passage of the Shimonoseki Strait to foreign merchantmen, and that Great Britain, France, Holland, and the United States had sent a joint expedition to destroy his forts and sink his ships. Since monetary exactions by way of punishment for unlawful procedure still accord with the usages of civilization, no special fault need be found with the original claim for an indemnity far exceeding in amount the expenditures incurred by the four western powers. But there were considerations, partly political, partly ethical, which should have forbidden the ultimate enforcement of their claim. Although the Japanese were too manly to plead injustice in bar of the fulfilment of even a forcibly exacted promise, they were none the less profoundly touched by America's voluntary repairment of the Shimonoseki wrong.

All these things are concrete facts which may be supplemented by reference to the invaluable assistance rendered by American citizens in the organization of Japan's new system of education; to the fine work of American missionaries; and to the services of individual Americans, from Dr. Hepburn and Dr. Verbeck—men apotheosized in Japanese memory—through a long list of distinguished names, ending with perhaps the foremost of all, H. W. Denison.

It might also be noted, were not the fact too obvious to call for reference, that the traditions of the United States legation, as sketched by Townsend Harris and engraved by Judge Bingham, were faithfully obeyed by the late Colonel Buck and are now not less faithfully preserved by Mr. Lloyd Griscom.

PERSONAL INTERCOURSE WITH AMERICANS.

But over and above these special entries in the fair record, there is a broad fact running through all its pages—the influence exercised by the demeanor of the average American. This is not said

with regard to the exceptional kindness that has opened the doors of American home life to so many Japanese students, or with regard to the beautiful memories thus garnered, though surely these have had much effect in deepening the affection Japan feels for her neighbor, the Great Republic. It is said with regard to a subtler factor, which, while it probably remains undetected by average observers, is unceasingly operative and has produced large results.

I should not venture to make an affirmation on such a subject did I not feel that the intimate experience of thirty-seven years in Japan justifies my confidence. I now assert, in the sequel of that experience, that the American citizen, whether he be a resident in the Far East or a passing tourist, brings to his intercourse with the Japanese people a mood comparatively free from the sense of racial superiority which, in the case of many other nationals, infects their geniality with condescension and renders their appreciations supercilious. Time, it is true, has softened the outlines of these unsightlinesses, but throughout the many years when they stood out in strong relief the gracious frankness of the American's demeanor offered an endearing contrast.

Patience, and profound faith in its virtue, are essential traits of Japanese disposition. There is never a lapse into the suicidal error of seeking to win esteem by petulant protests against its absence. But no one need be so shallow as to suppose that because the Japanese have suffered in silence, the disdainful tolerance of the average occidental has not cut deeply into their soul, or that their gratitude is small toward those who have not subjected them to this pain.

Thus it is that many causes have cooperated to win for the United States a full measure of Japan's trustful affection. When the present war with Russia broke out, the Japanese were not surprised, though they were much gratified and strengthened, to find that the principles for which they fought were appreciated in America.

THE BOGY OF THE YELLOW PERIL.

In the early days of the war the specter of the "yellow peril" was invoked to disfigure Japan's cause. There is no warrant for supposing that the phantom was deliberately manufactured by Russia and her friends. Perhaps, if motives could be probed sufficiently deeply, it would be discovered that the yellow peril had its

origin in the uneasy conscience of the western world. Unwittingly the occident told itself that there would certainly have been a white peril for the orient had the records been reversed.

At all events, there was logic in the inference that if the East ever became potential it would avenge the long-endured domination of the West. Nevertheless, the Anglo-Saxon nations were not much perturbed by the yellow peril alarm. In all the range of imaginable contingencies they found none less likely than that the Japanese, actuated as they evidently were by the desire of holding a respected place in the comity of European and American nations, should seek to set up a barrier of arms or economics between the occident and the orient.

As a mere political prediction, therefore, this menace did not seem serious. But of late a more substantial character has been given to it by assertions that armed successes have already rendered the Japanese overbearing and insolent, and that Japan is rapidly becoming an intolerable place of sojourn for foreigners. This is a very cruel falsehood; cruel because it assigns blame precisely where high praise ought to be awarded. The Japanese have shown themselves remarkably level-headed in the presence of victory. There is not the least perceptible symptom of arrogance or conceit in their demeanor. They remain the same self-possessed, courteous, good-humored folk that they have always been. With the exception of occasional public rejoicings conducted in the most circumspect and genial manner, no one can discover any evidence of elation, still less of conceit. Never since the campaign commenced have I heard one boastful or defiant word uttered by any Japanese in any grade of society, and I have been in constant intercourse with military men, naval men, merchants, mechanics, and students.

Perhaps I may be permitted to refer here to a statement which has appeared in the columns of a leading New York journal, namely, that "the sailors of Nippon are unpopular with every navy in the world, even that of England," because "their manners are cocky and offensive, and display the contempt of the self-sufficient barbarian for ideas and customs different from his own."

The application of such a term as "barbarian" to the units of one of the most refined nations in the world scarcely deserves comment, nor is there much occasion to observe that the officers and men of the British navy, and of the

American navy also, are on terms of frank friendship with their Japanese colleagues. Hearsay and ignorance may have betrayed the New York journalist into these errors, but the most superficial thought should have restrained him from reference to the "self-sufficient barbarian's contempt for ideas and customs different from his own." For while, on the one hand, it is well known to every person who has traveled or resided in Asia that the average occidental has nothing but contempt for oriental customs and ideas which differ from his own, it is equally well known to the whole world that no other nation has ever shown itself so liberal as the Japanese in adopting foreign ideas and customs.

THE TREATMENT OF THE CORRESPONDENTS.

Yet there is a probability that much will be said in the United States, perhaps is even now being said, to the discredit of the Japanese. For they committed a mistake of a far-reaching nature. In one part of the field they withheld from the foreign war correspondents facilities which the latter considered essential and had been led to expect. It is probable that some of the correspondents were unworthy of trust; but it is certain that others deserved the utmost confidence. To discriminate beforehand being evidently impossible, the Japanese planned their dispositions on the lower level, with the result that several men of great literary repute were antagonized, and their sense of disappointment, if not of indignation, will influence their whole judgment.

The Japanese have recognized their error. They now abjure all attempts to solve the war-correspondent problem—greatly as it stands in need of solution—and are granting every facility within the limits of strategical safety. But the mischief has been done, and in lieu of the tone of sympathetic applause hitherto pervading the columns of American newspapers and periodicals, there will probably be audible from time to time a note of depreciation and even dislike.

Such voices raised in America will be exceedingly painful to Japanese ears. So far as the United States is concerned, however, the only practical issue affected is that of the Philippines. Already an attempt is being made to convince the Americans that their tenure of these islands is resented by Japan, and that her resentment might be translated into action were the hegemony of the Far East in her possession. But if what has

been written above concerning Japanese sentiment be considered, it will be evident that the neighborhood of the United States could never be too close for Japan's approval.

GERMAN AMBITIONS IN THE FAR EAST

There is perhaps a remote reason for German uneasiness in the presence of a victorious Japan. The Germans are displaying splendid enterprise in China. All their public works in the province of Shantung, and their private constructions at Yangtse ports, clearly indicate great expectations of their country's aggrandizement in the Far East. Kiaochow they regard as important chiefly for the sake of its hinterland, in which term they include the whole of Shantung. Had not the present war occurred, the German government would, I believe, have been able to secure the reversion of Wei-haiwei from England, who attaches little value to the place for its own sake; and no tangible obstacle would then have offered to the absorption of the entire province. But should the war result in finally checking Russian aggression in Manchuria, the acquisition of the Kiaochow hinterland would become much more difficult, and the German residents at Kiaochow, fully sensible of the fact, make no attempt to conceal their sympathy with Russia's arms.

To the case of America in the Philippines, however, such considerations apply no more than they do to the case of England, Japan's ally, in Hongkong. The Japanese class America and England in a category quite distinct from other states. They view the Anglo-Saxon nations as their fellow-guardians of eastern Asia against territorial aggression and against an enforced policy of commercial differentiation in favor of certain powers.

In the Far East itself these things are clearly recognized. It is a remarkable and significant fact that all the journals edited and owned by American citizens and British subjects in China and Japan champion Japan's cause in her war with Russia, whereas the papers edited by Germans and Frenchmen are, with one colorless exception, frankly or covertly Russophile. An equally clear line of demarcation divides Anglo-Saxon sentiment from that of continental Europe in the various settlements.

The Japanese see all this quite clearly. They know their friends and value them. But before everything the asset that they treasure is American good-will.

SETH AND THE FIRE-DRAGON.

BY JOSEPH KEATING.

ALL unexpected things really happen according to the law which controls coincidences. If you went into the matter thoroughly, you would scarcely find a single accident that did not depend upon something else happening at the same time.

The falling of a stone upon the lamp, the consequent breaking of the glass, and the escape of the flame, would matter very little if a poor innocent door-boy had not, a little while before that, forgotten to close the door at the top of the stall-road. This, you see, deprived the place of fresh air; the stoppage of the current of air allowed gas to accumulate in the "face" of the coal—where Dan Rees the collier worked so hard; and when the stone fell on the lamp and exposed the little yellow flame, the gas rushed at it, surrounded it in a great ball of fire, then exploded.

The first burst of the great explosion shook the earth and rattled the small dwelling-places upon it. So the colliers' wives and mothers and children knew what had happened, and waited in terror and tears.

Underground, the wind carried the fearful sound to every workman; for a hundred big cannon fired at once would not equal the roar and smoke and flame-burst of an explosion. Men, youths, and boys, shouting in panic, scrambling over one another, rushed from their working places through the darkness toward the shaft-bottom—to the one spot where alone they might again see the daylight.

The fire could cover a dark area of many miles; the one way to escape was but a little hole. How could these hundreds hope to evade the monster? Yet one dusty St. George came to meet this fire-dragon—came to face him even while his jaws gaped to engorge the innocent lives in his power.

The echoes of the explosion vibrated in the dark tunnels of the pit. Then another sound mingled with the echoes—the hollow bang of a door closed by a powerful air current.

Out of a "return" darted Seth, who controlled the windways. He carried, holding it in a rigid grip, a small gauze lamp which sent out a powerful bright light. Seth's white beard, his shriveled

body, his short, uncertain step when he walked, placed him among the partial failures whose next promotion will not come from worldly patronage. Once—oh, so long ago—Seth had held hopes of—well, others had succeeded, had risen, had become managers, owners. But Seth—he reached the control of the wind-roads, with authority over the most important, but, alas! the least profitable part of the colliery. He became Seth, the Windways, and—there he remained.

"But perhaps I can succeed with this!" said he to himself. "I can send 'em all up Fifteen"—the road through which he had come. "I can get 'em all out safe that way, and p'raps I'll be a manager yet!"

He walked as swiftly as his age would let him, holding firmly his little bright light.

Seth's direction did not lead outwards—did not lead to escape; it led to the danger-spot. Ahead of him darkness filled the road. His light cut into it like a wedge of white steel, and flashed occasionally on the rough walls of the tunnel, on the timber against the sides, and gleamed upon the white-faced metals of the tram-road on the ground.

The darkness ahead became dotted with swinging lights. The silence gave way to excited shouting and cries of terror. A group of men and boys came rushing out. They came near Seth. He shouted to them:

"Stop—no good running that way!"

In their terror they paid no heed. Wildly they ran past him. They straggled by, the men shouting, the boys crying, as if they felt the fire at their heels. Some, fathers, carried their small sons on their shoulders. On they ran, their lights swinging violently, their eyes wide open, but blind, blind because they could not see that they ran, not into safety, but into danger.

"Eleven!" counted Seth with a groan. "All going the main road—the road to certain death! And there's three hundred behind, and another nine hundred all over the pit, and the fire 'll ketch every one, unless—"

He tottered on, and came to a spot where another road branched to the left. Down below in the darkness, in both

roads, right and left, hundreds of swinging little lights, like loose stars in a black night, came rushing outwards.

The first-comers from the right-hand road reached the old man. The bulk of them ran frantically by, paying no heed to his cries. One stopped; but he stopped out of good-nature. He thought the old man wanted help.

"Come with me!" he roared.

Seth struggled. The arm that dragged him along nearly broke his own.

"No, no! Stop!"

"Stop? What for? To get roasted?"

The big man rushed on with the little one in his grip. Fugitives scrambled past on all sides. Cries of hope, fear, terror, encouragement, filled the dark galleries. The lights flashed into sight and vanished with the suddenness of shooting stars.

"Not a man of you can get out that way—you'll all be burned. You're running into the fire!" Seth screamed with all his power.

This brought the big man up. He began to understand. He quickly lifted his lamp to his captive's face.

"Seth!"

Into the word he put surprise, humiliation, apology. The idea of a man with Seth's qualifications needing help from any one else in the pit! The master of the windways knew every trick and turn of the colliery in all its ramifications.

Seth, trembling with excitement, raised his light to the man's face. "How many more behind?"

"All gone."

"All—and all gone the wrong road!"

"Wrong road?" roared the other man.

"Not one will ever get out—with this fire behind. They've kept to the main road. The fire will keep to it, too! It'll ketch 'em every one!"

"What shall we do?"

"Run to Fifteen! They could all get out safe that way!"

"What way are you going?"

"Never mind me. You go—quick! If you can ketch up with 'em, turn 'em all into Fifteen!"

Seth, the Windways, put his trembling hand into the other's. The younger man crushed it in his big fist. Then, obeying, he darted away.

Luck favored Seth in fixing upon this messenger. He overtook the less vigorous of his fellows, and, with big voice and gesture, shepherded them into Fifteen—the road from which Seth had darted at the sound of the explosion. At first they resisted.

"Why do we want to risk losing our way in a return?" they demanded. "Let us keep to the straight road!"

"Seth ordered it," returned the man.

That silenced them. They obeyed.

Seth had ordered it because he knew that the fire would run swiftly along the main road, where the flames could feed on fresh air and gas-laden coal-dust; while it would avoid the barren "return," with its vitiated air and white stone-dust which contained nothing inflammable.

The old man returned to the spot where the two roads joined. And from both roadways there came a foul blast—the deadly gas which, created by the fire, runs ahead and carries the flames to every little hole in the pit. Seth staggered at the first contact.

"I hope there's no more inside that!"

As he spoke, the dark roadways became alight in the distance. Red and blue fire filled the galleries. The flames burned the timber, the cogs, the dust on roof, sides, and ground. A roaring blast carried them along the roadways toward the white-haired little old man.

He went to meet them.

II.

THE reason of Seth's failure in life may be set down to his thoroughness—an element which, in spite of the moralists, seldom blends with conspicuous success in any branch of the world's affairs. Only a few days ago he and the manager of the colliery had visited a place where their lights flashed upon waters which filled the narrow roadway and stretched back, carrying the yellow gleams from the two lamps far into the dark tunnel, as a flowing river at night carries moonlight far away into the blackness of the beyond. Seth had urged the removal of this danger by pumping machinery.

The manager laughed. The cost of pumping! He ordered an iron door to be built at the other end of the water to keep it back.

Seth ventured to say that the water would some day force the door out and drown all the men. He thought the cost of pumping nothing if it made things safe.

"You are too conscientious—too expensive," said his manager.

And his thoroughness came out now again—once more to Seth's loss. He thought that because he had failed to drive most of the men into the "return," out of the track of the explosion, the

burden of their safety lay upon him and him alone. He knew of one way in which he could certainly save them; he felt it his duty to go that way.

In his mind he saw the terrified men and boys scrambling along the road to the shaft-bottom, with the fire overtaking them. He saw them falling burned and suffocated—fathers with their sons in their arms, brothers trying to ward off the flames from each other. He felt the deadly after-damp that stealthily creeps after the fire—choking those who, seeing no flames, ran into the power of this murderous but invisible follower in the explosion's track.

Knowing only too well the fiery nature of the Werfa Pit, he feared that not a soul would escape. The fire might reach every part of it before a single miner could get to the shaft. Many of them must cover a distance of two miles to reach the mere hope of safety. Even then, at the shaft-bottom, death might be waiting for them.

"What am I—a poor old failure?" thought he. "But perhaps they'll speak kindly of me in the years to come!"

Staggering with the poisonous gas in his lungs, he turned down the road to the right. The red and blue fire rushed up; but before it could reach him, Seth's bright light—brighter in the gas that could stifle human life—flashed upon an opening on his right hand.

He leaped into the dark gap. No tram-rails ran into this road. Rubbish in little heaps covered the ground. Broken timber across the roof and against the sides told of neglect. Seth's light flashed upon an iron door which, with its masonry framework, completely blocked the roadway. The door opened inwards; and, most unusually, opened with a lock.

Seth thrust a square tool which he took from his pocket into the lock-hole. A twist sent the bolt back. The old man's shoulder pressed against the big door. It creaked; it yielded; and a vigorous push sent it swinging back.

"Ah!" gasped Seth.

Some tools lay in a heap at the side. He picked up a sledge. In front of him there stretched two poles, which acted as supports for a wooden barrier. And behind that barrier lay an imprisoned power which Seth wished to set free. He raised the sledge and struck at the poles. Age had weakened the old man's blow; but age had also weakened the barrier supports.

"They're breaking!" he shouted.

The place around him looked gloomy,

sinister, foul—like the den of a monstrous demon—the demon that Seth wished to let loose. Yes, he could open the door to a power stronger than the one now raging through the workings. He would make it a war of the elements. He would conquer the fire, and confine its murderous power to one spot. The thousand miners should live.

"As for me," said Seth, striking at the pole, "my day is gone. I had no luck. I might have been a manager; but I'm only poor old Seth, the Windways. My day is gone. Perhaps they'll say a kind word for me when they know!"

The second pole cracked under the blow. The wooden door which had depended upon these two supports gave way. The power behind it forced it back. The planks cracked; the whole framework, top, bottom, and sides, gave way before a torrent of yellow water. The flood burst out, tearing down the timber and the loose sides; and among the wreckage it bore the frail body of white-haired Seth—the first victim to the fury of the power he had unloosed.

The water dashed against the opposite wall of the roadway. There it rushed away in both directions. Each mighty torrent met the fire, and leaped into it. The war of the elements spread along the roadways. The water poured downwards through the "face" of the coal, in and out of the district roads. It met the fire at all points. It destroyed its power completely, and cut off the poison of its breath. No deadly gases now filled the roadways; the fresh air coming in from the shaft soon purified the atmosphere of the workings. The torrent of water and the current of air cleared a way to safety for every miner in the Werfa Pit.

III.

"If the water hadn't broken through," said the explorers the next day, when they reached the place, "not a single man would have got out alive!"

A little while after, they found the body of a little, old, white-haired man wedged between the timbers in the side opposite the dark roadway. They turned their lights upon the face.

"Poor old Seth!" they said very tenderly. "How did this happen to him?"

They spoke kindly of him, as poor old Seth had hoped. But they never knew—no one ever found out—why the water declared war on the fire so opportunely. And Seth, the Windways, went to his grave unhonored and unsung.

THE RICH AMERICAN IN LONDON SOCIETY.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

THE COSTLY BUT INTERESTING EXPERIENCES OF CYRUS MONIBAGGE, THE NEVADA MILLIONAIRE, AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS, DURING THEIR CAMPAIGN FOR SOCIAL RECOGNITION IN THE BRITISH METROPOLIS.

THE "London season," which a quarter of a century ago had no interest here for any but a very few rich and well-traveled Americans, has of late come to have such a familiar sound in our ears that it seems almost as if it were one of our native institutions. The Atlantic cable, which in a simpler and elder day concerned itself not at all with social news, now vibrates with an ever-increasing burden of fashionable tidings—tidings in which the names of our countrymen, and particularly of our countrywomen, play a part that is constantly growing in importance. Indeed, according to the cabled accounts of what is going on in London, the American woman occupies a social position in England which is second to none. As hostess, as the entertainer of royalty, as a favorite member of the most aristocratic and exclusive circles in the British capital,

we are continually assured that she throws even the most beautiful and charming Englishwomen into the shade. The Sunday newspapers describe her elaborate dinners and her still more elaborate balls, and tell how all London competes for the privilege of invitation to them. Should she cherish matrimonial ambitions either for herself or her daughters, she has but to choose from among half a dozen holders of ancient and honorable names who are suing for her favor.

Nowhere in all America are the cabled reports of London happenings read with more fervent interest than in the households of those newly enriched families who are just beginning to turn their eyes societyward. A few years ago these same families would have looked to New York as the one accessible social paradise. Now, thanks to the illumination



"NEW YORK! THAT PLACE HAS BEEN WIPEP OFF THE MAP."

afforded by the ocean cables, the social heights of the British capital, gilded as they are with the glamour of aristocracy and royalty, seem so much loftier, so much better worth while, and at the same time so much easier to climb, that New York sinks in their dreams from its old station of first importance to that of a mere stopping-place on the eastward journey.

THE MONIBAGGES OF NEVADA.

The seed of social ambition thus sown never took deeper root, or sent up plants of more vigorous growth, than in the household of Cyrus Monibagge, whose thirty years of labor in the auriferous fields of Nevada have placed him well up in the list of Western multimillionaires. No sooner is the old gold miner's place in the plutocracy of his native land firmly established, than Mrs. Monibagge, who has been a diligent student of society chronicles ever since her eldest daughter discarded pinafores, begins to hint to her husband that he really ought to give the girls a few social advantages while they are young. The "old man" yields to his wife's demand, as he has yielded to every demand that she has made upon him during their quarter of a century of married life.

In all innocence—for, unlike his wife and daughters, the elder Monibagge is not a close student of society news—he suggests that a winter in Chicago, which is within comparatively easy reach of the seat of his own operations, will afford the girls ample opportunity for acquiring that social polish which his wife regards as essential to their well-being.

"Chicago!" exclaim the wife and the two daughters in one contemptuous sniff. "You're away behind the times, daddy, if you think Chicago will do for us!"

"But New York is so durned far off," pleads the old man.

"New York!" cry the others with in-

creasing contempt. "That place has been wiped off the map. For us it's London or nothing!"

Kindly, hard-fisted, grizzled old American that he is, Monibagge capitulates, simply because he wants his wife and



THE DOMESTIC STAFF—

children to have the best that the world affords.

So it happens that with the very earliest breath of spring, the Monibagges engage a suite at one of the costliest hotels in the English metropolis. They enter upon their social campaign equipped with almost limitless wealth and a feverish anxiety to spend it, a sublime self-confidence, and the sort of knowledge of London and its ways that can be gained from American newspapers and the novels of "The Duchess."

At first they are a little disappointed to find themselves regarded, even in the hotel, where their immense wealth is known, with absolute indifference and unconcern. But before the end of the second week they chance to make the acquaintance of a fellow guest, that somewhat *passée* mid-Victorian beauty, the Hon. Mrs. Grafte, whose cordial advances greatly delight them. She "simply dotes on all you bright, clever Americans," and fairly dazzles her new friends by the easy and familiar manner

in which she bandies about the names of her titled acquaintances. An hour spent with this truly charming Englishwoman is a swift succession of glimpses at the life in which the people from Nevada long to have a part. As their eyes dis-

have thoroughly mastered the difficult art of passing a name along from lip to lip without mutilation or distortion, and who may be credited with many other polite accomplishments befitting their highly important station.

A butler of imperturbable gravity and dignity, who has two or three black-coated subordinates to aid him in his labors, and who assumes an importance in the household only slightly inferior to that of the groom of the chambers. Whilst serving at table, he directs the movements of the splendid footmen by an almost imperceptible nod. To his care are intrusted the keys of the cellar, and his first duty is to lay in such a stock of wines and spirits as he considers suitable for a gentleman's house.

A housekeeper, respectable enough in appearance to turn milk sour, who looks after the linen, who has charge of all the

women servants, and who sees that the rooms are properly cleaned and aired and the bedrooms put in order. She has a little maid to wait on her, and controls a staff of half a dozen house-maids.

A French *chef*, who wears white from top to toe while on duty, and takes his afternoon walks abroad wearing two decorations and looking like a marshal of the empire. He buys all the meats, vegetables, fish, and other kitchen supplies, and commands a force of six assistants, three of whom are scullery maids, for the amount of dish-washing necessary in such a house is enormous.

A lady's maid for each of the women of the family, and a valet apiece for Monibagge and his two sons.

All these high functionaries of the Monibagge court dine in the steward's room, the butler and the *chef* taking particular pains to see that no one suffers from lack of the best. There is a second table for the footmen and the other under-servants, and even a third for the scullery maids, who are not regarded as



—OF THE MONIBAGGE ESTABLISHMENT IN PARK LANE.

tend and their tongues grow still under the magic spell of her aristocratic talk, the Hon. Mrs. Grafte mentally calculates how much these confiding and unsophisticated Westerners will be worth to her during the season.

THE MONIBAGGE COURT IN PARK LANE.

Through her kindly offices they are enabled to secure a furnished house in Park Lane, beautifully adapted to entertaining, for the modest price of five thousand pounds for the season; and it is the Hon. Mrs. Grafte herself who helps them to engage a domestic staff, consisting of:

An imposing personage in black, called the groom of the chambers, famous for his taste in stage-managing private entertainments, grouping footmen effectively, and decorating tables and rooms with flowers. He is particularly successful in completely covering the walls of the huge drawing-room on the first floor with cut roses at a cost of several hundred pounds. This functionary brings with him six magnificent footmen, who

the social equals of the beings in livery, or of the housemaids who rank as the females of their species.

There is, moreover, a stable with two staffs of coachmen and grooms, one for night and the other for day service.

THE STRATEGY OF MRS. GRAFTE.

While the work of engaging the servants and stocking the house with a supply of food and drink is going on, the Hon. Mrs. Grafte is assiduous in her



attentions, going herself with Mrs. Monibagge to West End shops, and recommending the American lady to her own dressmaker, milliner, and florist.

Now that the establishment is formed, she shows herself a true friend by asking Mrs. Monibagge and her daughters to meet a few friends of her own—Major Spender of His Majesty's Seventeenth Leg-Pullers; Lady Clutch; the Hon. Bertie Broke, of Hardup Towers, Ded-beet-on-the-Blink; and a few others, all well-bred, well-connected, and remarkable for their enthusiasm over "dear old America" and "all you bright, clever, successful Americans." The very next day every member of this most desirable and aristocratic circle leaves a card at the great house in Park Lane, and Mrs. Monibagge and her daughters complacently declare that "these high-toned English people can give cards and spades to those stuck-up snobs in New York on style and manners, and what's more, they know refined Americans when they see them without waiting to be told!"

Before the week is out the Hon. Mrs. Grafte calls, bringing with her her sister, the Countess of Nervine, who is also charmed with Mrs. Monibagge. The countess takes an immediate fancy to the youngest Miss Monibagge, who happens by the merest chance to be only three months younger than her own son, heir to the paternal title, and known by the courtesy title of Lord Gaul. Lady Nervine is so pleased with her new friends that she declares that she really must

have Mrs. Monibagge to help her in her stall at the grand fancy bazaar in aid of the Lying-Down Hospital for Well-Connected Indolents.

"You know," she explains sweetly, "our royalties are so fond of you clever Americans that they won't even stop at a stall unless there's one of you there to sell something to them. Besides, you're so awfully generous that it seems a real pleasure to you to help along any of our poor little charities!"

Mrs. Monibagge, with her heart all a flutter at the bare thought of coming into personal contact with royalty, and already seeing visions of a crimson carpet stretched across the pavement and up the steps of her new home, gladly consents to aid in the good work. She must certainly have a new dress for such an important function, and the Hon. Mrs. Grafte goes with her in the carriage to help her select one.

THE GRAND CHARITY BAZAAR.

A few days before the opening of the bazaar, Mrs. Monibagge receives an invitation to lunch with Lady Nervine, and go to look at some things in a Bond Street shop.

"My dear," exclaims the peeress enthusiastically, as the two women enter the carriage after a delightful intimate tête-à-tête talk, "I have really a wonderful idea for you. I have been so afraid that somebody else would get ahead of you that I could scarcely sleep last night! You know all our royalties are just frantic over old laces. So is the Duchess of Goodwood—she's coming to the bazaar, and she's the most important woman in London, of course next to our dear queen, who will very likely be there, too. Well, I've just heard that the dear

Countess of Malacca has met with some awful losses, and is going to dispose of her entire collection of Brussels and old point in one lot at a private sale. It's the opportunity of your life!"

"A collection of lace!" says Mrs. Monibagge innocently. "Why, I never made a collection of anything in my life. I shouldn't know what to do with it if I did buy it."

"Not for yourself, of course, my dear," says Lady Nervine, "but for the bazaar. Why, if you were to buy that collection and spread it out on our stall, you'd find yourself such a center of attraction that you'd be known from one end of society to the other before the afternoon was over!"

Once more Mrs. Monibagge sees herself in a vision; this time as the center of a group in which are the queen, one or two royal princesses, the Duchess of Goodwood, and a few lesser deities of the London social world. Still seeing this vision, she is led into the Bond Street shop where the laces are displayed—and in which they were collected—and the costly purchase is made.

The bazaar proves a great success, and Lady Nervine's prophecy is fulfilled, for Mrs. Monibagge's name is a topic of conversation at scores of distinguished dinner-tables that very night, while she herself entertains the members of her own family with a recital of the gracious manner in which the princess examined the laces and ordered some of the old point to be sent to the palace.

The Monibagge fame certainly travels fast from this moment, for within two days the nominal head of the family receives a note, written on paper adorned with a gilt coronet, and signed with the name of a well-known peer, inviting him to a great dinner to be given in a fashionable hotel in aid of a famous London charity—an invitation which is promptly and joyfully accepted.

"It's very good of you to come," says the hospitable peer, beaming pleasantly upon his new-made American acquaintance. "I'm to preside, you know, and you'll be called on to respond to the toast of the ladies. Oh, you mustn't say no; there's not one of you bright, clever Americans who can't make a speech at a



MR. MONIBAGGE SIGNS SOME CHECKS.

moment's notice, and we're all such awful duffers at that sort of thing over here, you know. I shall put you at my table, between the Earl of Gravesend and Lord Tilbury."

His lordship pauses to jot down his guest's name, and possibly to note the grin of delight that suffuses his face at the sound of the titles.

"By the way," continues the peer, "Gravesend and Tilbury are down for five hundred guineas apiece. I suppose I may as well write that amount opposite your name? Yes? Thank you very much indeed!"

As Mr. Monibagge takes his seat at the table, between two well-groomed, stiff-mannered members of the House of Lords, he murmurs to himself:

"They come high, but we must have them!"

And so the season rolls on, bringing with it new friends for the Monibagges, invitations to great functions, and the acquaintanceship of scores of more or less "desirable" men and women. Most gratifying of all, accounts of their social triumph are cabled to the American newspapers. Mrs. Monibagge has taken care that the press both of London and the United States shall be kept fully informed as to their comings and goings.

AN UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDING.

About the end of June, Lord Gaul proposes to the eldest daughter, and is accepted; but before the engagement is announced, old Monibagge has the question of pecuniary settlement laid down to him with such cold-blooded candor that his soul revolts at the thought of turning over the daughter whom he loves to an individual of such heartless avarice, and he refuses pointblank to bind himself by any promises whatever.

Lord Gaul thereupon withdraws with much dignity from his position as a suitor. The next day Lady Nervine gives Mrs. Monibagge and her daughters the cut direct in Hyde Park; and the Hon. Mrs. Grafte, cheated out of the handsome commission that would have been hers had the marriage taken place, hardly dares to trust herself to speak to them for fully a week.

Meanwhile, a report is set afloat in society that old Monibagge is by no means the rich man he is supposed to be—else why should he refuse to accede to the very moderate demands of such an eligible *parti* as Lord Gaul? As the rumor gains credence, the Americans become conscious of a coldness in the atmosphere that they had not noticed before. It is true that Bertie Broke and his well-groomed, well-connected crew still hang about the house, always ready to eat and drink and suggest new ways for the spending of money. It is true that after a few days of cold reserve the Hon. Mrs. Grafte puts herself once more in evidence, though she tells Mrs. Monibagge, in confidence, of her fears that their treatment of the young man will head off other eligible offers. It is true, also, that the tradesmen, the impecunious young men, the dignified butler, the white-capped *chef*, and the magnificent footmen are just as deferential and as eager to please as before; but it is equally true that a great many of those who were more than civil early in the season now regard their Transatlantic friends with a suspicion and disapproval of which the latter cannot remain long oblivious.

THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Mrs. Monibagge, who has not been altogether unobservant during her four months' campaign in the London field, is the first to scent the breath of hostility in what had seemed but yesterday to be a favoring breeze of popularity.

"My dear," she says to her husband, as they drive through Hyde Park about a fortnight after the dismissal of Lord Gaul, "don't you think it would be nice to go back home again?"

"Do you mean it?" he demands eagerly. "Yes? Well, to tell the truth, I'm so sick of all this business here that I'd give half a year's output to get back to Nevada. What's more, I think we've got a chance now to retire gracefully that we may not have if we stay here much longer."

"You're quite right," admits Mrs. Monibagge with a sigh.

A fortnight later the ocean cable carries the news that "Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Monibagge, of Nevada, whose house in Park Lane has been the scene of some of the most brilliant entertainments of the season, will sail for New York on the

Kaiser Wilhelm early in August, to be followed a fortnight later by the other members of the family, who are making a brief tour of the continent. It will be remembered that the elder Miss Monibagge was reported engaged to Lord Gaul, heir to the earldom of Nervine. Of late she has often been seen in company with the young Earl of Stillton, whose coming of age was celebrated at the family place in Wessex last winter."

And so the great retinue of servants is discharged, and the house turned over to its rightful owner, after a preposterous bill for breakage of glass and furniture and damage to the premises has been settled; and the Monibagges start on their homeward journey.

Before they are fairly on their way, the great tide of London life has closed over the gap left by their going, and all traces of the "dash" that they thought they were cutting in London society have been completely obliterated. Mrs. Grafte, Bertie Broke, Lord Gaul, and all the rest of the well-connected vultures have sought other pastures; while Mr. and Mrs. Monibagge, sitting in their steamer chairs, realize that they have spent nearly a quarter of a million dollars and have little to show for it, except an immense stock of clothes—which will never do for Nevada—and their social experience.

"Any way," says Mrs. Monibagge, "the papers printed so much about us that everybody will know what a figure we cut in London society!"

The gods are sometimes merciful. The Monibagges are enrolled in that vast army of Americans who fancy that they are or have been in English society, and so long as they live they will be permitted to cherish the delusion.



LORD GAUL PROPOSES TO THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.

ETCHINGS

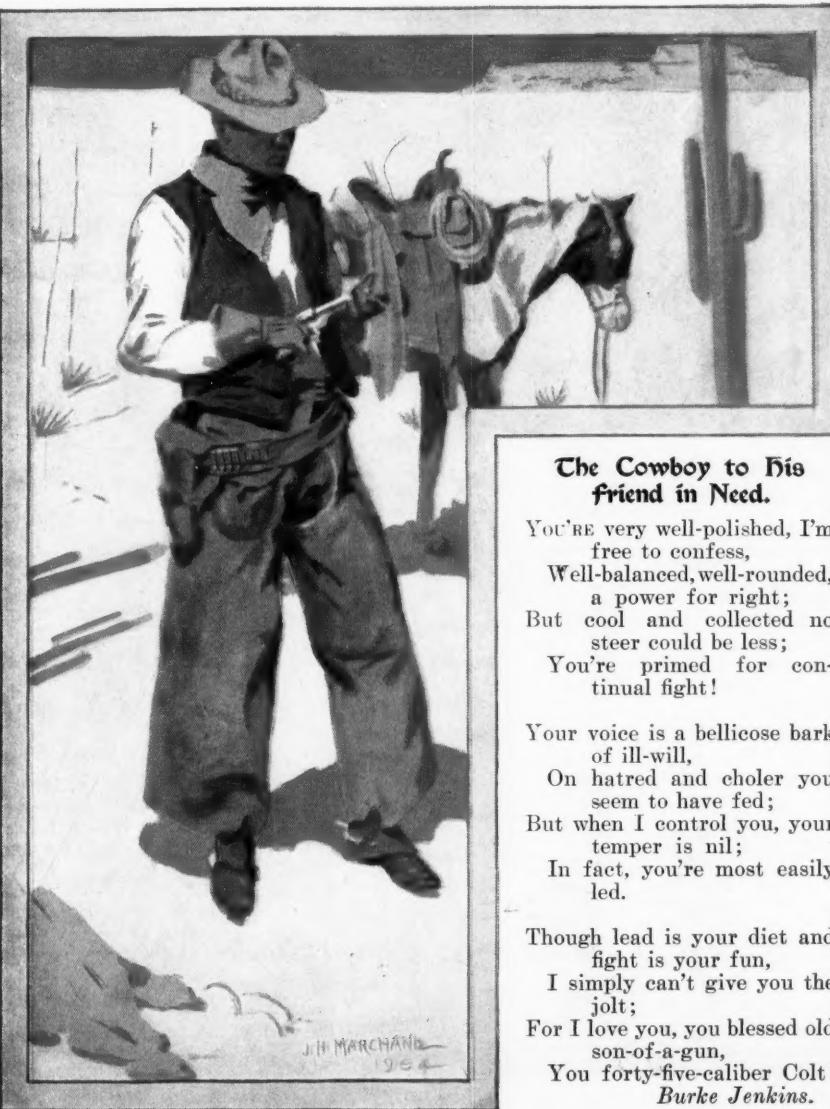


Out of the Past.

THE old-time altars crumble fast,
And drop away;
While o'er the ruins of the past
We rise to-day.

But something from the ages gone
The world retains—
Only was error overthrown;
Truth yet remains!

Eugene C. Dolson.



The Cowboy to His friend in Need.

You're very well-polished, I'm
free to confess,
Well-balanced, well-rounded,
a power for right;
But cool and collected no
steer could be less;
You're primed for con-
tinual fight!

Your voice is a bellicose bark
of ill-will,
On hatred and choler you
seem to have fed;
But when I control you, your
temper is nil;
In fact, you're most easily
led.

Though lead is your diet and
fight is your fun,
I simply can't give you the
jolt;
For I love you, you blessed old
son-of-a-gun,
You forty-five-caliber Colt!

Burke Jenkins.

GOD is so constant to the earth !
Like new flame on an empty hearth
He lights the swift, sweet fires of spring
For His beloved's comforting.
And lo, Joy of the World returns !
Light-stepped, with lilies in her hand,
She comes to bless the wakening land.

OH, heart of mine, not over-long
Shall we lament our want or wrong.
How may we doubt that even thus
His tenderness shall comfort us?
Rejoice in this glad certainty—
Some day through very paths of pain
Shall Joy of Life come back again !

Theodosia Garrison

The
Return
of
Spring



After Lent.

SIGNOR MEPHISTOPELES

Met me once upon my way,
Sauntering, swaggering, quite at ease,
His apparel rich and gay;
Told me stories out of
school,
Smiled, with whimsical in-
tent:
"Since simplicity's the rule,
I'm a saint—till after
Lent!"

Matrons passed with stony
stare,

Maidens, with averted eyes;
Gallants, trim and debonair,
Rolled their optics toward
the skies.

Said Mephisto, smiling, cool:
"Not one half of this is
meant;

Since simplicity's the rule,
Let them go—till after
Lent!"

Fashion's leaders knew him
not,

Though the closest friends
they'd been—

Boon companions, too, I wot,
In all modish forms of sin.

"Once," he laughed, "they played the fool;
Now in sackcloth they repent.

Since simplicity's the rule,
They'll be good—till after Lent!"

To the church's portals wide

Did these penitents repair,
Seeking pardon, ne'er denied

To the faithful gathered there.

In the minster, dim and cool,
Each proud knee in prayer was bent;

"Since simplicity's the rule,
Let them pray—till after Lent!"

"Signor Mephistopheles!

Half these people whom we meet
Were your loving devotees,

Learned life's lessons at your feet.

Now, methinks, they're wondrous cool!"

"Friend," he whispered, "be content—
Since simplicity's the rule,
They've reformed—till after Lent!"

V. E. Atwell.

The flight of the Heart.

ACROSS the vastnesses of night,
Through the great voids of star-lit blue,
My heart, in fleet and eager flight,
Goes out to you.



Without or doubt or fear deterred,
Unwearied, though it hath no rest,
It fares as doth the homing bird
Unto its nest.

No bound may stay its way, no wall,
No barrier below, above;
For it hath heard life's dearest call—
The call of love.

So, as in wingèd arrow-flight,
Down the dim aisles of dusk and dew
Hastens my heart to its delight—
To you, to you!

Sennett Stephens.

Checkmated.

A NOVICE in the tournament, so well
He matched the master-mind of rook and pawn
That who would win the prize no man could tell
Of all the wondering idlers looking on.

Until the master-player, striving less
To trap the youth by science than surprise,
A moment lured him from the game of chess,
And burned a nervous fear into his eyes!

Then he that could not win by dint of art,
As one victorious began to sing,
Captured the courage of his rival's heart—
And swept away his castle and his king!

Aloysius Coll.

AN INVITATION.



I.

Oh, nine round peas in the pod ;
I will hang it over the door ;
The very first man that under it comes,
I am his forevermore !

II.

There's Harry—I'll ask him in ;
He never will dream, or know,
That the magic pod hangs over the door
With nine round peas in a row !

Cora A. Matson Dolson.

THE EDUCATION OF GRANDPA.

I.

GRANDPA, in a nursemaid's rôle,
Took small Henry for a stroll.
Henry, when the time was pat,
Poked a stick through grandpa's hat;
Grandpa, at this childish joke,
Rather petulantly spoke.
"This"—the boy showed no contrition—
"Sweetens grandpa's disposition!"



II.

Henry stretched
a cable slack
Right across his
g r a n d p a 's
track,
Calling sweetly:
"Grandpa dear,
I've a great surprise—come here!"
Grandpa, willing to admire,
Came and tripped across the wire.
Henry cried: "This visitation
Trains your powers of observation!"



III.

Henry, with a care discreet,
Placed a tack upon a seat;
Bending each rheumatic joint
Grandpa sat upon the point.

Joyful light filled Henry's eye
When the old man leaped on high.
"This will teach you readiness—
Quick response in time of stress!"

IV.

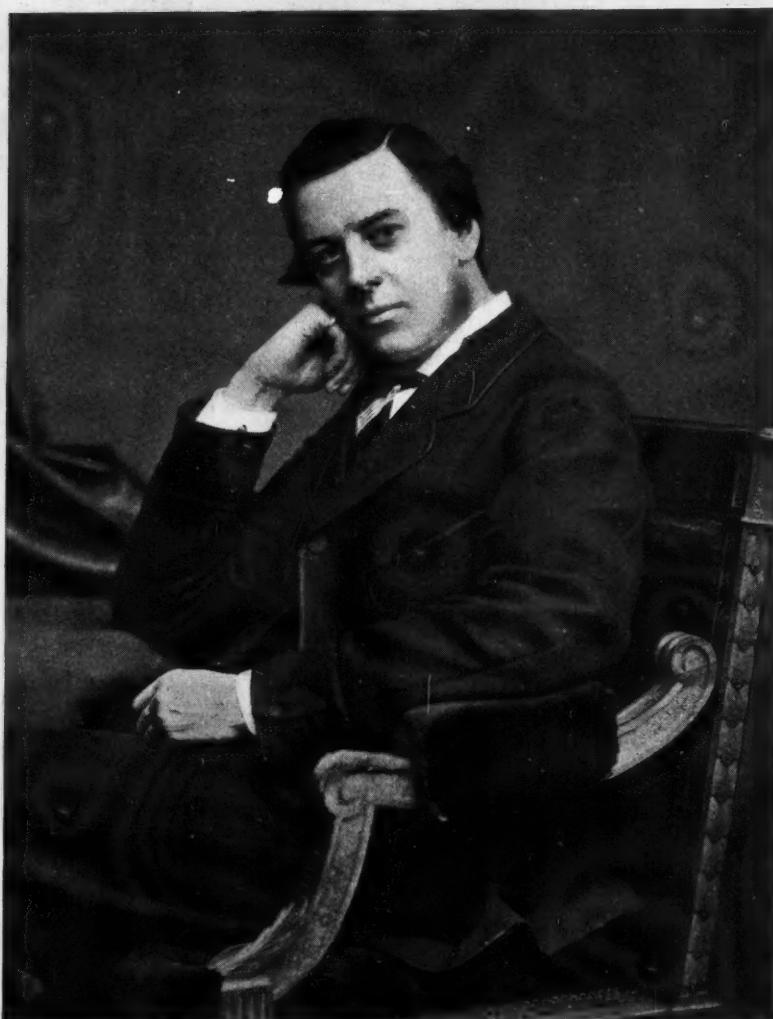
Ere this quiet stroll was done
Henry tried another one—
Hit his grandpa with a can,
Whereupon that gentleman,
Every aged nerve a tingle,
Wallopéd Henry with a shingle.
"Joy!" said Henry, 'twixt his cries.
"This gives grandpa exercise!"



V.

When the sky with sunset burned,
Gray-beard man and child returned;
Grandpa's limbs were somewhat battered
And his modest clothes were tattered,
And he leaned upon his cane
Like a being racked with pain.
But the grandchild's tone was gay:
"Grandpa's learned a lot to-day!"

Wallace Irwin.



From a photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

THE EARLY CAREER OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

BY T. EDGAR PEMBERTON.

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS BRITISH STATESMAN TELLS HOW HE FIRST CAME TO BIRMINGHAM HALF A CENTURY AGO, AND HOW HE WON HIS POLITICAL SUCCESS AND PERSONAL POPULARITY.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN has so happily identified his name and fame with Birmingham that many people

have an idea that he is a "born native" of the English hardware city, which proudly holds its own as the acknowl-

edged metropolis of the Midland Counties. But the man who was destined to become its greatest citizen passed his babyhood in Camberwell Grove, within sight of the towers of Westminster, and his youthful days were spent in and about London.

He was a very young man when he came to Birmingham to assist his cousin, Joseph Nettlefold, in his efforts to develop a small screw-manufacturing business. He at once made the place his home and the center of his affections and aspirations. Indeed, he developed not

only the screw business, but the sometime sleepy old township. Like the boy who flogs at his top until it spins, so he, in course of time, deftly whipped up the public spirit of his fellow townsmen into a state of enthusiasm for the curiously neglected interests that lay at their own doors.

Every Birmingham man—I am one of them, and so speak by the card—has reason to bless the day that witnessed Joseph Chamberlain's adoption of his new environment. It is because I happened to be one of the earliest to see him



"WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD"—A PICTURE BY BARRAUD WHICH HAD A WIDE POPULARITY IN ITS DAY. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, AS A BOY, WAS THE ORIGINAL OF THE CENTRAL FIGURE.

Published by courtesy of W. A. Mansell & Company, London.

in his first field that I venture to pen these lines.

HIS FIRST SUNDAY IN BIRMINGHAM.

On a certain Sunday morning in the

unsavory heart of a then somewhat unwholesome town. On the way my mother told me that in our high, penned-in pew—it always reminded me of a horse's loose-box—I should see a visitor who had



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AT THE PRESENT DAY, WITH HIS FAVORITE ORCHID BOUTONNIÈRE.

From his latest photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.

early fifties, when I was quite a small boy, I was driving with my father and mother to the old-world Unitarian Chapel which my parents faithfully attended, situated though it was in the

come from London with a letter of introduction to my father. Knowing that I always wanted some little diversion from the erudite but abnormally lengthy sermons, she went on to say that I should

be interested in this young stranger, inasmuch as his face had suggested the portrait of the central figure of the picture of the three choristers made familiar to me by an engraving hanging on our home walls.

Most people are familiar with this work by Barraud, which was painted about 1849, and subsequently, in its reproduced form, became exceedingly popular. Presumably it has had its day, for recently it was rather contemptuously described as "three choir-boys singing the 'Te Deum'"—the engraving was lettered "We praise Thee, O God"—"with a very 'Nunc Dimittis' expression on their faces"; but in those far-off days I had been taught to regard the picture with reverence.

After the preliminary service was over, and the preacher had settled down to his preaching, I was in a position to stare at young Joseph Chamberlain for what fox-hunters would call "forty minutes without a check." Thus it happened that I was probably the first denizen of Birmingham to take a deep interest in him and in his always attractive personal appearance. He spent the remainder of that Sunday at my father's house, and I remember how he delighted every one, old and young, by his fascinating manner and engaging conversation.

Mr. Chamberlain soon made himself known in Birmingham. His first care was for the business that he had undertaken to develop; but his extraordinarily active nature enabled him to find time for many other things. He closely identified himself with the work of the congregation of Unitarians who used to assemble at the New Meeting-House, a very modest and insignificant building, but famous on account of its association with the great Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen. In course of time—and Mr. Chamberlain had much to do with its expansion—it became the present handsome fabric known as the Church of the Messiah. Both in the old and in the new place of worship he did loyal service. I know many Birmingham workmen to-day who tell me how much they owe to his teaching in the Sunday schools, and how patient and untiring he was in his unselfish efforts to give them pleasant instruction.

AS AN ACTOR AND WOULD-BE PLAYWRIGHT.

Socially he became a great success. Everywhere his charming manner and bright talk won their way. He was willing to take part in any rational amuse-

ment, and had a decided taste for amateur theatricals. In such light comedy characters as were then associated with the mercurial Charles Mathews—they are very difficult parts to play—he was extremely good. In studying and rehearsing them he spared no pains, and was not satisfied until he had worked them up to the point of perfection. Good critics were wont to say that if his devotion to business had not stood in his way, he might have made both fame and fortune as an actor.

But fond though he was of the theater, and of everything appertaining to it, it did not enter into the serious purpose of his life; though, years after the period of which I am writing, he told me in confidence that he had been very ambitious to be accepted as a successful playwright. At the time of our conversation he was known far and wide as one of the foremost British statesmen. When I jokingly told him that the rejected manuscripts of long ago would certainly be accepted now, he laughed and said:

"Very likely. But I have other things to do, and the plays must be left out of them."

I should not mention this little episode if Mr. Chamberlain had not, soon afterward, revealed his secret—possibly I should say his secret sorrow. On July 16, 1889, presiding at the "send off" dinner given to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, prior to their first visit to America, he said:

"I myself do not believe that there is anybody here who can say, as your chairman can proudly say, that he has written a comedy which has had the honor of being submitted to the late Mr. Robson, and by him immediately rejected as totally unsuited for his own or any other theater."

A SPEECH THAT FAILED.

For many years there has existed in Birmingham a delightful little institution known as our Shakespeare Club. It was founded by the late George Dawson, the well-remembered preacher, lecturer, and man of letters. Its name suggests Shakespearian discussion, but its object was the bringing together of a select coterie of Birmingham men, interested in literature, science, and art, who, during certain winter evenings, might dine cheerily, smoke, and chat freely with one another on objects of mutual interest, and especially on improvements needed in their town. Possibly to justify its title, the club gave annually, on Shakespeare's birthday, a semi-public dinner,

when notable speeches were made in honor of Warwickshire's mightiest son.

George Dawson and his friends, who were deeply absorbed in the welfare of Birmingham, were always unselfishly anxious to "give the young men a chance." Joseph Chamberlain was very soon asked to attend one of these somewhat exclusive dinners, and to take part in the postprandial speech-making. Both invitations were willingly accepted, and then, looking at the incident by the light of to-day, a very curious thing happened. He began as lightly and brightly as could be, and we were all feeling that we were to hear an unusually good speech, when suddenly he faltered, came to a full stop, and, with his carefully prepared little oration manifestly only half delivered, resumed his seat. In the face of this trivial ordeal the man who was to become one of the greatest speakers of his time had mournfully broken down.

Mortified though he no doubt was at the moment, it was perhaps as well that he encountered this strange failure. It made him, with his characteristic determination, resolve to overcome all nervousness and hold his own with other orators. He joined a very old and useful association called the Birmingham and Edgbaston Debating Society, and though his colleagues were at first inclined to think and speak slightly of his capabilities, he was soon at the forefront of them all. In connection with this institution, an old friend of his, and mine, has recalled another.

CHAMBERLAIN AND THE ARTOPSAREACOLUTHS.

"This society," said my informant, speaking of a time between thirty and forty years ago, "used to have every year two social gatherings. It was observed that members who rarely or never came to the debates were not conspicuous by their absence when the summer outings and other little feasts took place. The committee thought it would be rather good sport to give these knife-and-fork debaters a gentle rub. Consequently they made them the subject of a toast at one of their social meetings, held at the Lyttelton Arms, Hagley. A word was coined for the occasion, and they were toasted as the 'artopsareacoluthic members'—signifying the followers of the loaves and fishes.

"To Mr. Chamberlain was entrusted the task of proposing the toast. In a smart and brilliant speech he poked fun at the dinner-debating members who

were so ready to participate in the festivities of the society, and so lax in attending its discussions. Not only did he do this with delicious banter and pointed sarcasm, but, with an audacious touch all his own, he coupled the toast with the name of one member present.

"This brought the ruffled gentleman to his feet. Smarting under Mr. Chamberlain's ironical philippics, he attempted to rebuke 'our young friend' for what he considered his unwarrantable impertinence. But Mr. Chamberlain was not in the least disconcerted. With his cigar in his mouth, and his eyeglass in his eye, he smiled with amused complacency while his irate friend tried to pay him back, though hardly in his own sharp, ringing coin."

That little story is characteristic of the famous English statesman as he stands before us to-day. It has been said that he took as his motto, "*De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.*" It was not so. He was modest, but from the early days of his appearance in Birmingham it was felt, even by people who were half inclined to be jealous of him, that he possessed a personal magnetism—there is no other word for it—that was irresistible. Whether in due time he became conscious of this, and made full use of his power, I cannot say. Certainly his personal popularity in Birmingham is such as few men attain in any great community.

Despite his years and his hard work, Joseph Chamberlain is as lithe and almost as active as ever. In looking at him one recalls a story of years ago when he was Mayor of Birmingham. It may be well to remind American readers that in England the government of a municipality is usually styled "the mayor and corporation." At a public dinner in Birmingham, in the course of a humorous, bantering speech, George Dawson said that he wished there was more of the mayor to look at, and that he should like to see him "go to scale better." To which Mr. Chamberlain quietly replied:

"Mr. Dawson has been good enough to refer to me as a mayor without a corporation."

What he has done for Birmingham, only Birmingham men know. In spite of his strenuous life in London, he never forgets his old friends, and when opportunity occurs never seems happier than when talking to them of early battles honorably won.

THE GRAND DUKE.*

BY CARLTON DAWE.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT ZILINSKI CONSPIRACY—A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA
AND MONTE CARLO.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

PERCIVAL WRAYMOND, who tells the story, is an Englishman, a solitary traveler, formerly in the diplomatic service, but now possessed of no occupation and few links with the world. On a visit to Monte Carlo he finds himself in a network of intrigue owing to his remarkable likeness to the Grand Duke Boris, Governor-General of Moscow, who is also on the Riviera. Out of love for Doria Mirsky, a beautiful Russian girl, Wraymond undertakes a daring venture. He impersonates the grand duke, and goes to Moscow in order to secure the release of Basil Mirsky, Doria's brother, who is imprisoned there as a revolutionist. The instigator of the plot is Nicolas Zilinski, who travels as the supposed governor-general's secretary, and who arranges to have the real grand duke kidnapped and kept out of sight.

Arrived in Moscow, Wraymond is accepted without question as the governor-general, though he fears that he has aroused the suspicion of General Gromoff, a little martinet who is chief of staff to the grand duke. Armed with his stolen authority, he has Basil Mirsky and another revolutionist prisoner, Sergius Pakhaloff, brought from their prison to the palace. Zilinski's plan is to send these two men over the frontier with forged passports. The supposed grand duke and his secretary—who passes under the name of Merlidoff—are to follow as soon as possible, and their departure is fixed for the following Sunday night.

On the Saturday, however, a complication arises. The Grand Duchess Eudoxia, mother-in-law of Boris, being ill, her daughter, the Grand Duchess Sophie, unexpectedly comes to Moscow to visit her; and the pretended grand duke receives the startling message that his wife wishes to see him. Fortunately for the conspirators, the princess has seen little of Boris in recent years, and a brief interview passes without a discovery of the imposture.

XVIII.

WHEN I could deceive my own wife, what was there left to fear? Again I blessed the wicked Boris and his nefarious life. Were he a model husband, what a predicament I should have been placed in! As it was, she had seen scarcely anything of me for the last twelve months. Copenhagen, Petersburg, the south—all these had claimed her at various times. What a fine thing it is to have scattered relations, and what a blessing that princes are not bound by bourgeois conventions! An ordinary man, going on his holiday, must take his wife with him; but a prince, ah, what gorgeous luck! He goes to Monte Carlo, and the princess takes her children to the shores of the Black Sea. And the probabilities are that both are perfectly satisfied.

But I did not altogether relish that remark about her scarcely seeming to know me. It would be a bad day for me and my hopes when she did. Yet it implied a probable doubt, and just then I was mortally afraid of doubts. I longed to question her; her answers might have

proved extremely useful; but questioning might have meant a deeper prying, on her part, into certain matters, and I had no use for such unpalatable curiosity.

Zilinski awaited my advent with eyes which questioned anxiously.

"So far so good," I explained. "I am a brute of a husband and totally unworthy of such a charming wife. It seems funny, but I think she rather regrets that we don't know each other better!"

"I take it that regret was not reciprocated?"

"I'm not so sure. But worse remains. I've actually promised to go and see my mother-in-law."

"Are you quite mad?"

"I sometimes think so. If I hadn't been, do you suppose I should have come here? It's the cursed romanticism of the English nature, Merlidoff; it pursues us like a bottle-imp, and leads us into all sorts of quixotic adventures!"

"This is no time for jesting. For heaven's sake explain yourself!"

"My illustrious mother-in-law, the Grand Duchess Eudoxia, is dying, and she will die happier if she can receive, or

give, pardon—I don't know which it is. My wife thinks I ought to go, and, hang it all, I didn't know how to get out of it!"

"This will destroy our plans!"

"Not necessarily, though it would be wise to get those two away if possible."

"Leave that to me. In the meantime, you might sign these passports. They are for the merchants Ivan Dousky and Michael Leontieff."

I signed them in the flowing hand of Boris. I was fast becoming impervious to every qualm of conscience.

"You will succeed?"

"Why not? There is, of course, always the chance of failure, but I think I have reduced it to a minimum."

"And she will see him——"

"Soon, now, very soon." Tenderly he laid his hand on my shoulder, and in his eyes was a softness that I had never seen there before. "They go, but we stay; we stand together, my friend, my dear comrade."

Zilinski was not much given to emotional outpourings. He was a hard, cold man who had led a hard, cold life; but somewhere at the bottom of him there was a fresh well of affection, and I had tapped it.

I liked the grim, sad dog, liked him exceedingly, but I replied without showing the emotion that was surging through me.

"The fact of the matter is," I said, "we're in a pretty bad mess, and instead of extricating ourselves we're floundering deeper and deeper into the bog. My dear Merlidoff, I have some very comfortable chambers in Ryder Street, St. James', and to be safely back in them now I'd gladly abandon all Boris' glory, the Grand Duchess Sophie, and my illustrious mother-in-law as well!"

He smiled that quiet, inscrutable smile of his; but I think he understood.

"Don't fear, excellency. Ryder Street, St. James', is not so far off as it seems."

Heaven knows it seemed far enough away! Piccadilly, Pall Mall, the redcoat pacing beneath the squat clock-tower; the swirl of hansoms by Marlborough House! Life, freedom, home! And here was I mewed up in the heart of Russia, fearing to take a step to left or right, dreading every word would begin a denunciation. Zilinski admired my nerve; it was characteristic of me and my stoical nation. He little knew how those nerves jangled, or to what a pitch of intolerable irritation my apprehension was fast reducing me.

I muffled myself to the eyes in one of Boris' big fur coats, a beauty of the glossiest sable, and then joined my wife, whom I found stamping the floor with impatience. Fortunately she was too angry to speak, or we might have had another tiff. Instead, she honored me with a contemptuous stare from a pair of remarkably fine brown eyes, and quite haughtily led the way from the room. I fear I owe Boris an apology for not more nobly upholding his reputation as a gentleman, but I had to play the part assigned me, and not to exploit ideas of my own.

We entered a hooded sleigh, and amid the clatter of hoofs and the jingling of bells dashed off toward the Kremlin, in one of the palaces of which the Grand Duchess Eudoxia lived. Arrived there, we were shown with all despatch to the inner sanctuary; or, rather, we ignored custom, and conducted ourselves, Sophie leading the way, I obediently following at her heels. Somebody relieved me of Boris' beautiful fur coat, and I found a little bearded gentleman in glasses bowing toward me most ceremoniously.

"How is she?" asked Sophie in a low voice, gazing toward a heavily curtained door.

The doctor shook his beard.

"I fear, highness," he said, but his manner was more portentous than his words.

"She is worse?"

"Highness, she has been wandering a little."

"Ah!" There was a little sob in the exclamation. "Is she asleep?"

"No, highness."

"Ask her if she will see his highness the grand duke."

The little man bowed, and bobbed behind the curtain, returning almost immediately with the request that we should enter, and at the same time delicately hinting that the mental condition of the invalid was all that could be desired.

It was a large and somewhat dimly-lighted room, in the far end of which stood out the four posts of a massive bed. On this bed, propped up by pillows, was the sick woman, who greeted us with a shrill, gurgling cry of pleasure. Sophie rushed forward and threw herself upon her mother's breast; I advanced more slowly, thinking rapidly, quickly defining my mode of procedure. For the part I was now called upon to play was a truly painful one, and contemptible into the bargain. Yet it had to be done, though I devoutly wished that I had played the

brute to Sophie and flatly refused to be a party to any death-bed reconciliation.

The priest stood back, presenting the holy ikon. I bowed and crossed myself. Half a dozen curious eyes were on me; busy brains were thinking, thinking. Yet with such dignity as I could command I approached the bed and, falling upon my knees, reverently kissed the pale, thin hand that was extended toward me.

In this attitude we remained for some little time, the sick woman, speaking in a low voice, telling me how pleased she was to see me. I, stroking her hand, said I was glad to come, and that I hoped she was feeling much better, or words to that effect.

"No better," she whispered. "I shall never be better. I am not young like you. You positively improve with the years."

"It is kind of you to say so."

"It is true, perfectly true. You are younger, and decidedly better-looking than you were." She placed her hand on my head. "And your hair is actually growing! I thought you were getting bald." I believe she saw my confusion. "There, there," she said quickly, "never mind a sick woman's prattle. Perhaps it is not you who have changed. The alteration may be in me."

I was not much of a hand at kneeling, so that I was not sorry when she commanded chairs to be brought for Sophie and me. Then began explanations and apologies. I said little, and appeared to be deeply sympathetic, as indeed I was; for whatever her son-in-law may have thought of her, to me she seemed a tender and much-wronged woman. At all events, at that death-bed I paid back to Boris a little of what I owed him.

Presently she fell asleep, or dozed, her hand in mine, and for a full half hour I sat there, unwilling to move. The long, thin, cold fingers were twined lovingly in mine, as if from my blood they drew the warmth of life. Sophie looked at me, and I thought her eyes grew soft. Heavens, was she melting? Was it possible that she was changing her opinion of her husband? Had Boris any community with mere humanity? Was this the man who had ridden rough-shod over her tenderest susceptibilities, who had outraged her womanhood, her motherhood—had insulted her, taunted her—had even, if rumor was true, struck her? Truly I was a bad actor, Zilinski notwithstanding.

At that moment, however, the sick woman, suddenly awaking, created no

little commotion by starting up, staring wildly at me, withdrawing her hand from mine, and crying sharply:

"Who is that man?"

XIX.

The sudden intelligence of her look, the denunciatory finger, and the guilty knowledge that here at last was some one who had discovered my secret, caused me to start suddenly, almost to rise. But quickly recollecting myself, I kept my seat, striving my hardest to embarrass her with a fixed look of amazement.

"Who is he?" she repeated. "Who is that man sitting there?"

Sophie rose quickly and endeavored to soothe her alarm.

"That is Boris, mamma. You recollect Boris?"

"That is not Boris," she said. "Who are you? What are you doing here? That man is not Boris, I tell you. He is a stranger, a stranger! Help! We shall all be murdered!"

I turned to Sophie. There was a curiously soft and pitying look in her eyes, which made my heart beat a throb or two the faster. The doctor's face confirmed the meaning of that look. I shudder even now when I think of it.

Sophie wrapped her arms around her mother, whispering words of comfort, but with passionate energy the sick woman disengaged herself.

"Who are you?" she cried, glaring at me. "You know you are not Boris. He never had eyes like yours; he never looked like you. Child, send for the police! Arrest this man!"

"Dear, dear mother," cried Sophie plaintively, "don't distress yourself; try to be calm. It is Boris, and he has come, willingly come, to beg your pardon."

"My dear child," replied the old lady with awful calmness, a calmness which I understood, but which, fortunately, they entirely misinterpreted, "don't suppose my mind is wandering. It is clear, quite clear; my reason is as sound as yours. That man is not Boris. I'll swear he is not Boris! Tell me"—and her eyes flashed fiercely into mine—"tell me who are you, and what are you doing here?"

She leaned forward as if to seize me and drag my secret from me, but the exertion was too severe for her, and she suddenly sank back panting. Sophie shot me a quick glance, a glance of pity, plaintive and conciliatory. I turned to the doctor. He acquiesced with a nod.

"If I am not Boris," I said, "at least believe that I am a friend of your highness."

"Then what are you doing here? Why are you in his clothes? How comes it that you are so like him? I don't understand it; it bewilders me." Feebly she passed her hand across her eyes. "My friend!" she suddenly continued in a suspicious voice, "how is it you come to be my friend? I don't know you; I have never seen you before. Child, child"—and shudderingly she clutched her daughter's hand—"there is some horrible conspiracy in this. Have the guards doubled; don't let that man escape!"

"No, no, he shall not escape, I promise you," replied her daughter soothingly. "The guards are doubled; the police are quite ready. Do not fear, dearest; no harm shall come to you."

"In the name of the Holy Mother, listen!" gasped the now terrified woman. "Can't you see that it is not Boris? It is like him; it is so like that I am half in doubt; but there are differences—shades of difference. Why, it grows clearer, clearer. Can't you see? Are you all mad? It's a conspiracy, a plot. This man is an assassin! He has come to kill us! Murder! Help, help!"

Her voice rose in a piercing shriek of terror, and with a moan she fell back fainting. Sophie wept; the doctor rushed forward with restoratives. The strain of that supreme effort had so exhausted the invalid that I really believed her last moment had come; and, considering all things, the thought afforded me no little relief.

Her denunciation had terrified and bewildered me. To this dying woman, whose brain had already become clouded, there was suddenly given a mental penetration which those in the full possession of their senses lacked. And the irony of the gift was that the apparently sane believed her mad.

The old duchess lay back with closed eyes and firm-pressed lips. Having now to play my part for all it was worth, I advanced to Sophie, and, taking her by the hand, whispered a few words of consolation. Whether it was the unexpected and kindly action or the state of her overwrought feelings, which brought about the collapse, I cannot say; but scarcely had my hand touched hers before she was sobbing bitterly on my breast. And in those sobs I fancied there was something more than sorrow for her mother. Perhaps, once on a time, she had even loved Boris!

Mine was now a predicament of the utmost gravity. Perhaps it will be thought that I had already placed myself beyond the court of honor, and yet honor would not permit me to offer such consolation as I knew she needed. I was sorry the real Boris was not in my place. Most likely such an opportunity had never come to him; it was more than probable that such an opportunity would never come again.

I could do nothing but murmur a few incoherent sentences. The arms about my neck were heavier, and galled more, than would Siberian chains; my frame shook with her sobbing. My arm, flung round her waist, had no right there; I almost expected her to start back with a cry, as if it burned her.

Yet nothing of all this happened. She sobbed quite contentedly in my arms. Once she looked up at me through her tears, and her great eyes were wonderful in their pathetic beauty. But for the thought of other eyes, what folly might I not have committed? Her quivering mouth was close to mine; it breathed warm, sweet breath across my lips. It said as plainly as mouth has ever said, "Kiss me, kiss me! Let us forget." And though my soul trembled for my honor, I looked away, and as she dropped her head once more I felt a shudder sweep through her body.

I knew I had offended her, and yet I did not wish to give offense. Hard she might have been, coldly unsympathetic, as rumor proclaimed, and yet I had her in one of those moods when her soul was wholly mine, when all that was best, purest, noblest in her nature floated on the surface for me to capture and preserve. Boris, my friend, I believe it was your one chance of happiness, and you were not there to seize it!

Realizing, in spite of her mental and physical distress, that her husband was not sympathetic, she slowly disengaged herself from my arms, her big limpid eyes already mingling pride with reproach. This, while it relieved me of an extremely serious and delicate responsibility, warned me at the same time that this woman must not become my enemy. It was hateful to have to do these things, to play a part so contemptible in the very presence of death; but it was imperative, unless I wished the farce to become a tragedy.

"Still retaining her hand, I led her to a couch, and, toying with her long white fingers, I said in a low voice:

"Sophie, another time, another season.

It seems to me that we are only beginning to understand each other."

Perhaps it may have been my fancy, but I thought a sudden mist of tears blurred her vision.

"Boris," she whispered, and her voice was tense, tremulous, like the sound of the wind, "there is a new light in your eyes!"

"Which you have kindled," I murmured, and not daring to look her in the face I bent over her hand and kissed it.

Her fingers closed tightly on mine, and I returned the pressure. I felt her tremble, and I knew that she was mine—mine if I only dared to look the question; and yet I could do nothing but stare hard at the carpet, or at the big four-poster where the poor old duchess was fighting grimly with death.

Once I crept over, and to my look of silent inquiry the doctor returned a reassuring nod. I glanced at the pallid, shrunken face, noticing the ravages left by the struggle; but undoubtedly she was reviving. What would happen then?

I returned to Sophie and whispered the information.

"Advise me—shall I stay or go?"

"Stay with me," she said, and her eyes added unconquerable argument to the appeal.

"If you wish it, dear. I was wondering if my presence would distract her."

"She will be quite calm when she wakes."

"Then it is not the first time that she has been—"

"No. But she will be calm now, and after a period of excitement her brain is always clear."

If that were so, she would be all the more dangerous to me.

"But do you think she will be sufficiently strong to bear my evidently obnoxious presence?" I said. "I would not like to distress her again. Her state is serious, and another paroxysm such as she has just passed through might precipitate the end."

"If I know her there is no danger; but"—this more coldly—"if you would prefer to go, of course—"

"My dear child, don't be absurd. I know I have little claim on her or your consideration, but one may still regret one's errors. Can you not understand how singularly unpleasant it is for me to see this state of terror into which my mere presence throws her?"

"Forgive me," she whispered. "We seem doomed to misunderstand each other. But I assure you that your fears

are groundless. When the fit has passed away she will welcome you as she did at first."

But the interregnum was full of unpalatable conjecture. I was beset with doubt. Though not usually a nervous man, I felt every pulse in me throbbing with apprehension. I hated the thought of having once more to look into that emaciated face, those glaring eyes, of laying my secret denounced in those sharp and resolute tones. Yet I also realized the danger of turning my back on the accuser, even though she were a dying woman. So far the victory was mine, but in my absence what confidences might not pass if I were not there to check them? Luckily they still thought her mad, but I knew her to be the sanest creature in the room.

Sophie and I sat for a long time in silence, both thinking hard, I had no doubt, in absolutely diverging channels. Then suddenly she rose and crossed over to the bed, and presently nodded for me to advance.

The sick woman's eyes were open now; she was breathing gently, and apparently staring into space. However, the wandering eyes catching mine suddenly lighted with a look of intelligence, and she whispered my name:

"Boris!"

I knelt by the bed and took her hand.

"Dear Boris," she whispered, "I am so pleased to see you. And Sophie! Ah, my love!"

With a moan Sophie knelt beside me and buried her face in the bed-clothes.

"Be good children," murmured the poor woman. "Be good children. Try to understand each other. You may be happy yet, if you will only try."

Poor Sophie sobbed aloud. I kept my head down, ashamed, humiliated, seething with contempt of myself. I had set out determined to risk liberty, life itself, in accomplishing my purpose. I believed the dangers of the enterprise would fully compensate all loss of dignity; but I had not bargained for a scene like this, and had I only myself to consider, Heaven only knows what folly I might not have committed in an access of sudden remorse! As it was, I only wished to get away, to hide myself, to put an end to this tragic farce.

The invalid was weaker, much weaker, and presently she lay back again and closed her eyes. Then I rose and went out into the ante-room. Here, a few minutes later, I was joined by Sophie, now a limp, sad-eyed woman. Sorrow had

robbed her of her pride—had brought her down to the level of common mortals. In that melancholy chamber there was no Grand Duchess Eudoxia, princess of the Russian Empire, but just a poor dying woman, a tender mother, an affectionate friend.

"She is sleeping," she said, "and appears to be better."

"Then sit down and rest yourself. You look worn out."

"I am rather tired," she replied.

With a sigh she sank into a corner of the couch, pressing one hand across her aching eyes. Her whole attitude was one of utter weariness and misery; but I was afraid to utter too sincere a condolence, for she was in that weakly feminine state which borders on abandoment.

There was, however, some cause for self-congratulation in the news that her mother appeared to be better. Though previously caring little whether the Duchess Eudoxia lived or died, I had lately realized that the death of such an important personage would be a matter of some moment in certain circles. For one thing, it would mean ceremonial obsequies and a gathering together of the clans, and I had not the slightest wish to meet my princely relations. That they were a most charming set of creatures was probably true, but that they were likely to prove charming to me was a point on which I had some apprehension.

In low and broken syllables Sophie and I talked for some time, and then the doctor, a pronounced Teuton with white face, spectacles, and snub nose, made his appearance, smiling reassuringly.

"Her highness is sleeping quite peacefully," he said. "She is a veritable wonder-woman. If the sleep will only last for an hour it will abate the fever."

"There is hope, *herr doktor?*" gasped Sophie.

"Highness, there is always hope," he replied.

I took her hand.

"You see, the doctor says there is hope. Perhaps—who can tell? I pray that your mother may be spared to you."

The fact of Boris praying seemed to startle her; but in truth it was not Boris who was speaking at all, only the counterfeit of him. And in a way she seemed to know this, though not in one way, thank Heaven! I saw astonishment in her eyes; I know she yearned to express it in so many words. Was it possible that she had misjudged this man? Had he been a

stranger to her as she to him? For I could see by her eyes that her brain was puzzled. And yet she only said:

"Thank you, Boris!"

There was love in her eyes and voice.

And now I came to the point of departure, for, until I looked at my watch, I did not realize how long I had been in the sick-room. Fate seemed to be crowding events, and I had a feeling that other matters of moment were looming in the near distance. Therefore, with such delicacy as I could command, I hinted that it was necessary for me to return to the palace, and wanted to know if she would accompany me.

Of course, this she could not do. Her place was by her mother's side.

"But you will return?" she said; nay, more than said; pleaded, almost.

Without thinking, I replied that I would return as soon as I had attended to my business. Frankly she held out her hand; her eyes were gazing frankly into mine. But to escape the piteous, sweet intensity of the glance, I bowed over the extended hand, and kissed it reverently. Then I turned away, and without so much as a backward glance quitted the room.

Arriving at the palace, I found Zilinski in attendance. It was not often he betrayed any facial emotion, but in this instance he showed unmistakable relief.

"Highness," he said, "you have been absent a long time."

"Performing a sacred duty, Merlidoff; atoning for the sins of a bad man."

Then in a few brief sentences I told him the story of the sick-room.

"You are wonderful, highness," he muttered admiringly. "The government of England has lost a great diplomat. I always said so, and there is no doubt of it. And so the old lady saw through you, and they believed her mad. Good! The very gods are fighting for us. Nothing can balk us of victory."

"The gods have been known to desert their heroes at the crucial moment, my good Merlidoff, so please don't trust entirely to them. If my bones are to be credited, and they are no despicable instrument in forecasting the weather, things are about to happen."

"Things are happening," he replied in a low whisper. "To-night our friends will leave Moscow under the very eyes of the police. Twenty-four hours later we shall start."

"To-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night, highness. Ryder Street, St. James', is getting very near."

"If we were only there! Such cozy rooms, Merlidoff! One doesn't mind the fog or the rain or anything like that. Good lord, if we were only there!"

"A little while now, only a little while. But in the meantime you must play your part. The Duchess Sophie must not suspect; therefore you must return to the Kremlin, and I think you may salve your conscience by the exigencies of the situation. After all, it's only doing Boris a good turn, and I really think our debt to him is not yet fully discharged."

He laughed as one who enjoys no insignificant triumph. Still, I was not a little relieved by his confidence; for either a storm was brewing, or else I was mentally and physically weakened by the continuous strain of the last few days. That it was a great game was beyond question, but that there was anything particularly humorous in it I utterly failed to see.

"And Gromoff?" I asked.

"Gromoff is a cold-blooded little monkey. I do not love him; I have no cause to love him. He is like the trick matchbox with the concealed point. When you press him, he pricks."

"What has happened now?"

"He came here while you were away and questioned me about things: Monte Carlo, and women, and other matters. Your highness has a penchant for the sex. But he got nothing, the monkey!"

"Yet he questions!"

"He questions, and we cannot be on terms of intimacy with people who question. Naturally I told him of your visit to your wife and how you had gone to the Kremlin together. Of course he could say nothing, but he looked perplexed, and twisted his mustache a little oddly. Nothing, perhaps; perhaps only my suspicions. Yet the most must be made of the Duchess Sophie. She is a trump card, highness, and you must play her for all she's worth."

"How do you mean?"

"As a gentleman would play, highness, that is all. We cannot afford to ignore the fact that fate has placed in our hands an instrument of the first magnitude. Need I repeat that our position is one of singular delicacy, and that a false scruple now may bury Ryder Street, St. James', deep in the farthest cloud—may even dim the glory of eyes which glance and glow like the waves of the Mediterranean Sea?"

"There is no need to threaten!"

"Heaven, excellency, I do not threaten! That is not a word to be used be-

tween us. But this woman—remember always that she is one of the enemy, and that, should she entertain the slightest suspicion, she would denounce you to the authorities without a moment's hesitation."

"I suppose you're right; you must be."

"I am."

And yet I was not certain, though I strove strenuously to convince myself that I should be. Of course she would denounce me; why should she not? A stranger, conspirator, enemy; one who traded upon her most sacred emotions; one who had dared to enter the citadel of her inner sanctuary. And yet with a fatuity that was no doubt culpable, I liked to think that there was something nearer than this between us, and that she might not wholly despise me even if she knew.

XX.

AFTER dinner, which I took quietly in my apartments, Gromoff was shown in to make his final report. He was the same Gromoff, lynx-eyed, imperturbable; but, as I guessed, he had little information to impart, and this fact added no sweetness to his disposition. However, on this occasion I had some use for him, and, our chat being finished, I lit a cigarette and suggested that he should accompany me to the Kremlin.

It may have been my fancy, for a man in my position would be prone to suspect the most trivial happening, but I thought he accepted my invitation with something more than his usual alacrity. I could not probe his mind and see the thought there, but I not unnaturally colored it with the glow of my own imagination. Still, this was a matter to be hidden deep, and I passed nonchalantly through the long corridors and down through the big hall with the little man by my side.

Arriving at the palace, we mounted to the ante-room together. My coming being announced, Sophie soon made her appearance, a delightful smile of welcome on her face, her hand extended. I took the hand, a trifle warmly, I admit, and kissed it. Then she turned to Gromoff, who also did the gallant. I saw his narrow eyes watching us closely as we stood together, and I was glad the room was not too brilliantly lighted.

"How is she?" I whispered.

"The *herr doktor* repeats, 'Wonder-woman, wonder-woman!' She woke re-

freshed and took nourishment. She talked, a little oddly it is true, yet apparently in the most sensible manner. She puzzles the *herr doktor* as much as you puzzle her."

I smiled, but I was glad that Gromoff had not heard the last words.

"There is hope?"

She shook her head.

"I fear not. It is her fierce vitality that keeps her alive. You know what she is. She always hated to be beaten."

If I did not really know, I assumed a look of profound knowledge.

"And now?"

"She is sleeping again."

I beckoned to the general, who immediately drew near.

"Then I will not disturb her," I said.

"But you will wait?"

Sophie's question was pleading, plaintive. She seemed entirely to ignore the presence of the little man, whom I was watching from the corners of my eyes.

"Yes, dear, I will wait."

If that was not enough for Gromoff I was in despair.

Sophie spoke a few gracious words to him in the manner of one who addresses an old friend, and the grim little general strove his noblest to look sympathetic; but being cast in a certain pattern, and trained to uniformity, he could not well shake off the original modeling. Fortunately, that was a matter of little moment, as he was evidently one of those lucky beings who are taken as they stand.

"A nice little man," she said, when he had gone.

"A dear little fellow," was my emphatic rejoinder.

"You appreciate his usefulness?"

"I positively don't know what I should do without him."

And in a way this was true. He respected my wishes and kept besiegers at bay; spared me the fatigue of wading through official business, and did not demand my signature except under the most pressing necessity. So that I was justified in my statement, and thanked the powers which favored princes with servants so amenable.

The duchess, in the meantime, continuing to sleep, Sophie and I sat by the bright wood fire and talked in low whispers. Not that there was the slightest chance of our voices reaching the sick woman, but I had a motive for pitching the conversation in this key and keeping it constrained. It seemed to me as if I had some unworthy motive for everything I did and said, and I was beginning

to wonder if I had completely lost my own identity. An indefinite something of which, hitherto, I had been consciously proud, had entirely passed from me, leaving me infinitely poorer.

Nor was that feeling allayed by the soft glancings, and tender, confidential tones of the woman by my side. To fool the great Russian government was one thing, but to trifle with the confidences of this beautiful princess was not so many degrees removed from knavery.

I did my best, by abruptness and a nonchalant indifference which should have stung her pride, to show her that Boris had not gained his callous reputation for nothing; but to my chagrin she appeared in no mood to notice these things, and but for the timely arrival of the doctor she might have put certain intimate questions which I should have found some difficulty in answering.

I arose and crossed to meet the doctor.

"She still sleeps?"

"Yes, highness."

"There is hope, *herr doktor*?"

He wagged his head, striving to look despondent.

"I need scarcely tell your highness that the duchess is very ill. But she sleeps, and who can say what sleep will do?"

I drew a long face and shook my head gravely in the orthodox manner. I tried to tell myself that her long sleep or her short one mattered little to me; and yet I felt that it did matter, though I could not quite explain the reason, nor did I care to analyze it. In some way it suggested the woman who thought herself my wife, whose one true friend in this world was about to depart for the other.

She came to me with wide, eager eyes.

"What does he say?"

"We must hope," I whispered.

"Hope! How can I hope?"

I took her hands and looked into her face.

"Still we must hope. God knows if the prayers of a sinner will avail, but I will pray for you."

I felt her fingers tighten on mine; a strange new light shone in her eyes.

"Boris," she whispered, "what is it—what has come to you?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Why were you not always like this?"

"Have I changed so greatly?" There was a smile on my lips, but there was none in my heart.

"So greatly that I sometimes seem to be talking to a strange man."

"We have been like strangers," I said,

putting more meaning in my voice than I intended.

"And yet I venture to think that we are not strangers now." Her fingers burned in mine, her eyes were radiant, her voice low. "Boris, is it too late to begin again?"

Her head drooped forward and hid her glowing eyes. I had no doubt whatever of what must have happened had the real Boris been in my place, and my own safety prompted me to do the natural thing and take her in my arms. If ever a woman asked for consolation, sympathy, caresses, it was this beautiful creature whose hands burned and quivered in mine. And yet if my life were ten times at stake I could not have trifled with her; for this that I saw was the real soul of the woman, and that I could not touch without sacrilege.

The situation was full of danger, and I realized what the rejection of her advances might mean. Now, take her now, her soul oppressed by sorrow, her nerves unstrung, and there would be no fear of the Grand Duchess Sophie; but to repulse her might arouse the devil which lies deep down in every woman. To me she was metaphorically on her knees in abasement. Such abasement, if rejected, turns to a deep and lasting wrath; if accepted, it becomes a source of abiding joy. And reject it I must—but how?

We were not children; we knew the life led by the men and women of our class. Outwardly we smile on our good public, because the mob must be fed with flattery more or less delicate; but inwardly we do not wear the same conciliatory mask. At public functions, theaters, the opera, the duchess always appeared by my side; but if rumor were true she left it as soon as we reentered the palace.

Now all this had to be remembered, and much imagined that I did not know, so that for me the situation was trebly delicate. It was absolutely certain that I must stave off the reconciliation, and yet with no suspicion of offense. But I had to act—oh, the curse of it! I had to act through it all.

"Your goodness adds a deeper stain to my unworthiness," I began.

She cut me short.

"Why talk of my goodness or your unworthiness? What we want is an understanding, Boris. We have never understood each other yet."

"I admit it; I admit the error and the fault. Yet I thought you did not care."

"It is that thought which has ruined our lives," she said.

"Not ruined them, I hope, though it has led us to seek for happiness by different roads. Perhaps—who knows?—in the end these roads may meet again. Believe me, I see the folly and the shame of it all, and if in my heart I could feel more worthy I should fling myself at your feet and beg forgiveness. But perched somewhere on my shoulder is an irritating devil who forever mocks me with my iniquities. And I know he is right, that devil, and would make a farce of my atonement."

"Perhaps you are not all to blame. I, too, have been in the wrong."

Her voice was low, her eyes gleaming softly, and tears were very near.

"No, no," and I patted her head. "I will hear nothing of that. Let the blame be mine, and the atonement also."

"And yet I am not blameless. I thought you hated me."

"And I knew you hated me."

"Have you striven to make me love you?"

"I sometimes wonder if I have ever striven to do anything that was wise."

"Yet it is wisdom that you should know."

"That I should know my sins? I wonder what kind of wisdom that is which flouts knowledge? Oh, you mustn't think that I approve the act, even though I commit it. From circumstance to circumstance we go just as naturally as step follows step; but I cannot harbor redemption without atonement. It is so easy for the tongue to say 'I am sorry'; but it is difficult for the nature to change. Wait, watch. Trust me if you can, but believe in me when I have proved my worth."

The vast hypocrisy of it! It stung, it burned even as I spoke. I was humiliated, contemptible; a pitiful creature whom I hated with inconceivable intensity. The farce was growing serious; there was tragedy in her eyes.

"A woman believes," she murmured gently, "believes and loves."

She made a step forward, her arms extended, but I waved her back.

"No, not yet, not yet. Spare me at least the shame of that."

With a shuddering sob she turned from me and sank helplessly into one corner of the couch, burying her face in her hands. For a few moments I stood not knowing what to do. Confusedly my brain throbbed; every pulse of me was beating with painful intensity.

What should I say, what do? What was there in me that had wrung this con-

fession from her? What had I done to bring this woman to such a state of collapse? Was this the wife of Boris, the wife who hated him, the woman who was supposed to have found consolation for his neglect?

To me it all seemed incredible. What kind of dog was this Boris that he should value so cheaply a woman like this? Heavens, I believed her capable of making his name great and honored throughout the empire. And scandal flung mud at her!

Advancing to where she sat, I laid my hand lightly on her shoulder.

"I am not worth a sigh," I said, "much less a tear."

With a quick, impulsive gesture she seized my hand and kissed it passionately. The hot tears seemed to scorch my flesh. I confess I had experienced few sensations more embarrassing.

It is possible that I may not have conducted this affair with the utmost skill, but for me one great advantage lay in the fact that she was bordering on hysteria and did not notice my shortcomings. I doubt if in the whole of her cold, proud life she had ever so completely abandoned herself to the exigencies of the moment, and of a surety I profited by the circumstance.

When she was more composed, I prepared to take my leave. Of course she would stay with her mother, and in this fact I recognized that the angels were still on my side. Naturally, my apologies were profuse. There was still some business to be gone through, but if she preferred it I would gladly remain with her.

To this suggestion she would not listen. She was tired; she would sleep there on the couch; but if a serious crisis arrived she would send for me. And running through my mind was the knowledge that the crisis had already arrived; but it was not the one she thought.

She gave me her hand, which was limp, cold, and pallid in the extreme. I kissed it and turned away. At the door I looked round. Her eyes still followed me. Through the space they seemed large and very wistful. I bowed and disappeared, thankful that such a dangerous position had been so successfully negotiated.

It was after one o'clock when I reached the palace, and only two or three sleepy servants lounged about in the hall. Scarcely heeding them, I hurried to my apartments, with one thought only in my mind, one question on the tip of my tongue:

"Have they succeeded?"

The time was past. Either success or failure had crowned Zilinski's efforts. Either Mirsky and Pakhaloff were now whizzing toward the German frontier, or—

And I could not know until the morning, for I had strictly forbidden Zilinski to approach me.

I went to bed, and so to dream unquietly.

XXI.

EARLY the next morning, after I had rung for the matutinal roll and coffee, and even while I was still in bed, Zilinski made his appearance, the same cool, suave, well-dressed gentleman with the inscrutable lips. But when Vozmitsyn had gone—for in all matters we maintained a rigid etiquette—something like a smile played round that close-pressed mouth.

"Well?"

He nodded his head.

"Very well. It was not at all difficult. The captain of the guard supped with me. Sometimes I make good coffee, though not quite so excellent as that of our friend Demidoff—whom the saints protect! At times I fear that same Demidoff."

"Go on."

"My coffee only makes one sleepy; it does not compel log-like stupidity. The captain grew lazy, and consequently slightly neglectful. It is possible that he even slept a little; one never likes to speak too positively. The keys of the cells were in his pocket, and really he was not troubling about anything in particular. You know I have friends in the town. It was not difficult to introduce one or two. And the Russian soldier likes his vodka, or anything else that will burn and intoxicate. Well, the prisoners left by the express for Warsaw."

"Without suspicion?"

"Entirely."

"And now?"

"We leave at the first favorable opportunity. Our work is finished."

Finished! Odd as it may seem, my thoughts flew to a room in the Kremlin, and a pale-faced, wide-eyed woman.

"And this escape—of course it has caused a great commotion?"

"Oh, no; these things are never allowed to cause a commotion. No one will know of it but a few officials. Our dear friend the general will report to you presently; but in the mean time you may

be sure the police are already scouring the town, and that the telegraph is set in motion."

"They will be stopped at the frontier."

"Their passports will be examined, but what of that? They are in good order, signed by yourself. The authorities on the frontier know that you are in Moscow. Why do you suppose I had them in your carriage at Wirballen? You had to be seen, highness, and you were."

"But the soldiers, the guard—there is danger from them?"

"None whatever. They have disappeared."

Again the thin smile was breaking over his lips.

"Disappeared! Murdered?"

"Oh, dear, no! They will not be found, but their arms and uniforms will."

"Explain yourself."

"The soldiers, being revolutionaries, have disappeared with their friends."

"But they were not revolutionaries?"

"It will appear that they were."

"And where are they?"

"In two apartments in the basement of this palace. They were stripped of their uniforms and dressed in much finer and warmer clothes. They haven't much light, it's true, but they have plenty to eat and drink, and once we have crossed the frontier a telegram to our dear friend Gromoff will lead to their discovery. And now, highness, take my advice, and dress, and act your best when the little man comes. It's the last act, remember, and carries the fortunes of the piece!"

The general was waiting for me before I had finished my toilet; but even generals have to wait on princes, and as I had an important dignity to sustain I kept him tattooing impatiently with his spurred heels. When I permitted him to enter my presence he found me with a handkerchief in one hand, and a scent fountain in the other. I inhaled the perfume with simulated ecstasy.

"Ah, general, good-morning! What do you think of this perfume? I brought it with me from France. Something special!"

Before he had guessed my intention, I bombarded him with sweetness. Instead of displaying marked gratitude for an attention so delicate, he squirmed and backed away, making a hideous face and sniffing disdainfully. I believe he would have spat had he dared.

"I am not very fond of scents," he said sourly; and I, feeling the necessity for some sort of apology, replied,

"I know; you warriors prefer the more pungent odor of gunpowder. But, general, thank Heaven we are not all fire-eaters!"

"Highness," he began grimly, "I have some very serious news to communicate."

"Serious, general!"

"The prisoners Mirsky and Pakhaloff have escaped from the palace."

"So Merlidoff was telling me," I answered indifferently. "But of course they cannot have gone far; they must be in the city. Their capture must necessarily follow." I sprinkled myself with more of the perfume. "Merlidoff did not quite know how it came about. Tell me."

To and fro I waved my handkerchief until I was absolutely sick with the heavy perfume. I saw the little man's hard mouth harden. He could have kicked me for an effeminate fop.

"It is very serious, excellency, and points to a conspiracy in the palace."

"A conspiracy in the palace!" I answered with a sneer. "Because I cannot trust my soldiers to guard unarmed prisoners in my own house—mark me, general, in my own house—you call it a conspiracy!"

The little man stiffened perceptibly.

"By your leave, highness, I should like to explain."

"My dear general, it is for such an explanation that I am anxiously waiting."

"If your highness remembers, it was against my wish that those men were kept in the palace at all."

"I do not recollect the incident; but if you say so, no doubt it occurred. Yet that does not excuse the fact that your soldiers stood guard over them, and yet they are gone."

"But the soldiers are gone also."

"The soldiers gone!" I was serious now. "General, this needs explaining."

"When the guard went to relieve them, the sentries were nowhere to be seen. Search was made, but without success. After some time the keys were brought, and upon the cells being opened nothing was found within but the rifles and uniforms of the soldiers and the prison dress of the two convicts. I need scarcely tell your excellency that an exhaustive search was at once instituted, but so far we have not succeeded in elucidating the mystery."

"You are right, General Gromoff. This is indeed a matter of supreme importance, and points to a serious and far-reaching conspiracy. It looks as if the soldiers were confederates."

"I fear there is no doubt of it, excellency."

"So this talk of disaffection in the army has some truth in it?"

"An isolated case. The army is loyal," he answered doggedly.

"It looks like it. What is doing?"

"The police are already at work. The telegraph has been set in motion. We will have the frontiers watched."

"In the meantime, general, watch well the city and the outlying roads. The men must be here—here somewhere within our reach. It is not possible for them to leave Moscow; it cannot be. Are there suspicions?"

"Frankly, highness, we are non-plussed; but that does not mean failure."

"Still you have some one in your mind?"

"I told you that the man Zilinski was supposed to be in Moscow."

"How could he help this escape?"

"That is what we have set ourselves to discover. Zilinski is a cunning, dangerous, and unscrupulous revolutionary. With him in Moscow even your highness is not safe."

"You apprehend personal danger?"

"He failed once, but failure does not daunt him. What is he here for now?"

I looked frightened; I am not sure I did not give the general the belief that I was an arrant coward. At all events, I wished to convey some such impression.

"You think, general, you really think I am not safe with this man Zilinski at large?"

"Candidly, your excellency must be careful where you go, and how, and whom you see."

"But this man must not be permitted to defy the whole authority of Moscow!"

"These men work in cellars and dark places; they are like moles pushing their way out of sight. But if Zilinski is in the city, as we feel pretty sure he is, he will need cleverness to escape."

"You have set a fence about him?"

"A fence of steel, highness, with points as sharp as bayonets!"

I smiled, but I knew he saw the terror beneath; for though his hard face remained impassive, his eyes flashed scorn.

"Still, he is clever, and—and one never knows when or how the next blow will fall. It seems to me that nothing can be done until we have recaptured the prisoners and put the chains on Zilinski. Then, general, we shall know the true story of this fresh conspiracy, and I shall not have made this journey for

nothing. But—but you really think my person is in actual danger?"

I saw his contempt of the coward, and I was glad he could not entirely control it.

"Not here, highness. Caution is necessary, that is all."

"I hate caution; I hate this living in perpetual dread of the bullet, the knife, the bomb! Life becomes intolerable and princedom a curse. General, I am no coward, as you know"—I saw his hard mouth curl ever so slightly—"but I dread these secret methods, this striking in the dark!" I shuddered, as if at the mere thought. "I confess to you that I have no love for death by such means, and as my presence here will not be required until these captures are effected, it would perhaps be wiser if I acted on your suggestion, and left Moscow at once."

"I would scarcely advise such an extreme step."

The little man was absolutely seething with contempt. His real opinion of me just then would have been vastly entertaining.

"I think it would be better. You see, with me away you will have an entirely free hand; for believe me, my dear general, I fully appreciate the intense anxiety my presence must cause you and your subordinates. Moreover, I did not come to stay, and in any circumstances I should be returning now. Therefore you will be good enough to order a special train at midnight, which will carry me to the frontier. I shall only take Merlidoff and my valet, so please arrange matters as quietly as possible. We must not let Zilinski or his friends know that I have left the city."

"It shall be as your excellency wishes. And the duchess?"

I smiled rather meaningly.

"Do you think it is necessary to tell her?"

"That is for your excellency to say."

His tone was quite unflattering.

"Well, Gromoff, upon my soul I don't think it is. Women don't understand these things, and I fear it would be useless to attempt an explanation. Of course, there is the serious condition of my adored *belle-mère*, but you know how the creaking door hangs. Really, I don't think she's as ill as they imagine, and I have no doubt she will be one of the first to greet me on my return."

Oh, how he despised me, that good Gromoff!

(To be continued.)

WHITE LAW REID.

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN.

THE JOURNALIST AND DIPLOMAT WHO IS SLATED TO SUCCEED JOSEPH H. CHOATE AS UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'—A BRIEF ESTIMATE OF MR. REID AND A COMPARISON BETWEEN HIM AND HIS BRILLIANT PREDECESSOR.

WHITE LAW REID could make the boast of Mr. Carnegie and the late Mr. Gladstone—that he is purely of Scottish descent. His father was the son of a Covenanter who emigrated from Scotland to America and joined the first stream of settlement that pushed westward over the Alleghenies. His mother, Marian Whitelaw Ronalds, came of an old Highland family. His ancestry shows in his tall, spare frame, in his keen, intellectual face, and in the qualities of thrift, self-reliance, and tenacity that helped to make his success. At the same time, he is a thorough cosmopolitan, invariably courteous, absolutely self-controlled, the tactful diplomat, the polished man of the world.

Mr. Reid's career has been a steady progression from narrower to wider spheres. It began in a little town of the middle West, where he graduated at a freshwater college and became editor of the local newspaper. Thence he went to the State capital as a legislative reporter, and thence to Cincinnati, which was then the chief city west of Pennsylvania. His work for the Cincinnati *Gazette* took him to Washington, of whose strenuous life during the Civil War he was a part. From Washington he came to New York—the magnet to which the brightest talent in most professions naturally gravitates. Successful in New York, with ample wealth, and commanding a newspaper of wide repute and much political prestige, he became a factor in national affairs.

Mr. Reid is a diplomatist of experience. He has served for three years as minister to France, during Harrison's administration. He has twice acted as special ambassador to Great Britain, at the time of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee and of King Edward's coronation. Both Hayes and Garfield offered him the ministry to Germany, but he twice refused it. When he succeeds Mr. Choate, his diplomatic career will be

rounded out by his appointment to the most important and most coveted post in the foreign service of the United States.

A LITTLE OF VARIED EXPERIENCES.

Very few men have lived so full a life. He has followed divers callings; he has held important offices; he has traveled much and lived in several countries. In his early days, besides filling almost all the important positions in a newspaper office, he was at one time or another a school-teacher, a cotton-planter, clerk to a Congressional committee, and librarian to the House of Representatives. He has published several books—one as long ago as 1867, and others, containing reprinted addresses, quite recently.

Mr. Reid's career was hewn out by his own exertions. He married a great heiress—Miss Elizabeth Mills, the only daughter of the famous New York and California millionaire, Darius O. Mills—but this was nine years after he gained control of the *Tribune*, when he was already a man of considerable property. "I have never had anything but what I worked for," he once said, and he has done very much more hard work than most men get through.

He has been called a lucky man, but fortune has not always been on his side. At times he has had to contend with ill health, and he has not always been exempt from failure. His first business venture after the Civil War—a large cotton plantation in Louisiana—proved unsuccessful, and his one quest of elective office, when he ran for the Vice-Presidency in 1892, resulted in one of the only two defeats that a Republican national ticket has suffered since the first election of Lincoln.

But such occasional setbacks have not ruffled the even tenor of Mr. Reid's pathway. He has moved forward smoothly and steadily. His motive power has seemed to be not so much the warm, impulsive, human genius of a Henry Clay

or a Horace Greeley, but the mathematical and calculated force of the qualities that make worldly success.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid have two children, a son and a daughter. They are fond of travel, and have spent most of their winters in sunny regions as far west as southern California and as far east as Egypt. Their home, Ophir Farm, near White Plains, is a fine country house in a district which New York millionaires are gradually converting into a region of great suburban parks. Their town house, at Madison Avenue and Fifty-First Street, was built by the late Henry Villard, who sold it to Mr. Reid for a great deal less than it cost. They usually open it for a large annual ball. The one given in January last was a sort of farewell entertainment to New York society.

REID AS A SUCCESSOR TO CHOATE.

Without making any invidious comparison, it is not too much to say that Mr. Reid shouldered a heavy burden when he accepted the post held by Joseph H. Choate. In attempting to fill the place of so gracious and supremely talented a representative, he has undertaken the most difficult task of his career. Mr. Choate is a man rare among diplomats, rare in any walk of life. His presence is both winning and command-

ing, his humor is of international fame, his brilliancy of mind is unsurpassed in all the world. He is the ideal ambassador from America to Britain. It is a grievous pity that our political system brings about the removal of such a man, while yet in the prime of his powers, from a position to which he is so uniquely fitted, in order to make way for some one else whose ambition is fixed upon that particular post. This is not intended in any way as a reflection upon Mr. Reid: it is a criticism of the established system, and not of any individual.

It may safely be predicted that as ambassador to the court of St. James', Mr. Reid will prove as good a business man, if we may use the term, as Mr. Choate. Practical acumen is characteristic of his Scottish stock, and the record of his career shows that he possesses it in high degree. In society, too, he will be an equally dignified figure. But he lacks the genial humor of his predecessor, nor does he possess his gift of oratory—which, indeed, scarcely any public man can equal, Chauncey Depew being a possible exception. Moreover, though he is five years younger than Mr. Choate, he has not the sturdy physique of the older man, and it may be doubted whether he will not find the London climate, especially in winter, extremely trying to his health.

OUTWARD BOUND.

HARBORS are for unused ships ;
Mine must sail the seas,
All her snowy pinions spread
To the welcoming breeze !

She must visit lands afar.
Many precious things
Wait her where in distant ports
She will fold her wings.

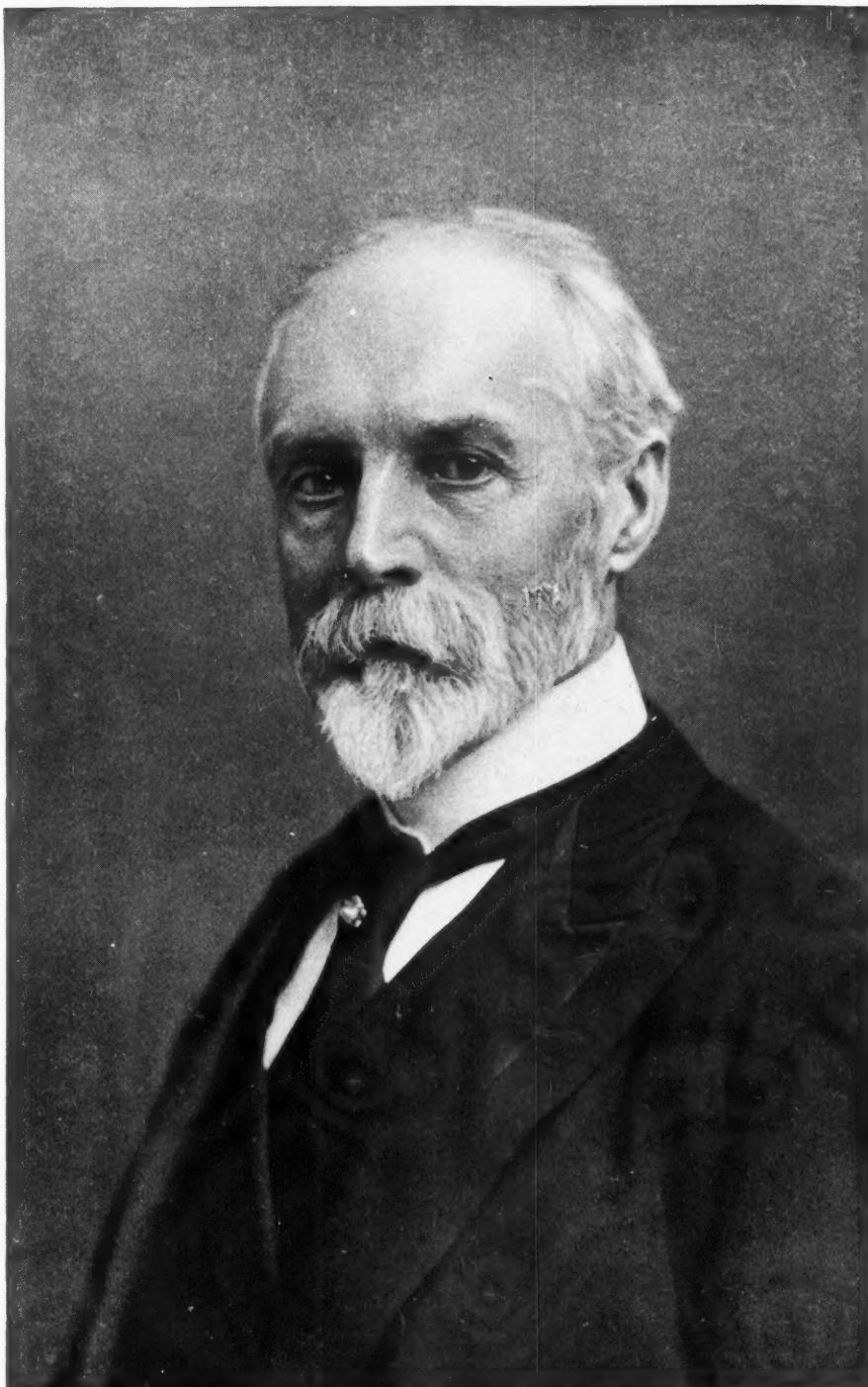
She must face the angry gale
When the storms arise—
Test her strength and prove her right
To bear the flag she flies.

Should she drift, a broken wreck,
Helpless and undone—
Better that than anchored here
Rotting in the sun !

Westward blows the wind, and lo,
Where the fair, new day
Lifts his banner on the hills !
She must not delay ;

Hoist the sails, and let them breathe
Deep and full and round !
For the sea is calling her—
She is outward bound !

Alice Rollit Coe.



WHITELAW REID, WHO IS SLATED TO SUCCEED JOSEPH H. CHOATE AS UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

From his latest photograph—Copyrighted by Pach, New York.

[See page 49.]

THE AMERICAN CAVALRY HORSE.

BY CAPTAIN WILMOT E. ELLIS,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

THE CHARGER THAT FIGHTS THE BATTLES OF THE WORLD—THE GREAT HORSE-MARKETS OF THE WESTERN STATES, AND THE TRAINING THAT TURNS THE RAW MATERIAL OF THE RANGE INTO THE FINISHED PRODUCT OF THE CAVALRY POST.

A NATION'S strength in war depends not only upon its men, but also upon its horses. Every army needs cavalry, and the efficiency of cavalry hinges to a great extent upon the quantity and the quality of the available supply of horses.

The United States has more horses than any other country except Russia, owning about sixteen millions to Russia's twenty-five millions. The animal was first carried to America by the Spaniards, early in the sixteenth century. The wild herds which abounded in the Southwest until quite recently were probably the direct descendants of horses abandoned in that region by De Soto and other explorers.

Later colonists brought animals from several European countries. Wherever the settler went, the horse went with him, and helped him to subdue the soil, to fight his enemies, and to face the hardships of life in a new world. Naturally, the pioneers' stock was usually poor; but before the Revolution, as the wealth of the colonists increased, the importation of English thoroughbreds had effected a marked improvement in the prevailing types.

Since those days, horse-breeding as an industry has grown with the growth of the country, though, like other industries, it has had its ups and downs. At the present time it is prosperous, after surviving some particularly hard knocks.



THE RAW MATERIAL OF THE CAVALRY HORSE—BREAKING A WESTERN RANGE HORSE INTENDED FOR SALE TO THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

More than once the prophets have shaken their heads and declared that the days of the horse were numbered. The electric car has driven him from the street railway service—surely a welcome release from an intolerable slavery. The bicycle and the automobile have disputed his possession of the roads, and the traction engine is doing some of his work on the farm. And a few years ago certain military experts, real or pretended, were loudly asserting that even his usefulness in warfare was practically over, for the development of the long-range rifle and the machine gun had rendered cavalry obsolete.

This last prediction was completely falsified during the recent war in South Africa, when the British government found itself compelled to spend several million dollars in buying horses abroad. Its agents found their best and most satisfactory market in the United States. They organized a great depot at Lathrop, Missouri, and their large purchases did much to stimulate the breeding of saddle-horses in that and neighboring States. The demand was increased by the expansion of our own cavalry establishment from ten to fifteen regiments, in 1901.*

Many of the Western breeders are now making a specialty of supplying the cavalry with mounts, and it is gratifying to note that a distinct type of animal, specially adapted to the use of mounted soldiers, is beginning to appear. Hitherto the United States army has usually purchased its horses by contract, made through the quartermaster's department, but the results have not proved entirely satisfactory. The system has proved extravagant, as several middlemen are involved, and the government frequently pays as much as a hundred and twenty-five dollars for a sixty-dollar horse. The last army appropriation bill provides for purchase in open market, and cavalry officers feel that this policy will result in economy to Uncle Sam, and an improvement in the quality of mounts.

Some foreign war offices, notably that of Austria, conduct their own stock farms. This scheme has been advocated for the United States by prominent cavalry officers, but the experiment has never been tried, principally because it contravenes the time-honored policy that

* The following have been the expenditures of the United States government for cavalry horses during the last six years :

| | | | |
|-----------|--------------|-----------|--------------|
| 1899..... | \$219,727.17 | 1902..... | \$219,241.25 |
| 1900..... | \$171,044.06 | 1903..... | \$278,006.15 |
| 1901..... | \$518,901.10 | 1904..... | \$340,006.40 |

the government should not come into competition with private enterprise.

THE "POINTS" OF A CAVALRY HORSE.

The horses presented for sale are passed upon by a board, ordinarily composed of an officer of the quartermaster's department, a cavalry officer, and an army veterinarian. The officers pass upon the horses with particular reference to "form," and the animals that they accept are minutely inspected by the veterinarian for soundness. Each horse—technically referred to as a "remount"—successfully passing the scrutiny of the inspectors is branded "U. S." on the left fore shoulder. Later it is branded on the hoof of the near forefoot with the designation of the company to which it is assigned.

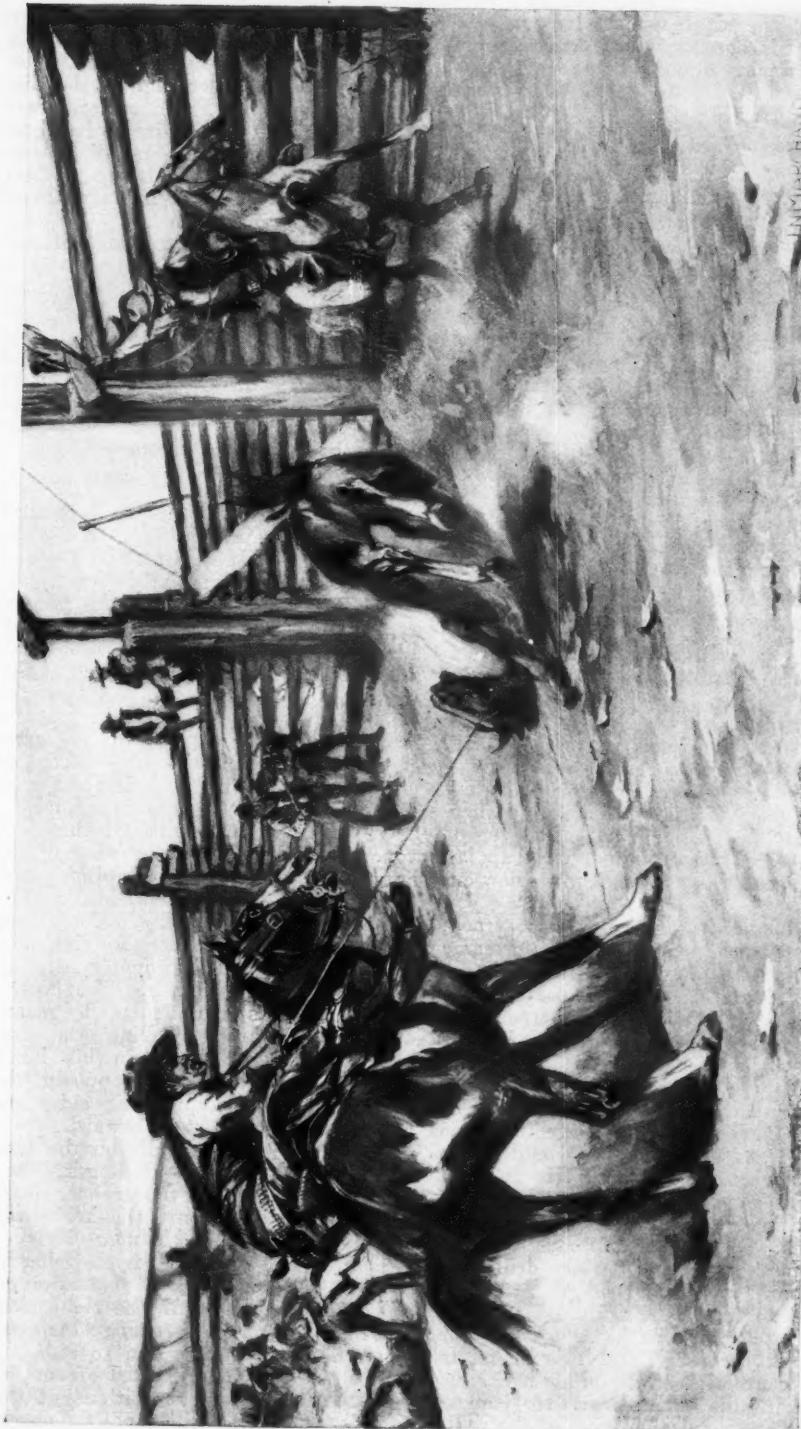
The regulation cavalry horse must be a gelding of hardy color, sound and well-bred, gentle under the saddle, free from vicious habits, with free and prompt action at the walk, trot, and gallop, without blemish or defect, of a kind disposition, and with easy mouth and gait. His height must be between fifteen hands and a quarter and sixteen hands; his weight between nine hundred and fifty and eleven hundred and fifty pounds. The prescribed age is from four to eight years, but animals under five years are seldom accepted, and the best authorities recommend a minimum age of six years when hard field service is anticipated. There are other more or less technical requirements as to the "points" of a well-built, hardy, and active saddle horse. These specifications have been summed up in the following maxim: "Many good, few indifferent, no bad points."

It is manifestly out of the question to furnish thoroughbreds for cavalry service, for the supply of suitable ones is limited, the expense would be much greater, and these high-strung, mettlesome animals demand an amount of care quite inconsistent with the exigencies of active field work. Officers—who in our service are required to purchase their own mounts—usually provide themselves with thoroughbred chargers, or at least with very well-bred ones. Just now, however, most cavalry officers of moderate means do not feel disposed to purchase expensive animals, on account of the risk incurred in the Philippine service.

Our government does not reimburse its officers for losses of mounts in time of war, and only under very limited conditions does it repay them in time of

THE AMERICAN CAVALRY HORSE.

55



THE MAKING OF A CAVALRY HORSE—REBRANDING WESTERN HORSES PURCHASED FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

peace. The equine mortality in the Philippines has been large. The enervating climate affects horses as well as men, and a disease called *surra* has caused serious loss.

Our two great official centers of instruction in military horsemanship—besides the cavalry regiments, each of which, of course, is in itself a school of training—are West Point, for cadets, and the Fort Riley Cavalry School, for the younger officers. At both places the instructors are senior officers. In the United States service, civilians have never been employed as riding masters. There is nothing unduly conservative about the American cavalry instruction, and our officers are keen to avail themselves of all useful novelties. For instance, the West Point cadets have taken up the use of the double-reined bridle and the typical hunting and polo saddle. Not long ago, in quest of new ideas, an officer was detailed for a two years' course at the great French cavalry school at Saumur.

THE TRAINING OF AN ARMY HORSE.

There is an analogy, not altogether fanciful, between the experiences of the equine recruit and the soldier recruit, or the "plebe" at West Point. The horse, fresh from the freedom of the ranch, finds himself among strange surroundings. The troop herd to which he is admitted receives him with calm indifference, but to himself it is a matter of such serious import that he is apt to grow feverish and excited in his new environment.

All the horses of a particular troop, as far as practicable, are of the same color, and the newcomer is assigned according to the shade of his coat. He is allowed to run freely with the troop herd in the corral and on the range. During this period he is "sized up" by the old troop horses, and often receives an admonitory kick or bite if inclined to be too frisky. In order to steady him, he is picketed and stalled with old and gentle troop horses as neighbors. He is gradually introduced to the stir and activity of military life, being led by a soldier mounted on a quiet animal through those parts of the post where drills and ceremonies are being held.

The training in the riding-school is begun by teaching the horse to take the snaffle bit properly, and to respond to the pressure of the rein on his neck, and to that of his rider's legs. He is next fixed in the regulation gaits of the walk,

trot, and gallop, and taught to jump ditches and hurdles. Simultaneously with these exercises he is gradually accustomed to the saber and to the discharge of firearms. Freedom from fear is not as difficult to acquire as it might seem, for the ordinary horse, if he has not been abused, readily learns to fear nothing except what his memory associates with physical pain.

As soon as the horse responds satisfactorily to the snaffle, he is fitted with a curb bit. The curb is the regulation bit of the service, principally because by its use the trooper can manage the horse at all times, employing the left hand alone, with the pressure of the legs as an aid. Bitting is a science in itself, to which the efficient cavalry officer attaches the utmost importance.

FINISHING A HORSE'S EDUCATION.

The Rarey system plays an important part in the training of the American cavalry horse. It is an elaborate and detailed system formulated before the Civil War by John S. Rarey, a famous American horse-breaker of his day. With slight modifications, it has been embodied in the United States Cavalry Drill Regulations, and is employed to subdue stubborn animals. It is also brought into general use in the latter stages of training, to complete a cavalry charger's education, and to impress upon him once for all that man is master.

One of the most useful of these advanced exercises is the throwing of the horse. The animal is first equipped with the surcingle and watering-bridle. The trooper attaches one end of a long strap to the pastern of the off fore-leg, and passes the other end through a ring on the top of the surcingle. The horse's near fore-leg is then tied up by means of a short strap. Taking the free end of the long strap in his hand, the soldier places himself opposite the animal's croup on the near side, and urges his mount to step forward. As it does so, the trooper pulls on the long strap, which brings it to its knees. When it ceases to plunge, the trooper leans back on the strap, and the horse will gradually lie down on the near side.

The horse is prevented from rising by passing the reins under the surcingle and pulling his head to the right if he makes any attempt to change his position. Before allowing him to rise, the straps should be removed from his legs. After several repetitions of this exercise, the horse will usually lie down



THE FINISHED PRODUCT—CAVALRY HORSES TRAINED TO LIE DOWN IN ORDER TO FURNISH COVER FOR THEIR RIDERS IN ACTION.

without making it necessary to use the straps.

As a rule, each trooper has his own horse to care for and to ride—an arrangement which leads the soldier to take pride in his charge, and to establish that understanding between horse and man which is so essential to cavalry efficiency. It is this mutual confidence which enables our gritty, active cavalry-men to furnish such fine exhibitions of horsemanship and daredevil riding.

These showy exercises, however, are but a small part of cavalry routine. The trooper has to think of discipline and drill, of carbine and revolver practise,

of saber exercises; of such practical details as biting, saddling, packing, feeding, shoeing, and stable management; of the duties of mounted reconnaissance; and of the maintenance of men and horses in the hardy form that has made our records for forced marches unsurpassed in the history of the world. So manifold is his service, and so indispensable is he to an army in the field, that it is easy to understand why all the leading nations of Europe are increasing their mounted forces, and why the American military student views with alarm any proposed reduction of our own modest-sized cavalry establishment.

A DAUGHTER OF OLD VIRGINIA.

BY ALFRED STODDART.

I.

"NOT the black mare, Miss Kate? Surely not the black mare?"

"I said the black mare, Peter, did I not?"

Although Kate Langdon's voice was stern, it was a sweet voice for all that, and her eyes twinkled. The gray-haired colored groom who stood before her, hat in hand, did not seem to be greatly in awe of her, for he was very much inclined to argue the question.

"But you know, missy," he pleaded, "the black mare ain't been broke rightly yet, leastwise not for huntin'; and tell the truth, missy, I'se feared to let you ride her to the meet!"

"I'm not afraid, Peter; so you have Black Beauty ready for me to-morrow morning."

Peter went off mumbling to himself. The interview had ended just as he might have known it would—in Kate Langdon's having her own way, as she always had about Oakwood ever since she had been left motherless, a tiny bit of a girl, with only a too indulgent father to curb her whims.

Henry Langdon, the master of Oakwood, though not quite a member of the old régime, had imbibed many of the ideas of ante-bellum Virginia. As a young man he had battled bravely for the "lost cause." After losing much of his own fortune in those disastrous days, he had lived quietly at Oakwood, retiring more and more within himself year by year. He loved the old house and its surrounding country better than he loved anything else on earth, except his daughter; but his was not a practical nature. Acre by acre, much of the property passed out of his hands.

There still remained a hundred acres surrounding the old house which Langdon hoped to retain. It was his fondest dream that he might be allowed to die in peace there. But even this remnant, and the house itself, were heavily mortgaged, and now that Kate was a tall, graceful girl just ripening into gracious womanhood, Henry Langdon's heart was in sore distress. The interest on the mortgage was in arrears. Crops had been bad, and he had experienced a run of bad luck

with his horses, for Oakwood was more of a stock farm than a plantation; and altogether the situation looked black.

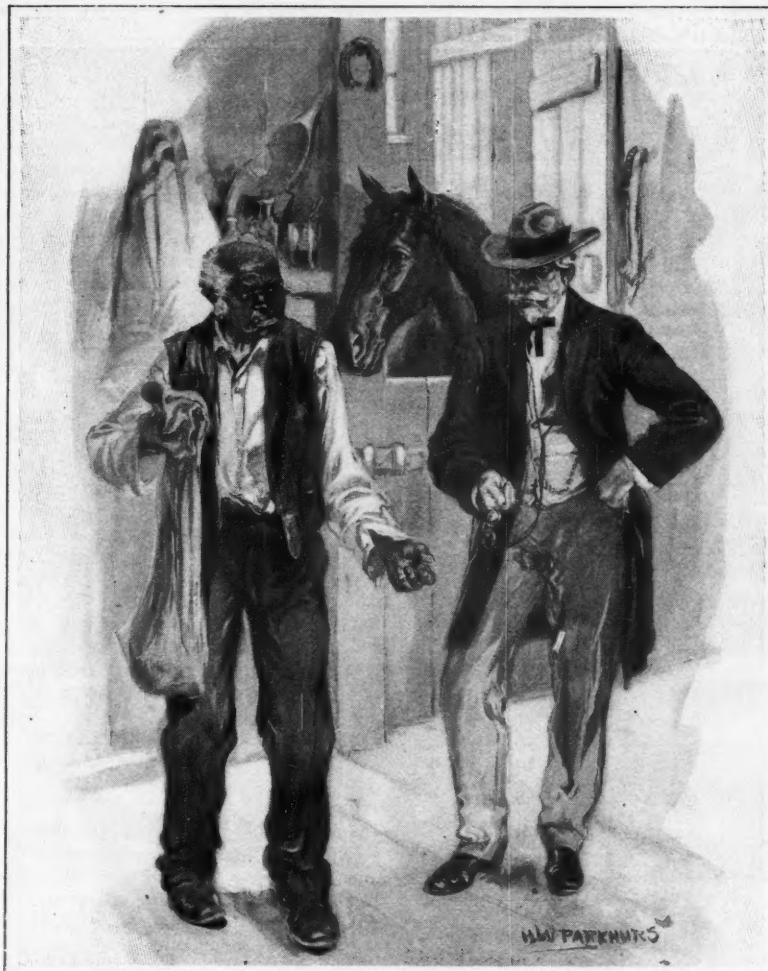
The mortgage on Oakwood was held in trust for its real owner, a Northern man, by Randolph Richards, a Richmond attorney. Richards had seen Black Beauty on a recent visit to the Langdon place, and had admired her. To a letter pressing for an immediate settlement of overdue interest, he added a postscript offering two hundred dollars for her, and hinting that payment of the balance might be postponed temporarily if such a bargain could be struck.

It cost Henry Langdon something more than an effort to indite the note in which he accepted Richards' offer. Black Beauty was of his own breeding, and he had entertained high hopes of her from the very first. She seemed cut out for a perfect hunter, and he felt sure that, properly broken and developed, she would render a good account of herself at the big Northern horse-shows. She might fetch a long price in New York, perhaps enough to pay all the arrears of interest on the Oakwood mortgage, and to keep the place going until some of the younger stock were ready to dispose of. But present necessities compelled him to abandon these hopes.

No wonder Henry Langdon's face was dark as he folded and sealed the letter to Richards. No wonder Peter stormed and grumbled when his master told the faithful old negro what he had done.

"Two hundred dollars!" muttered Peter indignantly. "Two hundred dollars for a mare that's worth a thousand if she's worth a penny!"

It was characteristic of Randolph Richards, who was known in Richmond as a clever and ambitious attorney, to take no chances by delaying. When he reached his offices early the next morning, and found Langdon's letter, accepting his offer for Black Beauty, together with another somewhat indefinitely worded epistle from one of his New York clients, he decided to go to Oakwood at once. But although the purchase of the black mare was a good reason for the journey, it was not by any means the sole cause of Richards' impatience. He had the happy faculty of



"TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A MARE THAT'S WORTH A THOUSAND!"

making circumstances combine to suit his own purposes.

A ride of about three hours by rail brought him to Wilsonville, about four miles distant from Oakwood, shortly before noon; and the day being fine and the roads in fair condition, Richards decided to walk to the Langdon place. An hour later he approached the front door. Peter, who was working about the lawn, touched his hat, but a less keen observer than Mr. Richards might have noticed that the old negro's welcome was not very sincere.

Henry Langdon and Richards were soon seated together at the luncheon table, and the bargain over Black Beauty was quickly clinched.

"I have not seen Miss Kate to-day," said Richards. "I hope she is well?"

"My daughter is quite well," answered Langdon. "She has gone to meet the hounds at Middleboro; and, by the way, she is riding Black Beauty, so I'm afraid I can't deliver the mare for a day or so."

Richards' brow knitted.

"That's awkward, for I may want her immediately. The fact is, I purchased her for a client of mine, a rich young New Yorker. I had a letter from him this morning, written before he left New York, and although he speaks of paying a short visit *en route*, he may turn up in Richmond at any moment."

"The mare will be back here to-night, but she ought not to be sent to Richmond



"IT WOULD BE SPLENDID ! DO YOU REALLY WANT TO LEAVE HER ?"

before she gets a few days' rest," said Langdon.

"I tell you what to do. Send her the first thing in the morning to the Washington Inn at Wilsonville. I will leave directions there about her, and I can bring my client down to see her."

"Very well," Langdon replied.

The sale of Black Beauty was a sore subject, and he was glad when Richards turned to another topic. He was unprepared, however, for the surprise to which the latter was carefully leading up.

Richards began by admiring the scenery about Oakwood, praising the old house and its surroundings. Then he touched upon the unfortunate state of affairs which had placed Langdon's beloved home in jeopardy, and spoke in sympathetic tones of the unpleasant part which duty compelled him to play in the little drama. Presently he came to the point with a suddenness which startled and shocked his host.

"Mr. Langdon," he said abruptly, "I have always admired your daughter. I think she likes me, but I have never intruded myself upon her except as a most casual friend. It would grieve me to see Oakwood lost to her and to you, and I think I can see a way out of it."

"Yes?"

Mr. Langdon's voice was weak with astonishment at what he guessed was to come.

"Yes. I am very abrupt, I fear, but in speaking to you first I am simply trying to do the most honorable thing. I admire your daughter very much, and if she will consent to become my wife I will endeavor to make her happy. Such a union will insure the fate of Oakwood, for I can well afford to pay off the mortgage."

Langdon was silent. He was at first inclined to resent Richards' proposal almost as an insult; but a moment's reflection told him that he would have no right to do this. Of the attorney's antecedents he knew little or nothing, but Richards was a reputable and successful member of the bar. He had certainly acted in an honorable manner in making his first overtures to Kate's father, rather than to her. Moreover, as a drowning man clings to a straw, Langdon clutched at the hope that this proposition held out to him—the hope of saving Oakwood to his old age, and finishing his life in the home he loved so well.

"This has been something of a shock to me, Richards," he managed to say at last. "Please allow me time to think it over and talk with my daughter."

"No, no! You must not do that. You can think it over, if you wish, but pray give me an opportunity of pleading my own case with Miss Langdon."

"Very well. But you will give me a few days first, will you not?"

"By all means. I must get back to town. Can you send me over to Wilsonville?"

"We haven't many horses left on the place, but Peter can drive you over with a three-year-old that he is just breaking to harness."

"Thank you; that will do," said Richards, though he did not at all relish the combination of the old negro and an unbroken horse.

Perhaps Peter divined as much, for there was the light of an unholy joy in his black face when he beheld Richards gripping the side of the broken-down dog-cart in mortal terror.

"Whoa, dar, you critter you!" he would shout at the high-strung colt when the latter pawed the air wildly. "Whoa, dar!"

And then Peter's lash would come into play, and the colt would plunge and rear worse than ever. Richards was glad to be let down at the Washington Inn at last. He would have been not a little surprised had he noted the grin of satisfaction on old Peter's face as he turned away from Wilsonville, or seen how soberly the three-year-old trotted back to Oakwood.

II.

ROBERT CRUIKSHANK rode slowly toward the hamlet of Middleboro, where the meet of the hounds was advertised to take place, as became a man mounted on a nervous four-year-old, and a borrowed one at that. But he sat in his saddle with the grace of one who was thoroughly at home there; and before he had traversed the three miles or more which lay between Roger Walton's place and Middleboro the bay colt fully realized that he had met his master.

It was late in the winter, one of those rare mornings in February when the light Southern breeze seems to bear the faint perfume and promise of spring. Cruikshank bared his head and drank in the sweet, fresh air with the thorough enjoyment of a man who loved such things well, but who tasted them all too seldom.

"It isn't often," he said to himself, "that one can combine business and pleasure so neatly. Richards' letter

about that Virginia mortgage, asking me to run down and consult with him, and Walton's letter inviting me down for a few days' fox-hunting, both reached me in the same mail. Incidentally, Richards tells me he has a hunter for me to look at. Well, pleasure first—then business. I'll have a good week here with old Walton, and then I'll on to Richmond, look at Richards' hunter, and see what can be done about that confounded mortgage!

"Jove, how good this air seems after a winter spent in stuffy clubs and hot drawing-rooms!" continued Cruikshank's soliloquy. "I've a great notion to follow Walton's example and buy a place down here. Too bad Walton strained his ankle and couldn't get out to-day! He has certainly mounted me well."

Cruikshank patted the bay colt on the shoulder as he spoke, causing that high-strung animal to rear violently. But as he settled down to a walk again an idea seemed to occur to the rider.

"The very thing! I will let Richards foreclose on that Oakwood place, and spend a few months down there myself every year!"

Cruikshank rode up to the Middleboro Hotel, where the hounds met for the day, and was presently shaking hands with the master, Reginald Brooke, whom he had met in New York.

"You're just in time, Cruikshank," said the M. F. H. "We wait for no man here," and he gave a signal to the huntsman, who started down the road amid his cohort of cheerful hounds. "I think I know where there is a fine old fox," continued Brooke, who had drawn rein by the side of Cruikshank. "Let us hope we will find him at home."

"Amen to that. But I say, Brooke," cried Cruikshank, "who is that awfully pretty girl on a black mare?"

"Why, don't you know her? I will present you later. That is Miss Langdon."

"The name is familiar," mused Cruikshank. "Where have I heard it before?" At this point, however, the hounds reached Middleboro Woods, in which Brooke's "fine old fox" was supposed to be waiting to receive his guests; and the master rode forward to see the pack put into cover.

The M. F. H. was not mistaken in regard to his fox. The little red rover who had just curled himself up for a snug nap in Middleboro Woods, when he was rudely disturbed by the hounds, was a husky old dog, beyond a doubt. Now, as he whisks his white-tipped brush and

makes for the River Barrens, five miles away, he is not going to lose his life if he can help it. Already he has three good fields the start of the yelping pack.

Two big pasture fields are crossed, the Master, the huntsman, and the whip riding well to the front. After them come four or five of the regular "first-fighters." Cruikshank has no ambition to joint their ranks just yet. He wants to come to terms with the bay colt first; so he rates along with the rest of the field, keeping well to the right, however.

Presently, when the bay colt permits him to look around, he sees the black mare coming with regular stride. Her rider is sitting back in the saddle, her hands well down, and only a deeper glow in her cheeks and a brighter sparkle in her eye to show how her young blood quickens with delight.

The hounds are nearly a quarter of a mile ahead, but Cruikshank notes with delight that they have taken a bend to the right. An opportunity now presents itself to slip around a strip of woods and make a short cut. This same strip of woods prevents the rest of the field from seeing the direction that the hounds have taken, and in any case would prevent their following immediately.

A few minutes more, and Cruikshank, with a triumphant glance at the black mare's rider, who follows him closely, is delighted to find himself in the same field with the hounds. Even the first flight, the M. F. H., and the huntsman, are far behind. The bay colt and the black mare are alone in their glory, and on they race over the brown fields.

The pace is fast, the hounds are gaining rapidly upon their prey, and Reynard's refuge in the River Barrens is less than a mile away. The kill, if it is to be, must be soon, or the little red "thief of the world" will save his brush.

The black mare now gains upon the bay colt. For a moment, as they ride side by side, Cruikshank and Kate Langdon look at each other exultingly, joyfully. It is a supreme moment, and their hearts throb in sympathetic unison. There is more in that one look of mutual understanding than a whole volume of mere words could express; and though as yet no word has been spoken by either, its meaning is so deep that neither of them will ever forget it.

Now, however, the bay colt has begun to tire, and Cruikshank finds that he must ride more carefully. They are riding through a long hillside meadow, and the hounds are close upon their fox.

Then suddenly the bay colt stumbles over a stone hidden in a tuft of grass and goes down. Cruikshank is thrown violently forward. This much he knows; then a heavy shock, and oblivion.

III.

WHEN Cruikshank recovered consciousness he was in his bed at Roger Walton's house, and it was Walton himself who was looking down at him. A trained nurse hovered about the room.

"Where is she?" asked Cruikshank weakly.

"Where is who?"

"The girl on the black mare. Was she hurt?"

"Oh, you mean Miss Langdon! Of course not."

Cruikshank closed his eyes again, to dwell upon an inward vision of that graceful form on the flying mare.

"By Jove, she is a clinker!" he muttered, as if to himself.

"Who—Miss Langdon?" asked Walton.

"No, you idiot! Do you think I would speak of her in that way? I mean the mare."

"She is yours now."

"Mine! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," returned Walton. "Richards telegraphed you to your club in New York that he had a hunter for you, and that it was at Wilsonville, at the Washington Inn. The telegram was sent on to you here; and thinking it might be something important, I opened it. I sent for the horse, and she is out in the stable. It's Black Beauty, the mare you speak of."

"But I can't understand. Did the Langdons sell her to Richards?"

"Most likely. Langdon is a breeder, and has to sell even his best ones. I think Richards has the mortgage on Langdon's place, and is in a position to force a sale, so to speak."

Suddenly a light dawned on Cruikshank.

"I remember now! The name Langdon seemed a familiar one to me. I inherited that mortgage from my father, and it has been in Richards' hands ever since his death. That is why I did not recognize it before."

"Then you hold the mortgage on Oakwood? Well, the old place is bound to pass out of its owner's hands before very long, and it had better go to you than any one else. Perhaps you'll come down here then and be one of us."

Cruikshank did not answer. He was busy thinking.

"What happened to me?" he asked at length.

"Hit the ground too hard and were pretty badly stunned," answered his friend laconically. "Dr. Briggs said you'll be all right in a day or so."

"I feel all right now. Is the black mare fit to go?"

"Yes, but you are not."

"I guess I'm the best judge of that. How far is it from here to Oakwood?"

"About five miles."

"Very well; if you and the nurse will get out of the room I will dress."

"Oh, sir," pleaded the nurse, "hadn't you better wait until the doctor comes? He—"

"If you don't get out, I'll get up any way!" growled Cruikshank angrily, and the nurse fled.

"I suspect you are going to do something foolish," said Walton; "but I can't sit on your head to keep you from getting up."

"You'd better not try!" returned Cruikshank, as he pulled the bell violently for hot water. "You will please excuse me now for half an hour or so."

It was fully an hour and a half, however, before Cruikshank was ready. Old Jacob, Walton's negro butler and valet combined, said afterward to his fellow-servants that he "never thought Marse Cruikshank was sech a crank 'bout his togs."

"You are coming with me, of course," said the New Yorker to his host, at luncheon, some minutes later.

"I would gladly go anywhere with you, but as yet you have not honored me with your destination."

"I am going to Oakwood."

"To see your prospective property?"

"Perhaps," answered Cruikshank.

"Very well, I'll go. But you might have given me a couple of hours' notice, so that I could have shaved twice over and got myself up in a white stock. Yours is very becoming."

Cruikshank flushed guiltily, but did not deign to reply.

They found Henry Langdon at home in his library, where they were shown by Peter, who first went into ecstasies over his favorite, Black Beauty. Walton introduced his guest to Langdon, who was evidently ignorant of the fact that Cruikshank held the mortgage on Oakwood. The matter was not touched upon, of course, in a social call.

Presently Kate entered the room.

"It is hardly necessary to introduce us," she said with a rare smile, extending her hand to Cruikshank. "I am very glad to see you so fully recovered from your accident."

They all chatted together for an hour, and when at last Walton rose to go, Cruikshank thought it was the shortest call he had ever paid. By degrees he had coaxed a little of the story of Black Beauty from Kate Langdon. She had practically broken the mare herself, and preferred her to any horse she had ever ridden. She did not tell him of the "good cry," alone in her bed-room, in which she had indulged when she heard that the mare was sold; but perhaps this was a part of the story that Cruikshank guessed.

That had been a glorious run to the River Barrens, and its climax was the supreme moment when she and Robert Cruikshank looked into each other's eyes; but Kate had other things to think of besides a thrilling gallop with a handsome Northerner. For Richards, wisely concluding that he could best express his sentiments on paper, had written her a tactful and well-worded letter. He did not place undue stress upon his love, but urged his admiration and respect. He did, however, very delicately plead the cause of Kate's father, promising to restore Oakwood to its past prosperity, and to let its rightful owner enjoy the remainder of his life there. If any argument could win Kate Langdon, it would be this, as Richards knew full well.

The letter was as yet unanswered. But Kate had talked with her father, and had seen how the older man's heart leaped at the hope of saving Oakwood; and her mind was made up.

Small wonder that Cruikshank's keen eyes noticed a lack of something in hers that day—an absence of the sparkle that they had had when he first saw her. He watched her narrowly when Black Beauty was brought around to the door, and her cry of surprise and delight did not escape him.

"It is Beauty!" she cried. "How did you get her?"

"Mr. Richards bought her for me," Cruikshank answered quietly.

"You are fortunate to get her," was Henry Langdon's only comment.

"Miss Langdon," said Cruikshank, "I have a favor to ask you. I am going to Richmond for a few days, and shall not want the mare shipped North for several months. Will you keep her here and ride her for me until that time?"

Kate had thrown her arms about the mare's neck, and Beauty had bent her fine head to acknowledge the girl's caress. Kate looked at Cruikshank with joy shining from her eyes.

"It would be splendid!" she cried. "Do you really want to leave her?"

"Of course. Walton's man will bring her over to-morrow."

Kate's heart was light as the two men rode away. She was to get Beauty back again, if only for a time!

IV.

SPRING came, and with it the day of the Middleboro Races. This was the great event of the year for the members of the Green Meadow Hunt, as well as for the country folk of all degrees who drove into Middleboro from miles around to see the sport and to meet their neighbors. It was, in short, a kind of local Derby Day—an event to be looked forward to for a whole year, a holiday overshadowed only by Christmas.

Kate Langdon and her father were there, of course. Kate looked charming, though it had cost her no little effort to make over for the occasion a gown which had already seen more than one season's wear. In spite of herself, however, her cheeks glowed with a shade more color than usual, her eyes shone more brilliantly, her voice rang out more cheerily than it had for some months. Was it because Black Beauty, the mare she loved so well, was entered in the Hunters' Steeplechase? Or was it because Black Beauty's owner had journeyed all the way down from New York to ride the mare himself?

True, Robert Cruikshank had been rather formal on the present occasion. As before, he was staying with Roger Walton, and had ridden over to Oakwood twice to see the mare before the day of the races. Possibly Kate, being a woman, could read something of his admiration in his eyes. Possibly, too, she was quite aware that he would not have taken the trouble to enter Black Beauty for the Hunters' Cup at the Middleboro Races, or to come all the way down to Virginia to ride her, had there not been some other motive in his visit. There was, however, an undeniable constraint in his manner toward herself for which she could not account.

How was she to know that Mr. Randolph Richards, of Richmond, having, with his usual keen insight, discovered his client's admiration for Miss Lang-

don, had written a cleverly worded letter to Cruikshank, hinting at a secret engagement between Kate and himself, and imposing absolute silence upon Cruikshank in regard to it?

All Kate's conjectures, however, were temporarily forgotten in the delight of seeing her favorite try for the most coveted prize of the Middleboro Meeting.

The flag has fallen, and they are off! Six of them—the best blood of the Old Dominion in their veins—every horse ridden by a gentleman rider, and every horse ridden to win if possible.

They galloped past the assembled crowd of carriages—past the people on the hillside, and pop over a brush fence. Brooke, the M. F. H., is leading on his gray gelding Silver Cloud. Then, besides a couple of other competitors, come Ralph Boynton on the chestnut mare Marjorie, Roger Walton on his bay colt Endurance; and then Black Beauty.

Kate gets up on the seat of the runabout, assisted by her father, and the blood tingles in her veins as she watches the black mare. What a grand gallop she has! The lean, well-bred head, so well set on her tapering neck, is thrust forward at just the right angle. Her powerful limbs move with the regularity of a splendid machine. She sweeps along, taking every fence in her stride, like nothing so much as the equine personification of destiny.

At least, this is the aspect which she assumes to the other riders. As Kate, trembling with excitement in every limb, watches the struggle from her vantage-point, she sees the black mare overtake her rivals one by one, and one by one leave them. At the Liverpool she has passed them all; as she approaches the last jump she is many lengths ahead. Kate laughs and claps her hands delightedly. Unnoticed by her, a man is standing beside the runabout. He is frowning, and does not seem to be at his ease. It is Mr. Richards, of Richmond.

On the horses come.

"I knew she could do it!" cried Kate.

But Ralph Boynton's mount Marjorie—as clean a thoroughbred as ever saw the light—has a burst of speed in her still which no one ever suspected. She has cleared the last jump, and Cruikshank, looking back, sees her coming like a greyhound. There is just time to gather his reins and steady the black mare, to touch her gently with his heel and to whistle to her softly. Black Beauty is game, and the Hunters' Cup is a race to the last.

On they come, the black mare and the bay, almost neck and neck. They flash past the judges' stand, Black Beauty's dark nose just a shade ahead of Marjorie's. There is a wild shout for the winner—one for the loser, too; but Kate feels dizzy. Suddenly she hears the shouting die away—instantly, as if something had happened.

Something *has* happened. Kate Langdon has fainted, for one thing. Mr. Richards is very angry, for another. For his quick eyes note that Miss Langdon has fainted because she sees the black mare put her foot into a hole, pitch forward, and throw her rider to the ground.

Kate recovers herself almost instantly and begs her father to go to Mr. Cruikshank. Richards goes with him, bitter with this new knowledge. And Kate has acquired new knowledge, too. She knows now why she has hesitated all this time to speak the fateful words which Richards has constantly besought her to utter.

"Couple of ribs broken," the doctor said. "Better take him somewhere near, if possible."

Cruikshank favored the Middleboro Hotel, but Henry Langdon would not hear of it.

"Drive him to Oakwood," he said to the driver of the light carriage in which Cruikshank had been placed. "My daughter and I will follow immediately."

That night Cruikshank tossed uneasily on his bed. His broken ribs gave him some little pain, and he was inclined to be feverish. He fell into an unrefreshing sleep, and awoke with an uneasy sense of having been delirious. Kate, accompanied by a maid bearing his supper, had just come into the room.

"I don't know what you will think of me! First I tried to break my head—now I've broken my ribs. I'll be breaking my heart yet, if I don't get out of Virginia!" And Cruikshank smiled joylessly.

But Kate's was a happier smile; for she had heard something from Cruikshank's lips, in his delirium, which, believing her promised to another man, he would rather have died than tell her in his saner moments—that he loved her.

"But you won the race," she said softly.

Yes, he had won the race; but he did not know until some days later how much more he had won. It was a stake well worth riding for, too—as he told his wife many times in the happier years that followed.

HOW NEWSPAPERS ANNIHILATE TIME.

BY PERRY WALTON.

THE SPEED WITH WHICH ALL SORTS OF INTERESTING NEWS, FROM THE DEATH OF A KING TO THE RESULT OF A HORSE-RACE, IS SET BEFORE THE PUBLIC—THE RESOURCES OF MODERN JOURNALISM, ITS COMMAND OF TALENT AND ENTERPRISE, ITS COSTLY EQUIPMENT, AND ITS FAR-REACHING ORGANIZATION.

ONE end of the telegraph line ran into the pressroom of a New York afternoon newspaper. The other was attached to a telegraph instrument in the judges' stand at a race-track where forty-five thousand people, almost within sound of the Atlantic's surf, were waiting with nervous expectancy for the start of the Suburban. Away down the stretch, half a dozen sleek, long-limbed horses were beating tiny puffs of dust from the track as they were aligning for the start. Suddenly they commenced to move, and faster and faster they came toward the judges' stand until finally they swept by with a thunder of hoofs.

Over the wire into the pressroom ticked the words:

"Off at four-thirty."

The message was handed to a compositor who sat at a typesetting machine beside the telegraph instrument, and as swiftly as the machine could move the news was put in type. Another compositor took it from the first and clamped it in a small brass box called a "fudge" on the plate cylinder of a huge press "dressed" for the extra. The telegraph instrument continued to tick; metal sentences descriptive of the race came from the typesetting machine, and as swiftly found a place in the fudge.

"Hermis three lengths ahead!" was the cry at the track as the horses rushed into the home stretch, and it was flashed over the wire into the pressroom. While the thousands of spectators were watching the finish, the pressmen stood at their posts on the press, alert and motionless, ready for their race against time and rival papers. Suddenly there was a lull in the ticking of the sounder, and when it clicked again the operator shouted to the compositors:

"Hermis wins by two lengths!"

Before the shouts of the multitude at the track had died away, and even before the victorious jockey could be lifted from his horse, the winner's name was in type

in the pressroom miles away. It was clamped in the fudge, and a press began vomiting the papers forth at the rate of six hundred a minute.

Within one minute of Hermis' victory, a paper was for sale on the street. Within three minutes, two more big presses were printing an account of the race; and in an incredibly short time newsboys were selling the papers all over New York. The entire edition of eighty thousand copies was printed before the presses had been running three-quarters of an hour.

THE RESOURCES OF THE PRESS.

Swift handling of the news has become so much a matter of course that save in rare instances it attracts no comment. The death of a king is spread before a reading public across the ocean within fifteen minutes of the event, and the feat passes unnoticed save in the immediate circle of newspaperdom. So keen is the demand for news that no distance is too great for the press to span with its telegraph tentacles; no spot is too small to tap, no labor too great, no expenditure too heavy, provided the news sought is worth while. The wars of the past six years have cost every important newspaper thousands of dollars, and in some cases hundreds of thousands.

The world, as far as the news is concerned, is at the editor's elbow. The successful editor must be in a position to know quickly and accurately something of anything, and everything of something. In every large newspaper office, besides a well-equipped reference library, there is a department commonly called the "morgue," or sometimes the "obituary department." In the room given up to this institution every inch of space is covered with pigeonholes containing envelopes alphabetically and also topically arranged, in which are newspaper and periodical clippings upon every conceivable topic. Sometimes there will also

be photographs or cuts of prominent persons or interesting events. A staff of young men is constantly at work marking and clipping and filing from the stock of periodicals and newspapers which daily come to this department.

For instance, when Paul Morton was appointed Secretary of the Navy, most of the men in the office of the newspaper upon which the writer was engaged did not know who he was. In the reference department, however, enough matter was quickly unearthed, in envelopes labeled with his name, to fill several columns. Many newspapers keep biographies of prominent people written and ready to be put in type.

THE ADVANCE OF INVENTION.

The swiftest transmission of news would be futile were it not for the advance of mechanical invention in the pressroom and the composing-room. There are presses capable of turning out forty thousand complete folded and counted papers an hour. One New York newspaper has presses with a combined capacity of three hundred and eighty thousand copies an hour, and a day's output of a million papers has not been uncommon with it.

An invention called the "fudge" has made possible the printing of news received almost at the moment of going to press. It is a small, curved brass box, into which lines of type are set and held by springs. This is clamped on the plate-cylinder of the press, so that the late news is printed, as in former days, directly from the type, not from plates cast from molds of the type, in the usual modern way.

A machine known as the autoplate has greatly accelerated the speed with which plates may be made, and also lessened the labor. It replaces three machines which cut, bevel, and shave a plate after it has come from the casting-box. As some newspapers use thousands of plates in a week, and as each operation means minutes in handling, the machine makes a very material reduction in the time needed to "dress" a press.

Devices for rapid addressing are already in use, and one is being perfected for mechanically wrapping the paper for mailing. Such a contrivance would greatly lessen the time lost in mailing, and permit the earlier delivery of papers to out-of-town subscribers.

One of the greatest time-savers is the typesetting machine, which is now in practically every composing-room of any

importance. Papers are able to go to press later, and news can be set up which otherwise could not be handled in time.

QUICK WORK DURING A CONVENTION.

Weeks and months before important conventions, astute reporters sound the political depths to discover the possible nominees. The first free-silver campaign brought into the race for the Presidential nomination such well-known men as Richard P. Bland and Horace Boies. When the Democratic convention met in Chicago, everything pointed to the nomination of one or the other of these two. Accordingly, one New York newspaper prepared lives of both men, and dressed several presses to fit either contingency. But the speech of Mr. Bryan, who had not been seriously thought of, changed the whole aspect of affairs, and his became the prominent figure in the race. As soon as the news reached the office, two presses were prepared to meet the new contingency. At the top of the plates were left blank spaces in which to stamp the time of the nomination.

A direct wire ran from the correspondents' table in the convention to the editorial room in New York, and the editorial room communicated with the pressroom, many stories below, by telephone. On the day of the balloting, there was the usual scene in the editorial room—the hurrying hither and thither of "copy boys" and messengers, the clicking of telegraph instruments, and the calls of "Copy, copy!" from the copy-readers as matter was edited for the composing-room. At one end of the room, weighing the news as it came in, was the news editor, the master of the situation, calm and collected amid the apparent tumult and confusion. Upon him rested the task of "scoring a beat," if possible, in the announcement of the nomination about to be made in Chicago.

When the operator at the direct wire said that balloting had begun, the news editor and several others clustered about the wire. The moment the voting showed that Bryan was nominated, such a message was sent by the convention correspondent, who told the precise time of the nomination.

"Bryan's nominated; three minutes past three!" shouted the operator.

The man at his elbow repeated the message over the telephone into the pressroom. At the side of the press stood a man who, with hammer and dies, stamped the figures 3:03 into the blank spaces on the plates.

"Let her go!" said he, stepping back.

Within two minutes of the time when the teller in the convention hall at Chicago announced the result, papers containing the news of Bryan's first nomination were on the street in New York.

To foresee what is going to happen, and where, and to have some one on the spot to report it, is indispensable to successful newspaper editing. Wars and rumors of wars send correspondents hurrying to the scene from all parts of the world. If it be known that a prominent official, or a candidate for an important office, is to make an extensive journey, not only are his going and his coming reported, but frequently correspondents will travel in the same car or on the same train with him, sending to their papers every detail of interest.

A "DEATH WATCH" INCIDENT.

One of the most tedious details of newspaper work is a death watch. It must be ceaseless as well as microscopic in its attention to details. Nothing relating to the dying celebrity's condition must escape the vigilance of the watchers. During the illness of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, reporters watched his Fifth Avenue mansion day and night, and no one who came out of the house escaped interrogation.

One morning a doctor came out unexpectedly. A reporter for an afternoon newspaper, who was instantly deputized to interview him, broke into a dog trot for the nearest telephone after he had spoken to the physician.

"The old man's dead, and that son of a gun isn't going to give up!" said one of the watchers—a slangy youth whose field had hitherto been sporting work—as he pointed to the running reporter.

In an instant the whole troop of newspaper men surrounded the doctor. When told that Mr. Vanderbilt was not dead, but better, every man raced toward the nearest telephone. The one who had first interviewed the physician had such a lead that it seemed impossible to beat him. Suddenly, from a hole in his pocket, streamed all his money. As quarters, half dollars, and dimes jingled upon the sidewalk, the owner stopped short, and, with an expression of intense disgust, made frantic efforts to pick up his property. Not until every other reporter had passed him and had a good lead did he gather in the scattered coins.

Much of the news in and around New York is telephoned to the afternoon newspapers. At every court in the city,

at the exchanges, at police headquarters, and wherever public business is transacted, reporters are stationed. An alarm of fire will cause half a dozen newspapers to call up as many telephone points near the fire, and questions thick and fast will be asked of any one who may chance to answer the call.

NEWS FROM THE OCEAN.

News of a marine catastrophe sends newspaper men out to sea in tugs and steamships, if perchance the news can be so intercepted; and others will be on the watch at Quarantine, boarding incoming vessels in search of survivors. At the time of the *Bourgogne* disaster, reporters remained at Quarantine for many days, interrogating ships whose captains might have passed near the scene of the wreck. Early one evening, when all but two of the newspaper men had gone to the nearest hotels for dinner, a steamship loomed up and was hailed by the Quarantine tug upon which the two men were.

"Yes, we've the first officer and several of the crew aboard," was the reply.

As soon as the examining officer had given the steamship a clean bill of health, the reporters scrambled aboard and interviewed the *Bourgogne* survivors on the way up the harbor. When the vessel made fast to her pier in Hoboken, they were able to telephone to their editors, in time for an extra that night, a graphic account of the tragedy.

The day after the great blizzard of 1888 a stalwart young man walked wearily into the editorial rooms of a paper in New York, and said to the managing editor:

"We've landed. How much do you want?"

"Good, write all you can! We thought you were at the bottom of the Atlantic," was the reply from the man whose first business was to make a newspaper, however great his compassion might be for the weariness of one who had come from the jaws of death.

The young man had not eaten in twelve hours, and had not slept in thirty-six; yet he seated himself at the nearest table, and for hour after hour his pen flew over the paper. When he finished, it was late at night. Next morning New York read at its breakfast table a graphic account of the experiences of a pilot-boat during the blizzard.

"If Hades should break up, there would be a man there to report it," was the remark of a well-known public man.

A POLICE-COURT ROMEO.

BY CHARLES MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

“ASSAULT and battery” was the charge made against the prisoner, Thomas Davis, by the complainant, William Joyce. The small court-room of the New England mill town was crowded with the relatives and friends of prisoner and complainant, and nearly all present were witnesses in the case. Most of them, both men and women, were weavers employed in the mills.

The prisoner, a short, broad-chested man of about twenty-four, stood before the magistrate’s desk. He was red-haired, there was a black patch over his left eye, and his face was a mass of freckles and slips of black court-plaster, which gave him a sinister appearance foreign to his good-humored, simple cast of features—which in a normal condition reminded you of a good-natured bulldog. Crosses and dots and dashes of court-plaster were present on many of the male witnesses’ faces, too, and here and there a black eye was turned toward the magistrate.

The complainant stood near the prisoner, on the other side of a corpulent policeman, who grinned broadly at the court officer when the magistrate’s eyes looked elsewhere. There was no doubt in Joyce’s story of having been assaulted and battered; his face was all the witness he needed for the proving of that fact. He was a tall, thin man of fifty, with bristling gray hair, a receding chin, and obstinate lips. He was fairly trembling in his eagerness to go on with his testimony against the prisoner, but the magistrate had peremptorily ordered him to stop.

The court officer was trying his best—which was not very effective—to make the women keep silence. Excitedly, sibilantly, with *sez-e’s*, *sez-I’s*, their tongues clacked, punctuating the testimony. They were in two well-defined groups. The first surrounded the prisoner’s father and mother. The second had for

its rallying point the bench where the complainant’s wife and daughter sat.

Mrs. Joyce was talking like a phonograph. Her daughter had not a word to say; she was nervous and embarrassed. She was about twenty-two, and despite her over-dressed appearance—her ornate shirt-waist, her marvelously big hat with its projecting brim, flaming red flowers and towering plume—she was a pretty girl, wholesome and gentle-looking. Her eyes were red with weeping.

The magistrate—a big, burly old fellow who was always afraid that his inveterate kindness would lead him into the commission of a breach of justice—seemed harassed and irritated almost to the point of rage.

“If you don’t stop this noise and keep quiet, I’ll adjourn the case! I’ll put everybody out of the room except the principals!” he

loudly exclaimed. “Officer, put any one out who interrupts the proceedings.”

His threat had a wonderful effect. Nobody wanted to leave the room.

“Now, Ryan,” he said to the officer, “go on with your story.”

“I dunno as there’s much more as I can say, your honor. As I’ve told you, the officers on post along Mill Street has to keep their eyes open on account of the scraps—the troubles, your honor, always goin’ on among them Davises an’ Joyces. They been fightin’ for years, your honor. An’, as I was sayin’, whin I ran into the Joyce house last night, the place was a sight, with the men, an’ the wimmin, too, fightin’ an’ howlin’ all over the floor. This young man”—indicating the prisoner—“bein’ th’ only one who didn’t clear out av the house whin I entered, except the people who belonged there, why, I grabbed him, and MISTER Joyce made the complaint as charged ag’inst him.”

“But—come now, did you actually see Davis assault the complainant?”



THE COMPLAINANT.

"I did not, your honor."

"But he did, your honor—just look at my face!" cried Joyce.

"I see your face; and you've been assaulted," said his honor, and pleased smiles circulated among the Joyce faction. The magistrate looked severely at the prisoner. "I seem to recognize you—it seems to me you've been here before. Is that so?"

The young man looked with his one good eye at the magistrate, and met his frown sturdily and full-faced. But he swallowed hard and moistened dry lips with his tongue before he could speak.

ping nearer to the desk, "I'd like to tell you the whole thing, if you'll let me. Not only so you kin know, but so others kin know, too. You kin swear me if you like; and I'll tell the truth—"

"If your honor will listen to me a minute!" cried the complainant eagerly, in his high, shrill voice. The magistrate silenced him with a gesture, and said:

"I've heard your story, Joyce, and now I'll hear his. Go on, Davis."

The prisoner licked his lips again, shifted his position, and began:

"Judge, your honor, this bad eye of mine was the cause of the trouble." He



THE BENCH WHERE THE COMPLAINANT'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER SAT.

His stalwart chest was rising and falling unevenly, and he showed strong signs of being deeply agitated. He shook his bullet head, squared his broad shoulders, and clenched his big fists, as if to fight somebody.

"I don't deny it, judge, your honor," he said. "I was here a little more than a year ago for drunk an' disorderly; but since then I been on the water wagon—I mean I ain't been drinkin', and I been at work steady at me business as a bill-poster. I leave it to Jerry—I mean to Policeman Ryan, if that ain't so."

"T is so, your honor," said Ryan. "He used to be a pretty wild one, but he's been at work stiddy for a year an' more, an' I know he stands pretty high in the Timp'rance an' Benevolence Society."

"H'm!" said the magistrate. "But what I want to know—"

"Judge, your honor," said Davis, step-

put his hand to the patch over his left eye and lifted it, showing a blind optic; then he quickly replaced the patch. "I lost that eye when I was four years old—twenty years ago—an' it was Bill Joyce who put it out of business."

"Events of twenty years ago seem hardly relevant to this case," the magistrate began; but he was interrupted by a woman in the Joyce group, who cried:

"You can't trust him, your honor, nor none of them Davises! Why, he nearly killed 'Melia, when she was little; he tried hard enough to—"

But the court officer checked the woman, and Davis went on:

"Me bad eye has a lot to do with this case, judge; an' if you'll let me tell you, in me own way—"

"Oh, go on, go on," said the magistrate wearily, leaning back in his chair and sniffing at his bottle of salts.



"I DON'T DENY IT, JUDGE, YOUR HONOR."

"You see, it was this way, judge, your honor." Davis felt carefully and stumblingly for his words at the outset; but as he proceeded, the sentences came smoothly, and it was plain that he was animated by a deep feeling that made him oblivious to anything outside of the story he was telling. "What Jerry Ryan told your honor about us and the Joyces scrapping all the time is dead true. We've been at it for years, since before I kin remember. We've always lived near together on Mill Street, and nearly all the folks in the street that's been there any time—all the folks except the Dagoes an' Poles, and such, I mean—have taken one side or another in the fighting. It wasn't all fist fighting, you know, but talking, and backbiting, and that way of keeping up a scrap. And lots of old hens on both sides just laid themselves out to keep it a boiling—"

A flutter of quick indignation among the women of both factions was here very perceptible, but the court officer, hiding his smile, pointed warningly at the door, and the murmur subsided.

"Why, judge, I can't remember the time when I wasn't fighting with some Joyce, or friend of the Joyces; fer as soon as I was able to remember anything I was told that it was Bill Joyce that put me eye on the bum, deliberate, and on purpose—"

"Your honor, it's a lie!" cried Joyce. "Don't get huffy yet, Bill," said the

prisoner, turning around for the first time. "It was a lie, partly, and I'll tell nothing but what's the truth to his honor. Of course, judge, your honor, that made me sore on Bill Joyce, and all his crowd. Him and me father was always talking back and forth, and sometimes mixing it up a little, only they're both little men, and couldn't hurt each other much; and me mother and Mrs. Joyce was always chewing the rag over back fences, and when the neighbors come in. But, judge, your honor, a year ago I began to look the whole matter up, trying to see who was to blame—for a reason I'll get to in a minute. I found out that Bill Joyce and my old man used to be good friends—the best of friends. They came from the same town in England about twenty-five years ago. They crossed the water together. They got work in the same mill here. They took houses in the same street; and their women, me mother and Mrs. Joyce, was always together. Well, it seems that when I was born, Bill Joyce showed some jealousy, for he was hankering for a kid himself. Two years later he got one, only it was a girl. But I guess he was satisfied, and was mighty proud of her. He had a right to be proud of her, for she was all right—I leave it to you, judge, if she ain't; that's her over there." And Davis suddenly turned and pointed at Amelia Joyce, whose face flamed to the hue of the fiery flowers on



"OH, GO ON, GO ON!"

her wonderful hat. Astonishment is the only word to express the state into which the spectators were thrown. This testimony from Tom Davis was so different from anything they had expected that they didn't know what to think, what to say, but could only stare at him in befogged amazement.

The magistrate was interested, touched, amused. He said:

"Go on, Davis; Miss Joyce is worthy of all you say of her."

The prisoner turned, after directing a look at the girl's downcast face.

"Well, judge, it happened one day that Bill Joyce had his kid out in a new baby-carriage, kind of showing it and the kid off together along the street. It was a Sunday, and me father had me out, too. I was about four years old. Melia was two, and not able to walk much. I was a pretty tough kid, I guess I can't deny that, and always running away and getting into trouble; and this Sunday I came hooting around the corner with the old man chasing me with a belt, for I had swiped some apples from a garden, and he was sore on me. Well, I came hustling around the corner, with my hand stuck out in front, just as Bill Joyce was turning his carriage to go back down street. He scarcely had time to stick out his paw and stop me from knocking the carriage and the kid into the gutter. I was a pretty chunky boy, and I guess I'd 'a' hurt the baby if Bill hadn't stopped me.

"Well, I goes over on me back with a howl, fer Bill's finger had poked into me eye, and I was down and out; and then me old man comes around the corner. He was so mad that he lands Bill Joyce one

in the jaw. Bill was sorry he hit me, fer he was only trying to save his own kid, as any man would do, though he didn't show much judgment the way he done it; but when me old man plugged him he comes back with a few himself. Next the mothers, they come along and butt in, and there was a lively row, with me down in the gutter, knocked out of time, though they don't know that till the neighbors come along and stops the scrap. I was carried into Doc Weatherbee's, down street, and he says he guesses it looks as if it's all up with me left lamp. Well, he guessed right, all right, judge, your honor. I lost me lamp, and come near losing both of them.

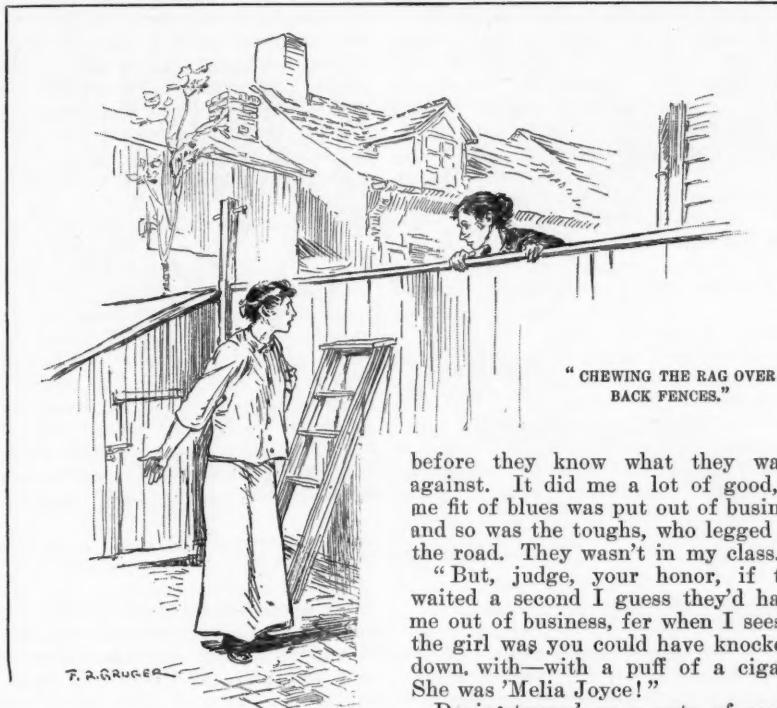
"Me father sued Bill Joyce, but he lost. Couldn't prove that Bill meant any damage, which he didn't. But, of course, going to law made bad blood between the families; and when Bill and me old man both got more kids, boys and girls, why, we was always scrapping; and the friends and relatives butted in. Nothing was too bad for a Joyce to say of a Davis, and the Davises slung it back, and so it went on. Well, judge, your honor, I cut school when I was a small kid, and went to work; and I won't deny that I cut work, too, when I come to be about twenty. I turned out pretty tough, and hung out with a tough gang. I was like that before you come to town, and I'll own up, while I'm about it, that the time I was here before you wasn't the only time. I was hauled up two or three times, and once I was fined twenty-five dollars for plugging Tommy Joyce. Me old man was disgusted with the way I acted, for boozing and loafing don't rightly go with the family; but he was pleased when I plugged Tommy Joyce, and paid me fine.

"Well, things runs along this way until one Sunday evening a year ago I happened to be out walking by myself. I was feeling blue and down in the mouth to think that I was doing nothing better than odd-jobbing around town and fooling the money away in drink and in the pool-rooms. I called myself hard names, and was wondering if I couldn't cut it all out and make another start. Well, I lifts me head, and kind o' comes out of me trance, and I finds myself out on the Boston road, about a mile from town, and I turns to go back. Just then a trolley comes around the curve in the road by Buckley's paper-mill. All the seats was crowded—it was an open car—with people coming home from Laurel Park, where the band plays on Sundays.

There was a lot of fellers on the back seats, singing and cutting up, being full of the beer, I judge, that the Dagoes sell from carts at the back of the park, when the cops ain't around—and I guess they ain't around very much. Say, Jerry, that's no knock at you——”

Ryan grinned, and the court officer had to check an incipient demonstration of indecorous hilarity.

yards, walking slow to kill time, before I hear a girl's voice behind me on the road, saying: 'Please let me be!' and by the way she says it I know she's frightened. I turned around, and I see two of them mugs what was on the car bothering a girl. Well, judge, your honor, I'm quick-tempered—always have been—and I didn't waste no time, but sailed into the mugs and handed 'em out a few stiff jolts



"Well, all at once the lights go out on the trolley, and the brakeman stops her sudden. There was something wrong at the power-house, and the juice wasn't turned on fer an hour or more. I kind of hung around to see what the matter was, and then I see that the fellers on the back seats was getting too gay. Some ladies hopped off and started to walk to town, rather than have to listen to the kind of talk slung by the toughs. I see this girl here, 'Melia Joyce, in one of the seats, and I turned and hiked away, fer of course I supposed there must be some of the men-folks of the Joyce crowd there, too, and I didn't want to get into any fuss.

"Well, judge, your honor, I ain't got down the road more than a few hundred

before they know what they was up against. It did me a lot of good, too; me fit of blues was put out of business—and so was the toughs, who legged it up the road. They wasn't in my class.

"But, judge, your honor, if they'd waited a second I guess they'd ha' put me out of business, fer when I sees who the girl was you could have knocked me down, with—with a puff of a cigarette. She was 'Melia Joyce!'

Davis stopped on a note of exclamation. It was plain that the astonishment of that recognition in the dusky Sunday evening a year ago was still vivid in his heart.

There was the intense silence of interest in the court-room. The magistrate leaned over his desk, and said in a kind tone of voice to the girl:

"Do you corroborate this—this—well, I suppose I must call it testimony?"

The girl flushed and perceptibly hesitated. She stole a glance at her mother, who looked at the daughter with eyes that said plainly:

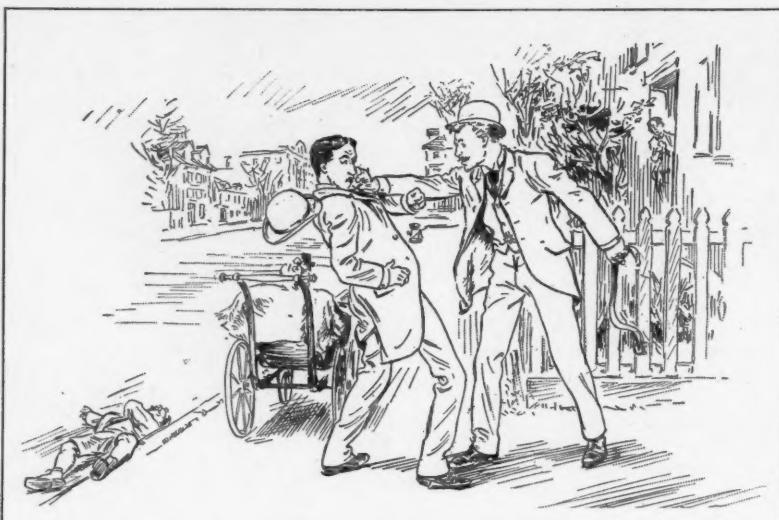
"You quiet little cat—and you never told me!"

Then she looked at her father, but he was staring at the prisoner with his mouth hanging open. Amelia answered the magistrate bravely and clearly:

"It's quite true, your honor. Tom punched the men, and—and took me home—to the corner of the street, I mean."

There was a buzzing clack-clack among the women. The men were either grinning or frowning. Whispering mouths were put close to bent ears. Mrs. Joyce, the girl's mother, looked in a puzzled, hesitating fashion toward Mrs. Davis,

talk just as if we'd always been friends. It was a dandy night, too, one of those softy kind of nights when you kin smell all the trees and grass and the rivers, and the moon was just coming out, a moon big as—as"—the prisoner's lyric impulse couldn't supply him the image it struggled to attain, so he halted and stumbled. "As big as Jerry Ryan's bow-window here," he finally said.



"HE LANDS BILL JOYCE ONE IN THE JAW."

the prisoner's mother, who met the look with one like unto it. Both women immediately disengaged their glances. They frowned, turned away, and pursed their lips; but you knew they were longing in their hearts to come together and talk this matter over.

Davis went on:

"Yes, your honor, I took Amelia home, as she says; though at first when I got over my surprise and offered to do so, she says as mad as could be, 'Keep yourself to yourself, Tom Davis!' And, judge, your honor, her nose was up in the air. But though I was feeling pretty cheap, I says she can't go home by herself, not when them toughs was hangin' around; so I walks along by her side, and not a word was said fer a long time. But I couldn't help asking her how she came to be alone, and she tells me how she missed her mother when the cars started. And well, judge, your honor, one thing leads to another—you know how it is yourself when you come to get chinning with a girl—and by and by we

The magistrate threw himself back into his chair and shouted; and however Policeman Ryan's growth of adipose tissue about the waist-line may have resembled the moon of Tom Davis' night of romance, there is no doubt but that his face resembled a conflagration.

The magistrate recovered his breath.

"Now, Davis," he said, "answer what I ask you. You are trying to tell me that you fell in love with this young lady, Miss Joyce?"

"Judge, your honor, I did!"

"And you saw her again?"

"You bet I did!"

"But neither the members of her family, nor of yours, knew of this state of affairs?"

"They did not. I would have told them all, right off the reel, but 'Melia says no. I guess she was a bit nervous; and it was up to me, after what she did fer me, to let it go her way."

"Just so. You mean by what she did for you, her influence that caused you to lead a different life?"

"That's right, judge, your honor. I started into the bill-posting business, and I made a go of it."

"And I presume it was because you were caught paying a visit to Miss Joyce last night that this fight happened?"

"Right again, judge, your honor. We used to go out on the country roads, but last night I—I had something special to tell her, and I got to hanging around the garden. She seen me, and was coming out, but Bill he butts in, and some of Bill's friends, and I gets dragged into the kitchen, and then some of *my* people butts in, and once I got fighting I guess I didn't care much *who* I pasted. I'm built that way, judge, your honor."

There was the confession of shame in his voice. Again the magistrate questioned him:

"And now, tell me, Davis, why did you tell me this story?"

"Judge, your honor, I made up my mind that now was the time to settle this mix-up. I'm tired of this scrapping over a thing twenty years old. It's me that got the bad eye from it, and if I'm satisfied I guess the rest should be. 'Melia kept me from telling, but now I've told. Judge, your honor, the thing I went to tell 'Melia last night was that she'd better come to town with me to-morrow and get married. We got the license two days ago."

Fumbling in his inner pocket, he produced the papers.

Again the magistrate leaned forward, and now his kind old eyes were fixed upon the girl. She felt them look at her, she blushed, then turned deadly pale, and then again the warm blood flooded her face.

"Miss Amelia Joyce, please answer me. Is all that concerns you true?"

"It is, sir," she answered in a low voice. "I—I—I—"

She seemed to struggle with a word she feared to pronounce.

"Do you love Thomas Davis, Miss

Amelia Joyce?" asked the magistrate in his most formal voice, as though the question was one used every day in that dingy court-room.

He hoped to give her courage by his formality, and he did so. Bravely lifting her bright eyes to him, she said:

"Yes, sir, I do."

The next moment her mother's arm went around her waist, and the girl began to cry, holding her mother close.

"William Joyce! Thomas Davis! Mr. Davis, Senior; Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Joyce, and all the rest of you, Montagues and Capulets!" thundered the magistrate loudly. "Step up before me!"

And they obeyed; but scarred and still pugnacious William Joyce, the complainant, muttered:

"Judge or no judge, he ain't got no right to call us out of our names!"

"Listen to me, all of you," the magistrate went on. "First, I ask, do you intend to press your charge against the prisoner, William Joyce?"

"No—no-o, your honor, I guess I don't want to. I guess Tom Davis is all right; I guess if 'Melia is willing—"

"That's the way to talk! Tom Davis, hand your papers up to me, and—yes, they're all right—I'll marry you myself! That'll be the bond to keep the peace—though perhaps it won't. Don't look angry, Tom, I must have my little joke. You certainly have been guilty of fighting, Davis, Junior; and I sentence you to immediate matrimony!"

In the moment of astonished silence that came before the outbreak of laughter and cheers—sounds which fetched people running through the streets toward the court-house for the length of a block—'Melia's voice was heard saying:

"Oh, but, mother—just look at the dress I'm wearing!"

Tom Davis grinned all over his amiable bulldog face, and, diving into his pocket, produced a plain gold ring.

"It's a go, judge, your honor!" said he.

THE FLIGHT OF A FLOWER.

THERE was a tiny lassie, merry as a cricket,
Playing in the meadow all the summer day,
Who said: "I saw a pansy, and I was going to pick it,
But it was a butterfly, and it fled away!"

There came a little baby and blossomed here beside us—
No flower so sweet and lovely e'er sprang from grassy sod;
But when our hearts would hold it more close—ah, wo betide us—
It spread two velvet pinions and flew away to God!

Alice Crittenden Derby.

THE STAGE

THREE NOT OF A KIND.

Three musical shows, successful for very varying causes, reached New York early in the year. Of these the worthiest is "The Duchess of Dantzig," a lyrical version of "Madame Sans Gêne," put on at Daly's with the same company that won it popularity in London last winter. Evie Greene, who has the title rôle, was the original *Dolores* over there in "Florodora," and also created *Nan* in "The Country Girl." Holbrook Blinn, who makes a capital *Napoleon*, is a Californian who has spent most of his stage career in London. Courtice Pounds—the same Pounds who used to sing *Nanki Poo* in the first days of "The Mikado" at the Fifth Avenue Theater—enacts a new character, *Papillon*, a peddler who becomes court milliner.

On page 79 is a portrait of Adrienne Augarde, charming as *Renée de St. Mezard*, an imperial ward, and to whom falls the song "Le Petit Caporal," the catchiest in the score of "The Duchess of Dantzig." Miss Augarde is scarcely twenty, is of English birth, and has been only five years on the stage, but in that period she has advanced very rapidly. Previous to creating *Renée* at the London Lyric she had played Marie Studholme's part of *Cicely* in "The School Girl" at the Prince of Wales'. Before that she was in at the last three months of the old London Gaiety, once more replacing Miss Studholme as *Dora* in "The Toreador." Just previous to her sailing for New York she originated the title rôle in George Edwardes' new musical comedy, "Lady Madcap." Her work has freshness, daintiness, and verve, and she is such a favorite in the English capital that America may not retain her long, even in so pronounced a hit as "The Duchess."

Mr. Edwardes was so much impressed by his recent visit to America in connection with "Dantzig"—which was his first journey across the Atlantic—that he is understood to have purchased a New York theater. His earliest production there will probably be "Veronique," the dainty musical play from the French that has been the attraction for the past ten months at the London Apollo. In

this case some of the people from "The Duchess of Dantzig" would be transferred to the new opera. At the London Daly's, "The Cingalee" is to be followed by "La Pompadour," and it is whispered that at the Gaiety "The Orchid" will give way to an American importation, "It Happened In Nordland," from Lew Fields' Theater.

"Fantana," which brought Jeff De Angelis to the Lyric, is carefully built on the lines that made "The Sultan of Sulu" famous. For example, the couples that wandered on and off the scene singing "Since I First Met You" now murmur "Just My Style." The music is equally catchy, and probably Messrs. R. B. Smith and Raymond Hubbell have done better with a good imitation of an old favorite than they could have done by cudgeling their brains for a novelty. Thus is originality discouraged at the box-office window. De Angelis' late starring vehicles were "A Royal Rogue" and "The Jolly Musketeer." He has now for his chief assistant in fun providing little Katie Barry, the English girl who did so much to give "A Chinese Honey-moon" its vogue.

Frank Rushworth, the handsome tenor of "Fantana," is an Englishman from Manchester, who, like so many of his countrymen on the stage, found America so attractive that he has adopted it for his home. He came here about a dozen years ago, and entered business life in Chicago. His good voice procured him a position in a church choir, and this in turn proved a stepping-stone to the Schiller Theater, where a season of light opera was tried in the summer of 1897. Mr. Rushworth made his débüt in "The Black Hussar," and was so successful that Oscar Hammerstein engaged him to support Anna Held in "La Poupee" at the Olympia in New York, now the Criterion. Later he was in "The Fortune Teller" with Alice Nielsen—now singing in grand opera in Europe—and after that with the Bostonians, now a disbanded troupe. The past two seasons Mr. Rushworth has been with Anna Held again, when she starred in "The Little Duchess" and "Made-moiselle Napoleon."



DRINA DE WOLFE, LEADING WOMAN WITH ARNOLD DALY IN BERNARD SHAW'S BRILLIANT COMEDY,
"YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York.

Miss Held, by the way, has left the Weber Music Hall, owing to the dissolution of the partnership between her husband, Mr. Ziegfeld, and Joe Weber. And as if the revival of "Florodora" were not a sufficient proof of the scarcity of new material, she is said to be thinking of having the best things

Douglas Fairbanks, who does the Annapolis graduate in "Fantana," has a peculiar contract on his hands. He was seen last season as *Landry Court* in "The Pit," and made such a favorable impression that William A. Brady, the manager of that production, signed a long-distance agreement with him by



THE SISTERS BOTTI IN "THE YANKEE CONSUL"—ROSE BOTTI APPEARS AS ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS, PAPINTA, AND MAY AS ONE OF THE MOSQUITO GIRLS.

From a photograph by Hall, New York.

taken out of "Papa's Wife" and "The Little Duchess" and patched together into a single piece. The managers have brought the librettist pretty low already, but not quite low enough, apparently. They may decide to turn his work over to a corps of able-bodied riveters, carpenters, and cobblers, who will, let us hope, be paid at full union rates.

which young Fairbanks becomes a star in four years' time. He is a Denver boy, once worked his way across the ocean on a cattle-ship for the sake of the experience, and has an only partially suppressed ambition to become a cow puncher.

"Buster Brown" has once again swung the Majestic into line as the New



ADRIENNE AUGARDE, WHO IS RENÉE, THE IMPERIAL WARD, IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIG."

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.



EVA FRANCIS AS LIEUTENANT SPARROW IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY "WOODLAND."

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.



ROBERT EDESON, STARRING IN
"STRONGHEART."



FRANK RUSHWORTH AS THE LIEUTENANT IN "FANTANA."



ORRIN JOHNSON AS HE APPEARED
IN "DOROTHY VERNON."

York children's paradise, being a fit successor to "The Wizard of Oz" and "Babes in Toyland" in the way of a magnet for boys and girls. As a show, "Buster Brown" is distinctly redolent of

of Rhode Island, who has not grown since he was six. He was last seen as a dog himself in "A Son of Rest," with Nat Wills. George Ali is an Englishman who began as a jackass in the Lon-



TRIXIE FRIGANZA, WHO SUCCEEDED ANNA HELD AS MIMI DE CHARTREUSE IN "HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY" AT THE WEBER MUSIC HALL.

From her latest photograph by Hall, New York.

the road, but Master Gabriel as *Buster* and George Ali in the skin of the dog *Tige* surmount the drawback of their environment. Gabriel Weigel is a very well formed dwarf of twenty-three, a native

don pantomimes, and for some time did all the animals at Weber & Fields', notably the St. Bernard of some three winters ago, but *Tige* is the biggest hit of his career.

As to Master Gabriel, he is already booked to become *Little Jack Horner* next season.

"STRONGHEART" NO WEAKLING.

The withdrawal of "Common Sense Bracket" not only meant the first fail-

"Sense Bracket" won out, other managers would have been more inclined to look with favoring eyes on new authors.

The American playwright has not done so badly this season with such hits as "The Music Master," "Adrea," "Leah Kleschna," "The College Widow," and "Strongheart." Yet here are only five



HELEN HOLMES AS MOLLIE WOOD, THE HEROINE IN
"THE VIRGINIAN."

*From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio,
New York.*

ture scored by a Savage production after a long series of successes, but also dealt a severe blow to the hopes of aspiring American playwrights. Mr. Savage had given a hearing to a man whose name was entirely unknown; for Charles W. Doty had not written successful books, as had George Ade and Richard Harding Davis, nor was he an actor of renown like William Gillette. Had "Common



GERTRUDE DORRANCE AS DOROTHEA IN "SWEET
KITTY BELLAIRS."

*From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio,
New York.*

attractions, and New York alone has twenty-five first-class theaters to be provided for. Next to Henry W. Savage, Robert Edeson, whose success with "Strongheart" has been so gratifying, is perhaps the stanchest friend the native playwright possesses. When he began to star three years ago with Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune," Edeson announced his inten-



DESSA GIBSON, TO SUPPORT ANNA HELD IN "PAPA'S DUCHESS."

From a photograph by Marenni, New York.



LUCY CABEN, WHO IS BERTHA TYSON IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

From a photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.



FRITZI SCHEFF, STARRING IN REVIVALS OF "FATINITZA" AND "BOCCACCIO."

From her latest photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

tion of sticking to native products, and even the failure of "The Rector's Garden" and the somewhat lukewarm patronage extended to "Ranson's Folly" did not discourage him. It looks as if his tenacity would have its reward, for in "Strongheart" he has not only found a play that appeals to the public pocket-book, but a part that gives him the best artistic opportunity he has ever had. Heretofore, no matter what rôle he has played or how he has played it, he has always been Bob Edeson. But now, when he steps into the shoes of the educated Indian, *Strongheart*, all trace of the man behind the actor disappears.

"Strongheart" was written by William C. DeMille, son of the late H. C. DeMille, who collaborated with Belasco on "The Wife" and "The Charity Ball."

A REALLY STAR-STUDDED CAST.

Mr. Willard's New York season was but little more successful than Mr. Terry's. Both of these English stars suffered from their lack of good plays and of capable support.

The foreign artist must this season put a good foot forward to stand comparison with such a roster of names, for instance, as studs the house-bill for "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," Augustus Thomas' newest comedy. To a certain extent the success of Mr. Thomas' play is due to the recent disasters of other playwrights. It has proved to be a very harbor of refuge to deserving theatrical mariners of both sexes who suffered shipwreck while serving on unseaworthy dramatic craft designed by such architects as Pinero, Carton, and Fitch.

The important parts of *Mabel* and *Richard Ainslee* in "Mrs. Leffingwell" are very well done by Fay Davis and Vincent Serrano, who escaped without serious injury from the wreck of "The Rich Mrs. Repton." Miss Davis is an American actress who made her first success in London, with George Alexander's company at the St. James. Since she came back to her native land she has scored a success as leading woman with Faversham in "Imprudence," and a failure in "Mrs. Repton," which R. C. Carton modeled specially for her first starring vehicle. Vincent Serrano's best-remembered hit was in an earlier Thomas play, "Arizona."

Mrs. Leffingwell herself is Margaret Illington—in private life Mrs. Daniel Frohman—whom the collapse of "A Wife Without a Smile" left at liberty for an-

other and a pleasanter engagement. Another estray for whom Mr. Thomas provided shelter is Guy Standing, who was Mrs. Patrick Campbell's leading man before the English actress met with an accident that interrupted her American tour. But in their record of ill luck none of these histrionic refugees can compare with the amazing misadventures of Ernest Lawford, who is still alive and able to act as the butler in "Mrs. Leffingwell" after having had three ambitious but weakly built plays come crashing about his ears in quick succession—"The Coronet of the Duchess," "Mrs. Repton," and "A Wife Without a Smile."

This does not complete the list of capable people in the cast of the Thomas comedy, which also includes Dorothy Hammond, who last year was Henry Miller's leading woman; William Courtenay, lately with Virginia Harned in "Iris" and "Camille"; and that clever character actress Jessie Busley, who was leading woman in "Little Mary" a year ago, and who later went to another of Barrie's fantastic plays, replacing Pattie Browne as *Tweeny*, the talented slav in "The Admirable Crichton." With such a company, even a less amusing play than "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" might well succeed.

THE MAN BEHIND THE HIPPODROME.

Still they come—the new theaters in New York, in spite of the wrecks that strew the rugged way. The latest to open was the Colonial, but ere the plaster was dry on its walls, the owners noted the signs of the times and retreated from their venture, which they turned over to Thompson & Dundy. With the assistance of Thomas W. Ryley—once associated with John C. Fisher in exploiting "Florodora"—the new proprietors changed the playhouse to a music hall before the doors were thrown open. Modeled on the halls of London, from the burly red-uniformed attendant at the gates to the brevity of the "turns" and the speed with which they are run off, the Colonial gives New York its first real taste of Leicester Square variety. The ballet, "The Duel in the Snow," was imported direct from the London Empire, but unfortunately its very daintiness and *chic* jars painfully against the rough-edged wit and time-tinged jokes of "The Athletic Girl," the native-made musical comedy in the same bill. It is like setting up side by side a delicate Sèvres vase and a stone cider jug.

The Colonial has adopted the moderate prices that have won popularity for its neighbor, the Circle, and for Hammerstein's Victoria. The same scale—one dollar for the best seats—is to obtain at Thompson & Dundy's other new place of amusement, the Hippodrome, which, after the usual delays in building, may be open when these lines are read.

The Hippodrome is something really new in the world of entertainment. Its chief projector, Frederick W. Thompson, is a man who, though still in the thirties, has evolved several interesting ideas and scored some noteworthy successes. Educated as an architect and electrician, he designed buildings for the expositions held seven or eight years ago at Nashville and Omaha. At Buffalo, in 1902, he branched out on his own account, and in partnership with Mr. Dundy constructed that very peculiar and successful sideshow, "A Trip to the Moon."

The success of this experiment led the partners to cast their eyes upon a spot where a small world's fair—and not such a very small one, either—is in progress every year from May to September. Both of them are Ohioans, and other Ohioans having already annexed the rest of New York, Messrs. Thompson & Dundy decided to make Coney Island their own. The result was Luna Park.

The winter before the opening of this treeless paradise for the cheap tripper was a hard one for its chief promoter. Needing every cent he could command, with no prospect of returns until after Decoration Day, Mr. Thompson actually went without an overcoat and with holes in his shoes. On the day before the beginning of the season he applied to a New York bank for a few hundred dollars in silver to make change at the gates.

"What security can you give?" inquired the bank officials.

"Why, we are certain to take in several thousand dollars on the first day; besides, there are the buildings and grounds themselves," said the promoter.

Bankers are usually pretty careful of their money, and the loan was refused. Mr. Thompson seems to have lacked the persuasive powers of the justly celebrated Mrs. Chadwick, of his own State.

"Very well, then," he said. "Anybody who hasn't a dime shall come in free."

This was done, but enough ten-cent pieces were taken in to enable him to deposit several thousands—in another bank—the next morning.

Should the Hippodrome not yet be open when this appears, let not our New

York readers hie them to the inaugural performance with only five-dollar bills in their purses. Mr. Thompson will have plenty of change this time.

The New York building is much larger than anything like it in London. The Hippodrome in the British capital is less than half its size, and the new Coliseum there, which has no water rings, is also far inferior in dimensions. Its proscenium opening is so wide that the asbestos is the only curtain arranged to drop; the other hangings and the scenery slide into pockets on either side. Its stage is so large that if its attractions go on the road they cannot be produced in any ordinary theater. This slight difficulty, however, does not freeze its energetic proprietors, who express their intention of enacting a chain of similar hippodromes in the principal American cities. It will be seen that they are not afraid of large undertakings.

A GOOD FARCE AND A POOR ONE.

The Madison Square Theater, closed last spring as a dangerous fire-trap, had come to be regarded as a hoodoo among New York playhouses. On the 1st of February, Walter N. Lawrence—for years associated with Daniel Frohman as business manager of the old Lyceum and Daly's, and subsequently first lieutenant to James K. Hackett—took his courage in both hands and reopened this morgue of dramatic hopes. Mr. Lawrence believed, with *Hamlet*, that "the play's the thing." He had only to cast his eyes across Madison Square to see the miracle that had been wrought in another unlucky house by the wand of good comedy. Ask anybody in the "know" of the Rialto, and he will tell you the reputation of the Garden before "The College Widow" began there last September a run that promises to extend to June.

Before procuring his play, Mr. Lawrence had the house completely done over, making it pleasanter to sit in and easier to get out of. Then he selected a farce called "Who's Brown?" by the Englishman Frank Wyatt, renamed it "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," and produced it with a stock company of all-round excellence. The public laughed, the critics praised, and what more can a manager ask in the way of prosperity?

For *Mrs. Temple* he has Grace Kimball, who was at this same house last year in "The Secret of Polichinelle"—which, by the way, is to be given in

London under the name "Everybody's Secret." Miss Kimball, like others who have married out of the profession and retired, returned to the boards after a long absence. Years ago she was one of E. H. Sothern's leading women, having played with him at the old Lyceum in "Lettarblair" and one or two other comedies. *Jack Temple* was created by Frank Worthing, recently concerned in the untoward career of "A Wife Without a Smile," and last season the clergyman in "The Other Girl." Another recruit from a failure was Thomas A. Wise, imitable in "Home Folks" as *Joe Hawkins*, "fit only to fiddle and fish." Some four years ago Mr. Wise played a long engagement at the Madison Square as the leading spirit in "Why Smith Left Home," in which London had seen him before New York did.

Yet another player in the "Temple" cast who had just done good work in an unsuccessful play was Frank Gheen, whose *Robert Offutt* in "Common Sense Bracket" ranked him high in the difficult field of "juvenile lead." But none of these players contributes so capital a piece of acting as does William Morris, whose latest appearance in New York was with the most signal and most deservedly ridiculed fiasco of last season—the so-called Century Players' attempt to prove that "it is not impossible to make Art"—note the capital A—"self-supporting." In the highly ineffectual demonstration of this sublime truth that was organized by Sydney Rosenfeld, Mr. Morris demonstrated as *Benedick* in "Much Ado" and as *Rosmer* in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm."

He had to thank this ill-starred connection for at least one thing—it brought him back to the memory of metropolitan playgoers, from whose ken he had been absent ever since he was first leading man at the Empire. When that house was opened, in January, 1893, with Belasco and Fyles' "The Girl I Left Behind Me," Mr. Morris created *Lieutenant Hawkesworth*. Still earlier, he was leading man with the Charles Frohman stock when it was housed at Proctor's, on Twenty-Third Street. He is a native of Boston, where he made his first appearance in 1876 with the famed old Museum stock in Sardou's "Ferreol." In "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," his aplomb as a graceful and fluent liar is irresistible.

Old memories were awakened by the arrival of another farce some three weeks after the advent of "Mrs. Tem-

ple." This time it was the author as well as the chief actor who were concerned in linking the present with the past. "Who Goes There?" by H. A. Du Souchet, recalled the sudden and glittering success made by the same writer's "My Friend From India." Of Walter E. Perkins, who was the mainstay in both pieces, very little has been heard in the meanwhile. It was reported at one time that he was to star in Mary E. Wilkins' "Jerome: A Poor Man," but no one who has observed the average novelist's failure as a playwright will be surprised to learn that nothing ever came of it.

A BIRD, A GIRL, AND A THREE-PLY WIDOW.

Portraits presented herewith show two promising accessions to the Savage companies. Eva Francis, a Boston girl, who enacts *Lieutenant Swallow* in the musical comedy "Woodland," is scarcely more than fifteen, and off the stage wears short skirts. She made her start two years ago with Joseph Jefferson, as *Tilly* in "The Cricket on the Hearth." She didn't make much of a success at it, and one day Mr. Jefferson told her that she would never become an actress. Naturally, she felt discouraged, but she determined to try another branch of the profession, and obtained a position in the chorus of "Peggy from Paris." Here she did so well against a musical background that when "Woodland" was launched the manager gave her a part of her own.

Lucy Cabeen, one of the town girls in "The College Widow," went from her home in Galesburg, Illinois, to study elocution in Chicago. Last autumn, armed with letters of introduction to Mr. Savage, she came to New York and applied for a position in one of his companies. It chanced that a number of girls of her type were needed for the "Widow," so he engaged her. Before long she was assigned to understudy Amy Ricard; and when Miss Ricard fell ill, she played the athletic girl as if this had been her fifth season on the stage instead of her first.

Speaking of widows, for the past five years Trixie Friganza, whose portrait appears on page 81, has been a relict—not an inconsolable one—in three different plays—"A Trip to Chinatown," "The Prince of Pilsen," and "The Sho-Gun." She is a native of Cincinnati, and first came within the rays of the limelight fifteen years ago in "The Pearl of Pekin." It is an odd coincidence that

she twice followed Marie Cahill—first in "The Chaperons," and a year later in "Sally in Our Alley"—and that she now occupies at Weber's a position corresponding to Miss Cahill's at Fields'.

THE DECLINE OF CLYDE FITCH.

When Professor Osler, late of Johns Hopkins University, declared that the average man was mentally "all in" after forty years of age—if he really did say so—it is quite possible that he had not yet witnessed a performance of "The Woman in the Case," nor had he duly considered Mr. Clyde Fitch, its author.

Mr. Fitch will not be forty until May 2 next. Even then, he may escape sentence upon a technical plea. He has, if not an alibi, at least a sort of alias. He may deny identity with the William C. Fitch who became Clyde Fitch only about a dozen years ago. An easy mental calculation will show that the latter individual can claim twenty-eight more years of plotting and counter-plotting before the great reaper of genius gathers him into the Valhalla over which Dr. Osler presides as the best example.

And yet there are persons who do not hesitate to say that "The Woman in the Case" is quite the most inconsistent thing that Clyde Fitch has done since he broke into Broadway. The plot rises, miasma-like, from a New York social swamp that engulfs a young married woman whose husband is charged with murder. His wife, believing him innocent, descends deep into the slime, fraternizes with a woman of the shadow, and drags from the wanton creature a confession that the supposed victim of her husband really committed suicide. At this point Blanche Walsh seizes the luckless creature by the throat and chokes her with the skill and enthusiasm of a jiu-jitsu expert.

Miss Walsh, in the title rôle, gives one a panoramic view of the facility with which a pure woman, driven by force of circumstances, can take off her shoes of respectability and wade around knee deep in the degraded and degrading life that is both the moth and the flame of every town.

The big scene in "The Woman in the Case" occurs in the third act, and it is all very glittering and highly colored and tawdry. There are plenty of cigarettes and syphons and red lights, to say nothing of a loud-mouthed, money-flashing visitor who "pays as he goes," leaving checks with *Claire Forster*, who seems to

have captured his fat heart and his fatter cash account. Dorothy Dorr as *Claire*, confounding abandon with charm, is offered by Mr. Fitch as a courtesan, a butterfly with a thirst. Her interpretation of the part attracted much attention. Several of the oldest first-nighters blushed visibly when Miss Dorr was at her most realistic point in this scene. Possibly they were blushing for Mr. Fitch.

Miss Dorr is a young American actress who appeared in "Frocks and Frills" at Daly's, in 1901, and in "Hearts Aflame" a season later. Subsequently she moved to London because—to quote her own words—in America "the stage manager is a tyrant, fatal to one's individuality." She learned to like English theaters best, because on the whole—again we give her own dictum—"a better class of people are connected with them." It is said that the stage manager of the Herald Square Theater, knowing the low estimation in which Miss Dorr holds his branch of the profession, left the house when she began drinking in the third act.

We have all seen Blanche Walsh in better things than "The Woman in the Case." Only for a few lines is it her proper vehicle. Otherwise, it belongs to a rather mixed class of actors. It lacks even a nebula; it is a tricky, spineless thing, beginning and ending nowhere. Miss Walsh was far better in "The Resurrection," in "La Tosca," and even in "The Kreutzer Sonata."

However, the star is not entirely to blame. In the main, it's up to Mr. Fitch, and Dr. Osler will get him if he doesn't watch out.

AGAIN THAT SIMIAN TENDENCY.

Only the monkeys are more inveterate imitators than the people of the theater. We have already spoken of this prevalent tendency, and there are further recent illustrations of it. The rush into vaudeville, started last spring by Charles Hawtrey, still continues, the latest to follow with the crowd being Henry Miller, who found by midwinter that he had quite enough of "Joseph Entangled."

After the vaudeville craze, the actor-manager epidemic, for which Arnold Daly seems to be mainly responsible. His success with "Candida" has proved a boon to the owners of the Berkeley Lyceum. Because the witty Bernard Shaw comedy turned the tide of ill luck for this tiny playhouse, it has been in great demand with ambitious histrions

eager to follow in Mr. Daly's footsteps. To the time of writing, they have probably failed to reimburse themselves for their rent and lights.

Henry E. Dixey was the first to fall by the wayside. Robert T. Haines, next on the list, was equally unsuccessful. It is yet too soon to chronicle the fate of Frank Keenan, the latest candidate for actor-managerial honors.

Mr. Keenan made an artistic hit at the Manhattan some three seasons ago in "The Honorable John Grigsby." The term "artistic hit" is what might be called high sounding, but it rings hollow at the box-office end of the business. He is avowedly working on the lines of a man named Antoine, in Paris. Antoine has a theater in which he brings out plays that the so-called commercial managers would not touch with a ten-foot pole. But Paris is not New York, and unless Mr. Keenan's offerings have something besides their oddity and artistic flavor to commend them, his experiment may very possibly be in the past tense when these lines reach the reader.

It is to be said for his opening triple bill that it was unusually entertaining of its kind. Most one-act pieces are tolerably hopeless dramatic pabulum. Any one who doubts the truth of this statement should take a course of curtain-raisers in London, or of acting-school performers in New York. A shining exception to the average quality of the London brand is the touching little play "Op O' Me Thumb," noticed in this department last October, and since then so charmingly done here by Maude Adams.

Mr. Keenan's "unique" triple bill opened with "At the Threshold," in two scenes and three characters—the *Man*, the *Woman*, and the *Burglar*. By the way, what would writers of the single-act drama do if housebreaking were unknown? This latest exploitation of the noble art is the work of Jackson D. Haag, who is, we believe, the dramatic critic of a Chicago paper. The other two plays were adaptations—one of the story that forms the libretto of the well-known opera "I Pagliacci," the other of Edgar Allan Poe's lunatic-asylum story—"The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether." By what may or may not be a significant coincidence, both of these, too, were prepared by men having affiliations as dramatic reviewers.

In connection with Arnold Daly's latest Shaw success, "You Never Can Tell," we give a portrait of his leading

woman, Drina De Wolfe, Elsie De Wolfe's younger sister, who was last season in "The Other Girl." The year before she supported Henry Miller in "The Taming of Helen" and she has appeared in England with Mrs. Langtry in "The Degenerates."

FROM SHAKESPEARE TO ESMOND.

Forbes Robertson, whose *Hamlet* pleased all the New York critics and some of the public last spring, did not do so well with the modern play with which he revisited America in February. This was Henry V. Esmond's "Love and the Man," a piece to be commended for its lofty morals, but somewhat depressing in its lack of warmth.

The heroine of "Love and the Man," *Lady Gaudminster*, can never lose sight of the unhappy fact that a very unfortunate alliance has deprived her of the possibility of motherhood. *Lord Gaudminster* is a decrepit person, too mean to go to a private room in a hospital, and too self-opinionated to take advice. It being impossible to lavish any sentiment but contempt upon this unpleasant invalid, his wife's affections have centered themselves upon *Gerald Wagoneur*, a brilliant young member of Parliament, who loves his country in the morning and *Lady Gaudminster* in the afternoon. In spite of *Lord Gaudminster's* disagreeable suspicions, however, the affair is an eminently proper one. The peeress and the sympathetic M. P. manage, figuratively speaking, to keep on different sides of the stage until after his lordship expires in a fit of rage inspired by malignant jealousy.

A good many years have passed since Mr. Robertson first came to America as leading man to Mary Anderson, when she returned to her native country after her memorable triumph in England. Since then we have seen him in a wide range of better parts than that of *Gerald Wagoneur*. He does his best to vitalize Mr. Esmond's highly respectable young statesman, but the whole atmosphere that exudes from "Love and the Man" is depressing.

It may be conjectured that Mr. Esmond wrote the part of *Lady Gaudminster*, who is supposed to be of American birth, for Mr. Robertson's American wife and former leading woman, Gertrude Elliott. Miss Elliott being out of the company this year, her place is taken by Kate Rorke, who makes a dramatic but truly feminine heroine.

SOME FAMOUS OLD PRISONS.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

A BRIEF SURVEY OF CRIME IN GENERAL, WITH MEMORIES, TERRIBLE OR ROMANTIC, OF NEWGATE IN LONDON, OF THE BASTILLE IN PARIS, AND OF THE POZZI AND PIOMBI IN VENICE.

A GENERATION or so ago science hit upon quite a lot of vagaries to which—out of sympathy, perhaps—it gave odd names. Among them is claustrophobia, or aversion to inclosed spaces. We assume without effort that those who suffer from it most are in prison. Yet there must be exceptions. Besides, there are prisons and prisons. Regarding them we have no personal information to display, and—what is better—none to conceal. But in view of a recent demolition they became suggestive.

The demolition is that of Newgate. It has gone, eliminating in its departure a story of crime in stone.

The story was localized, and therefore abridged. Otherwise it was complete. We say complete, for the reason that crime is changeless. It repeats itself indefinitely, but it brings nothing new. Yet neither does joy, neither does sorrow. *Notre Dame*—not Victor Hugo's masterpiece, but the jewel of twelfth-century architecture that rises from an island in the Seine—has, in and about her towers, a girdle of monsters. What they typify is immaterial, but as you watch them lean and stare at the vast outlying city below, it may occur to you that when, long since, they were posted there, it was as sentinels whose duty it should be to mark across the ages the sameness of the griefs and joys of man. What but monsters could be compelled to do that?

As with joy and sorrow, so with crime. It is invariable. But not our ideas of it. On the contrary, there are crimes now that once were virtues, and there are virtues now that once were crimes. Originally there was no such thing as crime at all. Originally there was but might. To primitive man, might was right. He had no other criterion. In the advance of embryonic society the might of many became, necessarily, greater than the might of one. Any particularly troublesome brute was put out of the way. Occasionally two or three troublesome brutes made trouble together. To differentiate between them, to decide, perhaps, which should be got rid of first,

patriarchs sat in judgment. Presently it was recognized that there were degrees of obnoxiousness. The delinquent, instead of being always despatched, was sometimes despoiled.

HOW PENAL SYSTEMS BEGAN.

From these delicate discriminations came the conception of crime. The conception is human; it proceeds from ourselves. Moreover, it is now so admirably developed that might has ceased to be right—unless indeed you happen to have a million bayonets behind you, in which case, like the Czar and the Mikado, you may lapse into primal primitiveness unrestrained.

Apart from potentates, it is that primitiveness which criminals show, and it was just to admonish them that anything of the kind is undesirable that prisons were devised. But not at once. In the old days the state did not bother with their construction. The state did not bother either with regulations affecting delinquents. The *corpus juris* of antiquity is voluminous enough, but there was no codex of crime. With malefactors as such the law did not deal. They were assimilated with prisoners of war, with enemies of the public good, turned into slaves, into animated property—into things, to use the Latin term; sent to the mines, to the quarries, to the galleys, or, if more convenient, sold at auction.

In that event, renewed misbehavior was punished, not by the state, but by the purchasers. The latter had prisons of their own. Ultimately, when the powers that were took these prisons over and proceeded to fill them, it was by way of a concession, seemingly paradoxical yet really logical, to the theory of freedom. The malefactor ceased to be a slave and became a criminal.

In the change he gained nothing; quite the reverse. But civilization, discovering that in the change it had engendered a brood of beasts, put them in lairs too loathsome even for vipers. The *ergastules*, the private prisons of Rome, were many removes from anything resembling

however slightly the agreeable. But for absolute horror the oubliettes of Christian Europe have never, save in China, been exceeded. In the oubliettes you were left to rot. In China the rotting was, and still is, hastened. Maggots are bred in you. Christian Europe was not quite up to Cathay.

THE FINE ART OF TORTURE.

But occasionally it made up in fiendishness what it lacked in art. Tortures it devised, and very curious ones; but it devised, too, a way of letting you alone which was worse. A poor chap who was treated to the rack, to the thumbscrews, to the hot side of the faggot, had always people about who were interested in him, in his welfare, in his salvation. He knew that, and, knowing it, felt vaguely—and, it may be, unthankfully—that he was cuddled. Unthankfully, we say, for the reason that the release of death was speedy. Whereas another poor chap would not be harmed at all. He would be but chained far down in a little grave, into which now and then food would be lowered from above, but where no one came, no one spoke, no one, not even when after ten, twenty, forty years of unconcern, death mercifully visited him at last.

In the dungeons of Christian Europe these little graves were frequent. By comparison to them, enforced residence in the Piombi—the prison of Dogian Venice, and, barring the Bastille and Newgate, the most shudderful of all—was quite nice. Situated directly beneath the leaded roof of the palace, the cells were real ovens. They were cramped, too; they lacked air and notably comfort, but they were less dismal than the oubliettes, and more agreeable than the Pozzi, the wells beneath the palace, in which, owing to the water, you led a life practically amphibious.

The Pozzi were for dull ruffians. The Piombi were reserved for prisoners of note, one of whom, Casanova, through a succession of *tours de force* unequalled save by Jack Sheppard and unexcelled save by Latude, got out and off and away. Casanova had been convicted of practising magic. Magician he must have been. Only a sorcerer—or a story-teller—could have escaped in the manner described in his memoirs. So surprising was it that it lifted him from obscurity into fashion, and thence at a bound into fame.

The fame that Casanova acquired in getting out of prison, Latude obtained by staying in. He, too, wrote his mem-

oirs. Fiction is always more entertaining than fact, and for his own entertainment—for ours, as well—he related how, while chained hand and foot, he succeeded in making tablets from bread-crumbs, ink from blood, pens from fish-bones, and how therewith he managed to write a letter, which his jailer refused to touch, believing, as Latude with enviable imagination recites, that its provenance was demoniac.

After thirty-five years of adventures almost equally romantic, but punctuated by his really unparalleled and fully attested escape—an escape followed by recapture—Latude strolled forth into fame and fashion. In the interim imprisonment had been to him a career which he exploited in his memoirs.

THE BASTILLE IN FICTION AND IN FACT.

The Bastille, the scene of Latude's chief adventures, was originally a castle where junketing royals lodged and festivals were given. Subsequently it became an inn at which, for one reason or another, you were urged to put up. Ultimately it degenerated into a jail, and finally into myth. During the hotel period, residence in it was an honor which, a prince declared, "some fellows don't deserve." "It is my wish," the fifteenth Louis would remark to those whom he thought worthy of that honor, "that you betake yourself there."

Verbal invitations were not always convenient. Sometimes they were conveyed in *lettres de cachet*. Young bloods whose fathers thought that a mild course of the Bastille would be chastening, solicited such letters for them. They were supplied also for the benefit of conspirators, distinguished interlopers, quarrelsome gentlefolks, duellists who had grievances to forget, people generally too conspicuous for ordinary treatment, literary chaps, and even books. Diderot's tedious "Encyclopedie" got three years.

Latude, who had annoyed the Pompadour, and who was otherwise refractory, was put in a cell. That was the penalty for bad manners. Others, better bred, had rooms fitted and furnished to their taste, servants if they so desired, flirtations with grisettes across the way, the liberty to entertain, to give parties and suppers, to gamble and carouse, to do and have anything they could pay for. For the shabby genteel whose pockets were empty, food was good, abundant, and free. One poor devil who always had his fill, wept on being released. Another had to be ejected by force. Latude made a

great row because a chicken was not basted to his liking.

All of which does not very obviously evoke the Bastille of melodrama and of memoirs. But the Bastille of cages and corselets, the typical tenement of terrors, was not the Bastille at all, it was Newgate. Even the storming and taking of the Bastille is fiction. The old prints represent it as a sort of miniature Port Arthur, belching death at its assailants. It is history that not a shot was fired from it. Moreover, it was not stormed, nor was it taken. It surrendered before it was attacked, and yielded precisely seven prisoners, of whom four were forgers and the others lunatics.

Of course it was not perfect. No prison can be that; although in Bedford jail, where Bunyan was laid, he sojourned, to use his own words, "a complete twelve years with much content." We have not a doubt of it. But then, you see, he was enjoying every possible temptation and every impossible danger, with no other bother than the charm of the effort to get it all on paper. We do not wonder he was content. It is more agreeable to write novels than to live them, besides being less expensive. Then, too, Bunyan had solitude, and to the novelist solitude offers the double advantage of being by yourself and of not being with others. Save for the obstreperous, solitude was not compulsory in the Bastille. In Newgate it was chimerical.

Newgate was a vulpine den, nearly an acre large, with a frontal really august. Seen from without, it was a threat in stone, massive and majestic. Within were darkness and horror superposed, a sensation of chill, an impression of things damned, of monstrous crimes, subsiding cries, infamy and torture.

THE INFERN OF NEWGATE.

To-day it has gone. But in the days that were it must have been strangely appalling. At no time, anywhere, can there have been anything quite so unholy. In Peking there is an artistry in creating and prolonging agony which Newgate lacked. In Byzance there was a demonism deeper than it could reach. In Carthage there was a taste for the abnormal which it had not acquired. But in conglomerate horror Newgate achieved the impossible; it eclipsed all three. Dante would have done better work had he gone there. So, too, would Doré.

Prisoners that issued from there poi-

soned the court. Judges that tried them died from the infection which they distributed, and in which, if you please, they had managed to live, sometimes herded together in contracted spaces, sometimes wallowing in wards where there was not even a mat to lie on, sometimes in bedlam of yelling women and drunken men, sometimes saurianesquely in sewers where they fought with rats for their bread, sometimes chained on their backs with as much stone laid on them as they could bear—and more!—sometimes merely in gyves, but always in filth, in darkness, in idleness, often without knowing why they were there at all. Finally they were burned or boiled, or occasionally only mutilated and sent forth minus a hand, both ears, and plus a brand on the face, or, more expeditiously, to Tyburn and the gallows.

Of solitude, however, there was none in Newgate unless you were thoroughly well pinioned. Then it is not agreeable. Jack Sheppard objected to it. Handcuffed and fastened to the floor, he broke loose, pulled down a cart-load of masonry, made his way through a nine-foot wall, forced doors which the turnkeys themselves could not open, got to the roof, got away, and, for further relaxation, got drunk. It is unbelievable; but everything regarding Newgate is unbelievable—particularly, perhaps, the fact that it was not a prison. In those days, except for debtors, there were no prisons.

Newgate was a sty for the scum into which now and then sank men of means. For the latter there was a taproom, the opportunity to fuddle and fight and whatever else they could pay for, or, more exactly, be robbed of. For a guinea a day they could lodge with the governor, have their meals in from a coffee-house, and visitors all day long. But in the absence of coin, to the devil with you!

It is not to be expected, of course, that malefactors should have truffles and tokay, Persian rugs, French novels, and Turkish tobacco—at least gratis, and particularly at Newgate. But a trifle less than a century ago, it began to be suspected that even a felon had rights; that, though he merited death, torture was perhaps superfluous; that though he be jailed, he need not necessarily be starved; that, any way, he could not be condemned to lunacy and typhus. The latter, it was declared, were penalties which the law had omitted to impose.

This theory, radical, dangerous, as every theory worth the name always ought to be, was naturally so re-

garded. Oddly enough, ultimately it found acceptance. Newgate was reformed, renovated, reconstructed. It became a prison, a real one, where prisoners had hard labor, hard fare, and hard beds, which, perhaps, they deserved. But the former horrors evaporated and, with them, the nightmare story of the appalling past.

Whether from remorse of that past, or, as seems to us more probable, from

the regret of it, Newgate sickened, reviving only when its gallows functioned afresh. But during its relapses, its tenants migrated, and the gaunt old haunt that was older than the Bastille and nearly as old as the Tower, was deserted. Recently it was razed. Its end may have been consoled by the knowledge that if there can be two hells, it certainly was one of them, and, it may be—and here surely was its real comfort—the worst.

The Loyalty of Stephen Stovel's Widow.

BY AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND.

I.

"IT'S a lie, a lie, a damnable lie!" Hayden dashed the paper to the floor, and came to his feet with white anger in his face. "I've known Bob Lennox ever since he came to the country, the biggest-hearted boy that ever came out of the effete East! He would no more do that thing that you would. It's a deliberate attempt to turn public sympathy toward the guilty party!"

The young man, with blazing, unseeing eyes and clenched fists, was pacing the floor of the sheriff's meagerly furnished office. He turned when he bumped into the letter cabinet, and kicked viciously at the newspaper in his path where he had thrown it.

"Keep cool, Hayden," admonished the other occupant of the room, a man with thin, grizzled hair and a pair of steel-blue eyes set in a weather-beaten face seamed deep with purposeful lines. "I don't believe all that, myself," the older man continued, indicating the paper on the floor; "but for the present my duty, and yours, is to arrest Bob Lennox."

"Arrest Bob Lennox—me? Lord, man, let that job out to somebody else!"

It was a cry of pain, and the sheriff's eyes rested upon the tense face of his subordinate with as near an approach to sympathy as he would permit himself. But when he spoke there was finality in the tone.

"No, Hayden. You're the man for the work. If any one can take Lennox without resistance, it's you. If any one can bring him safely here, it's you."

In spite of his agitation, Hayden felt a wave of triumphant satisfaction, for no stronger praise could have come from the lips of his chief.

"I don't believe Bob would put up a fight if I went after him," he acknowledged, more composedly; "and I'd bring him here safe."

Whalen regarded him meaningfully.

"If he *did* put up a fight?" he suggested.

Hayden raised his eyes until they met those of the sheriff squarely, unflinchingly.

"If I went after Lennox, I'd take him or I'd shoot him," he said slowly, weighing each word.

"Of course," was the brief rejoinder.

Whalen gazed reflectively out of the window to where the hot afternoon sun beat heavily upon the adobe of the low house across the sand-laden street. Shrill voices of boys disputing over a game of marbles came through the open window in a flood of Mexican linguals. Then he turned to the young fellow opposite him.

"It's a ticklish situation, Hayden, and you'll have to use your gumption in handling it. I can't block out your plan of action. I give you a free hand. Depuite as many men as you need, and go at the thing in your own way. I only advise you not to show personal feeling in the matter."

"I understand."

When the young man had left the room, Whalen reached down and picked up the paper. For some minutes he sat thoughtfully re-reading the following article, which occupied the conspicuous place on the front page:

THE WIDOW'S STATEMENT TO A TRUTH-LOVING PUBLIC.

Bob Lennox came to our ranch in the afternoon of June 20. Stephen Stovel, my husband, was sitting with our baby on his lap. I was sitting by his side. Mr. Lennox came a shooting and he kept on a

shooting. He shot my husband down in cold blood and killed him. Then he turned to me and with a wicked oath he says:

"What are you going to swear to?"

"I'm going to swear to the truth," I said.

"Then I'll kill you too," he said with another wicked oath.

I begged him not to, and he said:

"Then I'll kill the baby!"

I got down on my knees and begged him not to kill my poor little baby that had been sitting on its father's lap when the cold-blooded murderer came and murdered him. He kept on saying he would kill me and my poor little baby, and screeching and hollering, and at last after I begged him so hard to spare us he got on his horse and rode off. He is a villain, and if he gets justice he will be hung like he deserves.

JENNIE STOVEL.

Whalen sat looking at the paper in his hand from under knit brows. No man in the Southwest knew better than he the effect that such a communication would have on the popular mind. A woman, that most venerated of all God's handiwork, had pointed her sacred finger at a man and cried aloud that at his hands she had not only been widowed—a thing that might have been allowed to pass, with condolences, as being a doubtful injury to her—but she had been cursed and threatened in the hallowed precincts of her own home. The chivalry rampant in a frontier community would certainly never tolerate such an outrage.

That picture of sweet domesticity, the child on its father's knee, the young mother by her husband's side; that scene upon which the "cold-blooded murderer" had burst "a shooting," and at which he had "kept on a shooting" was a brand to fire men's veins with righteous wrath.

Whalen well knew that the open threats of the street-corner groups and saloon habitués were no idle talk. The fact had been completely overlooked that Stovell was a man of evil disposition and trouble-making proclivities, while Lennox was known to be quiet and well-mannered. It sufficed that a woman accused him of an atrocity. As a mere man, his word weighed nothing against hers. She was left without any protector save the public, and unquestionably that public would see that her wrongs should be avenged.

"The Widow's Statement" was reprinted in every paper of the Territory, and while some of the clearer-headed shared Whalen's doubts of its complete accuracy, the consensus of opinion was that Lennox should be promptly and effectually lynched.

The widow returned to her mother's roof in the small town from which the

deceased Stovell had taken her, a buxom but blushing bride, two years previously. There had been some speculation at the time as to the manner in which he proposed to support her, it being well known that his assets consisted of an elaborately carved six-shooter, a pair of angora leggings, a seventy-dollar saddle, and a twenty-dollar buckskin bronco. But these doubts were soon silenced by the report that Bob Lennox had sold to him on time, with no security except a chattel mortgage on the property, a ranch and five hundred head of cattle.

After that the couple had dropped out of sight, except on those widely separated occasions when Stovell came to town for provisions, or with a bunch of beef cattle. At such times he was wont to imbibe of good cheer to the point of becoming confidential with whatsoever audience he could command, and pouring out his secret woes. In this way it became known that "Jen" was wont to "wipe up the floor" with her lord and master when she deemed that proceeding conducive to his welfare; and furthermore that Lennox was a "dirty dog," because to him must be paid the money from the steer sale, a piece of robbery under guise of interest on the mortgage. Stovell referred to this transaction as "taking the bread from a poor man's mouth." "Taking the whisky from a poor man's lips" would perhaps have been a truer phrase.

On his last appearance in town, he had imbibed more freely than usual, and had confided to the public, with more noise than usual, that he had let that descended - from - questionable - ancestors Lennox rob him for the last time, and that the above-described usurer had seen the last cent he was ever going to see from the sale of the mortgaged cattle. Drunken confidences are taken for what they are worth in an Arizona cow-town, and it was only when the news came that Lennox had shot and killed Stovell that the latter's speeches were recalled. Judgment on the affair had been suspended, awaiting particulars, until "The Widow's Statement" kindled the combustible passion of the community.

When the widow reappeared in her native town, clad in elaborate and trailing mourning, she was an object of ostentatious regard. To all comers she recounted the affair with effective tears, always closing with the declaration that Lennox was a ghoul—"gowl" she called it—and that she was going to demand permission to "jerk the rope when he's

hung"—a delicate sentiment which was much applauded.

II.

FOUR days after Hayden set out on his unwelcome task, Whalen received the following telegram in cipher:

Am bringing Lennox *via* Esmeraldo. Give it out that we arrive at Leonard on to-morrow's north-bound.

The news spread like wildfire. An hour before the train was due, the little station of Leonard was engulfed in a sullen, expectant crowd, in the midst of which, attended by a dozen or more ladies-in-waiting, moved the widow. In her regal arms she bore her baby, from whose tiny shoulder depended a streamer of black ribbon.

At that moment two men seated in the smoker of the train approaching Esmeraldo, twenty miles away, were talking in lowered tones. One of them was a large man with a serious cast of countenance, which at the moment, however, was relaxed in a smile. His companion was young, of medium build, with a boyish look in the comely face, and a lurking twinkle in the blue eyes. He was looking with a quizzical smile at two badly lacerated hands which he held out before him.

"Lord, I didn't know a woman *could* cuss like that!" he observed with simple sincerity. "If you think she won't fight, just match a scrap with her!"

Hayden's smile expanded into a grin.

"She came at me like a wildcat," the other continued, "even before Stovet made a move. I jerked loose from her just in time to git these here"—he pointed to a bullet-hole in his vest and another on the under side of his coat sleeve. "By that time I tumbled to the fact that something was doing, and got into the play myself." His voice lost its light tone. "I shot to kill—it was the only way in God's world I could have got away from that house—but four more shots come from Stovet's six-shooter after I fired my two, and I didn't think I'd got him. When he fell I went to him to see if I could help him, but"—again the quizzical smile played around the boyish mouth—"well, I didn't know a woman *could* cuss like that. She looked nine feet high, and she's as strong as an ox. There weren't any more cartridges in Stovet's gun, or I reckon she'd have sent me up Salt River right then; but she worked me over a plenty. It makes me plumb ashamed to think how that woman did handle me! Finally I broke

loose and legged it to beat the band for my horse. She says *I* swore at *her*, does she?"

Hayden nodded.

"It's what I git for trying to do a white thing for once. I sold Stovet them cattle on the terms I did out of pure sympathy for the poor woman he'd married and was settin' out to starve to death. I reckon it was unreasonable of me to want the interest on the mortgage, and showed murderous intent for me to go to see why it hadn't been paid. Now she's trying to git me lynched, is she?"

Hayden nodded again.

"Women is curious critters," Lennox observed, with the manner of a man perceiving a vital truth for the first time.

The train was slowing down at Esmeraldo, and the two alighted, as any two white-hatted, booted men might have done, without causing comment.

"We'll go up to Curly Bill's place. Curly is solid. He'll put us up somewhere till dark; then we'll get a rig and drive into Leonard in the night."

The deputy sheriff led off toward the most conspicuous building in town, the Cowboy's Rest. His prisoner strode along abreast.

Curly Bill, the proprietor, greeted Hayden with loud enthusiasm, calling him vile names in the genuineness of his delight at seeing him. Hayden replied in a hurried undertone, and Curly Bill's little eyes widened in astonishment. Then he nodded his head vigorously.

"What'll you have, gentlemen?" he cried when the conference was at an end. "Step up!"

"Thanks, Bill, but it's against the regulations."

A man entered at the moment, just in time to catch Hayden's reply. He looked with sudden intentness at the two strangers, and his eyelids narrowed. Curly Bill shot a quick, uneasy glance toward him and then another toward Lennox, who was leaning against the bar and smoking contemplatively. Hayden, seated at a card-table, writing a despatch to Whalen, was for the moment oblivious to all else. Under pretense of picking up some scattered playing-cards, Curly Bill retired to a far corner of the room. As he had expected, the newcomer followed.

"Who's them fellers?" he demanded pointedly.

"Friends of mine," returned Curly Bill tentatively.

"Lookee here, Bill, I'm constable of this town, and I've a right to be put on to what's up. I know there is only one

regulation which says two men in a saloon can't take a drink. *A officer with a prisoner dassn't drink.*"

Curly Bill, not a rapid thinker under ordinary circumstances, rose to the occasion with unwonted swiftness.

"It's Hayden and Bob Lennox," he whispered. The man started visibly, but Curly Bill restrained him by an imperative gesture. "It's the deuce of a situation, too," he went on rapidly. "Lennox has got Hayden's six-shooter; and while he ain't resisting right now, it's a sure thing he's goin' to when he gits a right good show. I reckon Hayden got careless, and Lennox jumped at his chance."

He looked meaningly at Hayden's unconscious back. The other man followed the look, and noted the bulge in Hayden's coat above the hip pocket.

Curly Bill returned to his place behind the bar, his face screwed into a comical perplexity. He felt himself to be the pivot of a precarious situation. He was in honor bound to protect Lennox. Curly Bill's word had never yet been wilfully broken, whatever other sins might be justly charged to his account. He knew the constable of Esmeraldo to be an officious and garrulous person, not to be trusted, in spite of his position, with so important a secret as the presence of Bob Lennox in town. He would without doubt insist upon a share in the glory of the capture. Hayden's speech had aroused his suspicions, and Curly Bill saw that the situation was a difficult one.

"Do you keep water in this joint?" asked the deputy sheriff.

"Right out in the back yard there you'll find the pump," Bill answered promptly.

As Hayden disappeared through the back door, he shot a quick look at the questioning constable. That individual at once followed the deputy outside.

"Now, Mr. Lennox," said Bill hastily, "just step through that side door into my bedroom."

Lennox, without fully comprehending, obeyed, while Curly Bill hurried into the back yard. Hayden's head was immersed in the two-quart stew-pan which served in the capacity of a dipper. He did not hear a stealthy footstep behind him, and it was only when a swift, practised hand reached under his coat and abstracted his six-shooter that he whirled about—to face his own weapon cocked within an inch of his nose.

"You're my prisoner!"

The constable's voice was sternly triumphant.

"What in thunder—" Hayden began, but he caught Curly Bill's covert signal. A flash of comprehension saved him from completing the sentence. "You've won," he said with eager docility. "Only get me in your jail quick!"

The constable grunted approval, and silently the two men moved off toward the little frame building which did double duty as office of the justice of the peace and temporary jail for local malefactors. In the rear room the constable locked Hayden, and returned to the Cowboy's Rest.

He returned a few moments later with Curly Bill. Elaborately fastening the door behind them, the constable turned briskly to his prisoner.

"You will receive all the protection it is in my power to give you," he observed sententiously.

Curly Bill was blowing his nose vigorously. He spoke in a choked voice.

"Hayden thinks he'd better ride on to Leonard and get Whalen. I've let him have a horse, and he can make it in two hours."

"I feel better, Mr. Bill," murmured Hayden gratefully.

III.

FATE in the guise of a hot-box on the north-bound took a hand in the affair at this juncture, and the train which was supposed to be carrying Hayden and his prisoner was delayed for two hours midway between Leonard and Esmeraldo. The crowd at the Leonard station became restive, but waited with a steady purpose. When finally the train drew in, and two Mexicans alighted, a hoarse murmur of disappointment arose. The mob moved off toward the jail, with a sort of aimless intention of demanding explanations from Whalen.

A horseman was tying a lather-coated pony to the hitching-post before the door of the sheriff's office. His movements were deliberate. He watched the approach of the mob curiously, but with composure. When it was quite close he turned and walked into Whalen's presence. For once in his life, that gentleman, immune to surprises as he deemed himself to be, was palpably taken aback.

"They've got Hayden in jail down at Esmeraldo, thinkin' it's me. I'm here."

Lennox paused, as having said all that was necessary. From the street below a composite growl came in through the open window. Coolly Whalen took from his desk a large iron key.

"Take this," he said briefly, "and put yourself in jail. I'll speak to your friends out there."

Without a word Lennox took the profered key and walked down the corridor. A second later the steel gate clanged behind him.

When Whalen appeared in the street door, a death-like silence greeted him. His voice carried distinctly to the outermost circle of men.

"A messenger from Esmeraldo has just arrived, and tells me they have a man in jail down there that they think is Lennox. I am going down on the south-bound to see about it."

"The south-bound passes in half an hour."

The cry was passed along, and the mob moved off again toward the station. Whalen stood for a moment looking searchingly through the moving crowd. Then he called out:

"Mrs. Stovet, I wish to speak to you in my office."

A massive figure in black, carrying a black-streamered baby, came forward. Several of the faithful moved at her side. Whalen waved the women back and ushered the widow before him into his private room. There was a decisiveness in manner that made Mrs. Stovet uneasy. She divined that this stern-featured man would let the fact of her sex weigh less with him than a trifling thing like abstract justice. She stood with downcast eyes, waiting for him to make an opening.

"I shall return immediately," he said. "Kindly remain here."

In a moment he was back, and the startled gaze of Jennie Stovet met the no less startled gaze of Bob Lennox!

Whalen stepped to the woman's side.

"Madam, don't you *dare* scream!" His tone stifled the outcry that was on her lips. "Sit down," he said briefly.

Submissive, she sank into a chair, dropping the baby on the floor at her feet.

"Mr. Lennox has not yet seen the statement which you have published in the papers," Whalen began in a cold monotone. "I wish to read it to him in your presence." A stifled groan came from the black figure, but Whalen went on inexorably. "That statement is wholly responsible for the present attempt to lynch Mr. Lennox. I do not believe for a moment that you intended it should have that effect. No good woman would."

The baby, unobserved, had crept across

the floor, and was pulling itself to its feet by the prisoner's leg. Lennox turned crimson, but raised the child to his knee. Whalen affected not to notice. Holding the paper in his hand, he struck it sharply with his forefinger.

"You will be called upon in court to repeat under oath what you have asserted here, and, madam, I do not think that any jury will believe it!"

He began reading "The Widow's Statement" slowly. A broken cry stopped him. Jennie Stovet was in a paroxysm of tears. The two men looked at her in consternation. Whalen spoke more gently:

"Keep cool, madam; I will not read it if you do not wish."

A black-bordered handkerchief was being vigorously applied to the tearful eyes, and presently the woman raised her head. All the assurance was gone from her face.

"I'll tell you the truth," she murmured unsteadily.

"Keep cool, madam," soothed Whalen. "Take your time."

"It was like this," she began, speaking rapidly. "We had a awful hard time to git along. It seemed like the interest always come due when we was hardest-pinch'd. Steve drank, and it was pretty much hell all 'round. Well, the day Mr. Lennox come to the ranch Steve was drinking, and was ugly. He told me he was goin' to kill him. When Mr. Lennox stepped to the door, I run at him to tell him to go away—and Steve shot. Yes, he shot first. I don't know what happened then. I just knew that Lennox was tryin' to kill Steve, and I fought. I fought like any woman would that was fightin' for her husband. When Steve fell he"—she flashed a quick look at Lennox, whose eyes were riveted on her face—"he come to help him. I was so wild at him for killin' Steve that I jumped on him and clawed him and told him to git out of the house. Steve was conscious for a while, and he told me what to say and what to do, and, to the best of my ability, I done it."

The black-bordered handkerchief appeared again for an instant in the widow's hand. Then the tale continued in its even monotone.

"Steve said if it was proved that he shot first, I didn't stand no show to keep the ranch and cattle, and that worried him. He knowed we—baby and me—didn't have nothin' else in the world. I didn't think much about *that*, but Steve said when the baby growed up she

wouldn't like to have folks sayin' her daddy shot first. Lennox, he didn't have no baby, and—and anyhow, Steve was dyin', and I said what he told me to, like any woman would. That's all!"

Lennox set the child on the floor and walked the length of the room before any one spoke. Then he faced the drooped, sobbing figure.

"Mrs. Stovel, you've told the truth like a good woman. I respect you for your loyalty to your husband. Of course I can't say anything about being sorry I had to kill him, but I can make it all right about the ranch and cattle. I'll deed the ranch to you, and part of the cattle. I don't want you or the baby to suffer."

When the south-bound drew into Esmeraldo the inhabitants of that peaceful town were considerably surprised to see a concourse of howling Leonardites pile tumultuously out on the platform. While explanations were being made, and recruits gathered, a figure stepped unobserved from the cab of the locomotive and walked hastily to the frame building where the constable, faithful to his trust, sat on guard with his rifle across his knee. A hurried but convincing conference made that doughty officer look wonderfully crestfallen.

When the mob appeared it was greeted by three men—Whalen, Hayden, and

the constable of Esmeraldo. Whalen mounted a chair and spoke in a loud voice.

"The prisoner who was held here is none other than your fellow townsman, Hayden. Is not that so, Mr. Constable?" A sheepish acquiescence was vouchsafed him. "Bob Lennox is safely in jail at Leonard, but, gentlemen, I want to assure you that he will be promptly released. I have in my pocket an affidavit made by the widow in my presence which will clear him!"

An incredulous murmur greeted the statement. When it had subsided, Whalen continued:

"Mrs. Stovel has explained satisfactorily, and with great credit to herself, the reason for her statement in the papers. She was acting from a sense of loyalty to her dead husband, a sentiment which every man in this crowd will heartily indorse. I repeat, all honor is due, Mrs. Stovel!"

A wild cheer, an outburst of pent-up excitement, drowned his voice. Whalen stepped down, and Hayden mounted the chair thus vacated.

"Friends," he cried, "I am requested to announce that Curly Bill will stand treat for the crowd!"

A scramble ensued, and a jovial, well-satisfied mob drank deep to the health of "the women, God bless 'em!"

A VILLANELLE OF YOUTH.

LOVER of life am I;
Life also loves me well,
The while fair youth be nigh.

Beneath a cloud-decked sky,
Beside this forest dell,
Lover of life am I;

Never to know a sigh,
Never to break the spell,
The while fair youth be nigh.

So, while the heart beats high,
In sweet content I dwell;
Lover of life am I.

Oh, who will tell me why
The toilers buy and sell,
The while fair youth be nigh?

Oh, I should wish to die
Ere age shall toll my knell.
Lover of life am I,
The while fair youth be nigh!

Blue Haverson.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

FIFTY-TWO YEARS OF GROWTH FROM THE FARM TO THE GREATEST FINANCIAL EMINENCE IN THE WORLD—THE POSSESSOR OF A SELF-MADE FORTUNE THREE TIMES LARGER THAN THAT OF THE NEXT RICHEST MAN, ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THERE is perhaps no man in the world more widely discussed than John D. Rockefeller. For many years he has been a foremost figure in the public eye. His position as the dominant force in the upbuilding of the great organization of the Standard Oil Company, and his enormous wealth, have made him the chief figure among our greatest captains of industry.

On page 101 we are publishing an excellent likeness of Mr. Rockefeller. We are publishing it because it is an excellent likeness, and, too, because it is a work of art. I don't mean to say that Mr. Rockefeller himself is a work of art, any more than are other men of his rugged, virile type. But the portrait itself is from the brush of a clever artist, and is, therefore, a work of art.

We are not publishing this portrait because we feel called upon to condemn Mr. Rockefeller horizontally, as so many writers are wont to do; neither are we publishing it because we wish to praise and glorify him. We are publishing it because people have quite as keen an interest in seeing a faithful portrait of a much-talked-of man, as they have in the imperfect and more or less frenzied portraits of him reflected from cold type.

Naturally, I have a strong admiration for the man who is first in his line in his little world, and a corresponding admiration for the man who is first in his line in the great, big, entire world. It does not so much matter what the line is, within the limits of honest and honorable effort—whether it be farming, brick-laying, engineering, preaching, the law, medicine, or finance. I don't care what it is, let it even be hod-carrying or shoe-shining. It is not the line, but it is the superiority of the individual workmanship in that line that counts, and gives distinction and bigness of stature.

It is purely in this sense that Mr. Rockefeller stands out unique among the great figures of the world. His work-

manship in his chosen field, that of the organization and development of a colossal business, has been of so sure and certain a character, so free from erring judgment, and so sound in conception and execution, that, starting as a poor farm-boy in northern New York, he is to-day, at the age of sixty-five, and has been for many years, the richest man in the world.

And this means more, vastly more, when you come to analyze it, than it would mean to be the greatest painter, or greatest statesman, or greatest lawyer, or greatest physician in the world. Now, don't misunderstand me. I don't mean to say, and no one must fancy that I do say, that to be the richest man in the world is greater than to be a great statesman, a great lawyer, or a great physician. On the contrary, I mean nothing of the kind.

It is possible for a man to be very rich and be a great curse to the world. It is possible, also, for a man to be very rich and be a blessing to the world. But the point I wish to bring out is this—that the professional man, at most, competes only with a single generation. He, or his competitors, in any and all fields, inherit nothing except brain, and the particular slant of brain that in their chosen line amounts to genius.

In contrast with this, the rich man must measure his possessions with the accumulated possessions of centuries—the accumulated savings of generations.

The great fortunes of the two branches of the Astors were founded a century ago, and from generation to generation the great bulk of each of them has been handed over to one member of the family, with the distinct purpose to build bigger and bigger, and all the while bigger, this mass of money.

The same thing is true of the two branches of the Vanderbilt family. The original fortune was founded by Commodore Vanderbilt, who left about

seventy-five millions when he died in 1887. Most of this went to his son William H., who quadrupled it. He in turn, after providing amply for his other children, divided the greater part of his money between two of his sons, Cornelius and William K., thus establishing two great moneyed houses, as is the case with the Astors. William K. Vanderbilt is still alive, and holds his fortune intact. Cornelius, at his death, left most of his estate to his son Alfred G. Vanderbilt.

The founder of the Rothschild wealth was born in 1746, and the family possessions have had considerably more than a century of constant accumulation.

With these great hereditary fortunes, which to the boy Rockefeller must have loomed up like towering mountains of gold, he was destined to compete, and eventually to overshadow them. Viewed in this light, the light of accomplishment, and measured by the work of other men, he stands out alone, wholly in a class by himself.

Carnegie is another solitary figure, also standing alone in a class by himself. He, too, began his career at as low a level as did Rockefeller. But the enormous wealth of Carnegie—three hundred million dollars, we will say for want of accurate figures—is probably about one-

third that of Rockefeller, possibly not even one third. This statement suggests, and nothing can do more than suggest dimly, the matchless creative and organizing brain of the man who in fifty years, from the time of his leaving the farm to the present, could so overwhelmingly distance the whole world as a financial genius.

The foregoing is merely one view of John D. Rockefeller. It has nothing to do with the man himself—his personality, his habits of life, or his characteristics. Neither has it anything to do with his business methods. I dare say he has his faults in ample measure. I have not had the time to make a study of him and his life work. And as I do not know him personally, I cannot write intelligently and accurately of him. If it were the purpose of this little article to portray the man, to criticize him, or to say flattering things of him, whatever I might say would have no value. To write as one should write of a man, one must know him and know him well.

What I have said about Mr. Rockefeller's achievements in the single groove of fortune-building did not require personal acquaintance with him. Nor does it involve either approval or disapproval of his career.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The portrait of John D. Rockefeller on the opposite page, and that of the Crown Princess of Rumania which forms the frontispiece of this number of MUNSEY'S, are two characteristic specimens—all the more so because they are so widely different—of the work of one of the most interesting of contemporary portrait-painters.

Arthur de Ferraris is interesting both for his art and for his personality. An Austrian by nationality, a Parisian by training, a cosmopolitan by instinct, he has traveled and worked all over Europe and has several times crossed the Atlantic. He is a favorite painter of royalty—a fact which supplies gratifying evidence of the general advance in the artistic education of kings and queens. In the old days when art was the servant, almost the slave, of the great, painters had to represent their august patrons as stately figures of imposing aspect, wearing gorgeous robes of state, sitting calmly on prancing chargers. Sometimes angels hovered at the top of the picture, as if Omnipotence had loaned them to enhance the glories of a brother potentate.

Nowadays, a king would laugh at such adulation. Of course, human nature has not lost its taste for an occasional spice of flattery. Winterhalter, for instance, charmed the courts of Victoria and Napoleon III by his skill in making commonplace countenances look handsome on canvas. That is an art which pleases patrons of all classes—all the more, perhaps, as we descend the social scale. But the great and rich have learned, in these days, to submit to the unsparing analysis of a Lenbach or a Sargent, and to sit contentedly to so faithful a limner as Ferraris.

As a portraitist, a reporter of the brush, Ferraris "naught extenuates and sets down naught in malice." Less of a "painters' painter" than Sargent, less of a popularity-seeker than Chartran, his work is midway between the poles of rugged strength and decorative smoothness. It is solid, honest, and virile. His versatility is capitally instanced in the two specimens reproduced in this magazine. The one shows the charming young matron in whose veins runs the bluest blood of Britain and Russia, and who will one day be Queen of Rumania; the other is an equally successful characterization of the veteran American captain of industry who has met and mastered the keenest minds in the arena where is fought the keenest struggle of a money-seeking world.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

By courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company from the portrait by Arthur de Ferrari.

[See page 99.]



WHEN ONE OF THE LITTLE NAVIES CAME TO THE RESCUE OF THE GREAT ONE—THE REVENUE CUTTER HUDSON TOWING THE DISABLED TORPEDO BOAT WINSLOW FROM UNDER THE SPANISH BATTERIES AT CARDENAS, MAY 11, 1898.

UNCLE SAM'S SEVEN NAVIES.

BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

BESIDES THE GREAT FIGHTING NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES, THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS SIX MINOR FLEETS—THE USEFUL WORK THESE LITTLE NAVIES DO IN THE CALLINGS OF PEACE, AND THE GOOD SERVICE THEY HAVE RENDERED IN TIME OF WAR.

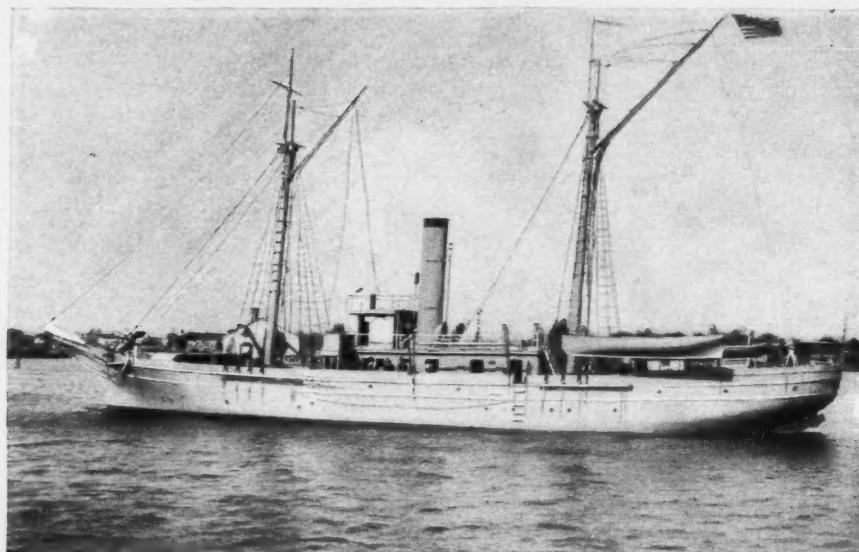
EVERYBODY knows about the navy of America—the mighty war navy on which we expect to spend one hundred and fourteen million dollars this year, and for which we are building some of the most powerful battleships afloat. But that is not the only navy we have. There are half a dozen others, each a respectable fleet in itself, doing a useful, and in some cases a brilliant, work of its own.

Next to the great war fleet, the most notable of Uncle Sam's navies is the revenue marine. The Revenue Cutter Service is older than the Navy Department itself. It was founded in 1790, in the very first year of George Washington's first Presidential term, and attached to the Treasury Department, under which it has remained ever since. It is organized on the strictest naval basis, with a corps of commissioned officers on life tenure, a force of regularly

enlisted men, and a cadet-training system corresponding to that of the bigger service at Annapolis. Naval discipline prevails on all the ships, and the men have the same instruction in the use of arms that is given in the navy.

THE REVENUE CUTTERS CAN FIGHT.

In time of peace, the revenue cutters enforce the navigation laws, look after the quarantine regulations, give help to vessels and crews in distress, and oversee the drill of life-saving crews and the construction and inspection of life-saving stations. In time of hostilities, they become part of the navy, doing all the work that other war-ships do. Seven of them took part in the brush with France, which constituted the very first war in which our young republic ever became involved, after it had established its independence. They helped to put down piracy in the West Indies. They



THE REVENUE CUTTER WOODBURY, A TYPICAL VESSEL OF THE REVENUE MARINE, MOUNTING TWO GUNS, AND STATIONED AT PORTLAND, MAINE.

had an honorable share in the War of 1812. They served in the Seminole War and in the war with Mexico. In the Paraguay expedition of 1858, the revenue cutter Harriet Lane was declared by the naval commodore in command to be the most efficient ship in his fleet. The same vessel, and a number of her mates, performed valuable services in the Civil War.

Twenty revenue cutters, with seventy-one guns and nearly a thousand officers and men, took part in the war with Spain. Eight of them were under Sampson in Cuban waters; one was with Dewey at Manila; four helped to protect the Pacific Coast, and seven patroled and guarded the harbor mine fields from Boston to New Orleans.

AT THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

The Hugh McCulloch—named after the Indiana veteran who was Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, Johnson, and Arthur—chanced to be on her way from New York to San Francisco, via the Suez Canal, for service on the Pacific Coast, when she was ordered to join Dewey. With his fleet she sailed from Hong Kong to Manila, and ran past the batteries at the mouth of the bay in the night of April 30, 1898. During the battle of the following morning, by the admiral's orders, she kept just outside the fighting-line, ready to give

any help that might be needed. When the victory was won, she carried the despatches that gave the first news of it to the American people. Thereafter she was indefatigable in blockading duty, she received the surrender of the Spanish gunboat Leyte, and she industriously enforced Admiral Dewey's regulations upon the foreign shipping in Manila Bay. The admiral acknowledged her usefulness and efficiency in a special report, which he requested the Navy Department to forward to the Secretary of the Treasury. "A valuable auxiliary to the squadron," he called her.

FIGHTING IN CUBAN WATERS.

When the torpedo boat Winslow ran into a trap at Cardenas, on May 11, 1898, when the Spanish gunboats and shore batteries were pounding her to pieces, and had already killed Ensign Bagley and half her crew, the revenue cutter Hudson came bravely to the rescue. In the very vortex of a fire guided by exact knowledge of the range, this little vessel came alongside, made fast to the disabled and drifting hulk after half an hour of desperate work, and finally succeeded in towing off the torpedo boat and saving her wounded commander and the rest of his crew from certain death or capture.

This exploit was commended by President McKinley, along with the services

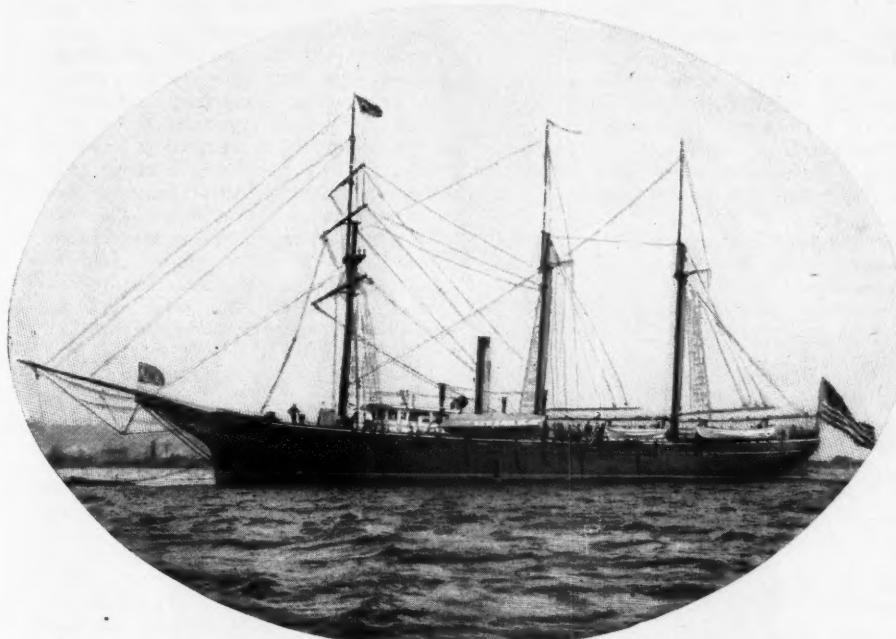
of the McCulloch at Manila, in a message to Congress.

On the very day on which the Hudson was saving the Winslow at Cardenas, the revenue cutter Windom attacked the Spanish batteries at Cienfuegos, and helped the Marblehead and the Nashville to destroy the cable station at the mouth of the harbor. Her action won the signal from the flagship: "Well done, Windom!"

The Manning took part in the block-

voy Shafter's army to Santiago, and to guard its base of supplies after the landing in Cuba.

So much did the regular navy depend upon the minor navies in the daily work of this war that at one time the force blockading Havana was composed of three revenue cutters, two lighthouse tenders, and one gunboat. The revenue cutter Woodbury was one of the targets of the last guns fired from the Morro batteries at Havana before the close of



THE STEAMER PATTERSON, ONE OF THE SEVENTEEN VESSELS THAT FORM THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY—DURING LAST YEAR THE PATTERSON WAS SURVEYING IN CHINESE WATERS.

ades of both coasts of Cuba, and varied the monotony of the service by frequent fights with the batteries and troops on shore. She helped in cable-cutting work at different points, and in the trying period when Cervera's fleet was expected to turn up anywhere at any time she was the sole dependence of the blockading squadron off Havana for news of the enemy's approach. It was known that the Spanish admiral's force was strong enough to wipe out the blockading detachment at that point, and the Manning was stationed between the threatened squadron and the enemy's probable line of approach to give the first warning of danger. Later she helped to con-

hostilities; and the very last shots of the war were exchanged between two Spanish gunboats and the lighthouse tender Mangrove, two days after the signing of the peace protocol.

THE MARINER'S FRIEND IN NEED.

War service is only an incident in the work of the revenue marine. Its regular duty is as a navy of peace. Its enemies are the enemies of mankind—storms and icebergs and treacherous shores. During the last fiscal year it gave assistance to a hundred and fifty-four vessels in distress, carrying more than twelve hundred people. It rescued twenty-four persons from actual drown-

ing. It kept twenty-six cruisers and fourteen harbor vessels in commission through the year, patrolling all the waters of the United States, Bering Sea, the Arctic Ocean north of Alaska, and the shores of Hawaii. More than once a revenue cutter has saved the Pacific whaling fleet from disaster in the Arctic ice-pack. The officers of the service have crossed Alaska in sledges in the dead of

vessels, they allowed only thirty-four to be lost. They cared for more than six hundred of the survivors in their stations. They saved one hundred and three other persons, not on ships, from dangerous positions. They gave assistance or warning to four hundred and fifty-two vessels which escaped shipwreck.

A first-class revenue cutter is a gun-boat of respectable size and armament.



THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION'S SCHOONER GRAMPUS, WHICH SPENT LAST SUMMER COLLECTING EGG-BEARING LOBSTERS AND COD TO REPLENISH THE NEW ENGLAND FISHING-GROUNDS.

winter, carrying help to imprisoned whalers. The names of the Bear and Thetis are classical in the records of the frozen seas.

It would seem only fair to give the revenue marine some of the credit for the work of the life-saving service, whose crews it trains and inspects. The surf boats of that service face the breakers of the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Gulf, and the great lakes. Two hundred and seventy-three crews stand guard about the coasts. The latest report shows that during twelve months they gave help in seven hundred and seventy marine disasters. Of more than thirty-three hundred persons on board of the disabled

The little Hudson, which saved the Winslow at Cardenas, is only third class—less than a hundred feet long and of only a hundred and twenty-eight tons. There are twenty-nine vessels of more importance in the service—some of them of six or seven times her size. Yet there was a day when the United States could not have spared the Hudson.

THE ARMY'S FLEET OF TRANSPORTS.

If the navy must have its army in the Marine Corps, naturally the army must have its navy. During the Philippine campaign the army had a fighting navy of gunboats, commanded by army officers, but at present its nearest approach

to such a force is a fleet of troop-ships to serve its own convenience.

The army transport service would rank, on a commercial basis, with the great passenger steamship lines of the world. It has eighteen ships, ten of them of more than five thousand tons each. It maintains a regular monthly schedule between San Francisco and Manila, carrying in the last year more than twenty-eight thousand passengers and a hundred thousand tons of freight, beside money and mails. All that work was done by four of the eighteen transports. Four others furnish a service among the islands of the Philippine group, and last year they carried nearly twenty-five thousand passengers and more than nineteen thousand tons of freight. With only twelve thousand soldiers in the Philippines, and ten officers and men in Porto Rico, the transport service is small now compared with its tremendous expansion at the time when we had seventy thousand men in the Philippines, twenty thousand in Cuba, and five thousand in Porto Rico.

Persistent efforts, which at one time were on the point of success, have been made by private steamship interests to secure the abolition of the whole system. It has been said that the government could hire its transportation much more cheaply than it can do the work itself. But the quartermaster-general's latest figures show that the transports did the year's work for six hundred thousand dollars less than the lowest rates demanded by the steamship companies for the same service. And it would not have been the same service at that, for our soldiers are now carried in the government's vessels with a degree of comfort, and even luxury, that is not equaled on the troop-ships of any other country. And when they are suffering from disease or wounds they find, in hospital ship *Relief*, a floating sanitarium in which it is almost a pleasure to be ill.

We might say that the army had four navies, for the engineer department operates a fleet of more than two hundred vessels; the quartermaster's department has two dozen, besides the transports, and the Mississippi River Commission has nearly fifty. But these are all small craft, designed for river and harbor service, and hardly eligible for a space in the national naval exhibition.

THE FISH COMMISSION'S LITTLE NAVY.

Four of Uncle Sam's navies are run by a single department, and that the

newest of all. When the Department of Commerce and Labor was organized for Mr. Cortelyou, it seems as if all the odds and ends that did not exactly belong anywhere else were gathered together and placed in its charge. Among the rest, it secured the fleets of the Fish Commission, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Lighthouse Board, and the Immigration Commission.

The Fish Commission's fleet is small, but it would be hard to exaggerate its usefulness. It contains only the steamers *Albatross*, *Fish Hawk*, and *Phalarope*, and the schooner *Grampus*. The *Albatross* is perhaps the most perfectly equipped vessel afloat for the study of marine life. She has the most improved dredges, sounding apparatus, nets, trawls, tanks for preserving living specimens, and all the apparatus of a complete biological laboratory. Last year she established four hundred dredging and collecting stations. She explored the Hawaiian channels and banks, traced the great shelf on which the island group rests to a depth of more than a mile, and studied the swarming rookeries of seabirds on Laysan Island, the favorite home of the original albatross. She cruised among other lonely islets of the Pacific, making collections and surveying previously uncharted waters, and then she carried an expedition headed by President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, to investigate the condition of the Alaskan salmon fisheries.

The *Fish Hawk* did similar service among the fisheries of our southern Atlantic coast, including the sponge grounds of Florida. The *Grampus* collected egg-bearing lobsters and cod to replenish the New England fisheries. These vessels, in connection with the hatcheries on shore, do much to enable the American fishing industry, the largest in the world, and an important source of our national wealth, to keep its two hundred thousand men and its six thousand boats employed.

THE NAVY OF THE CHART-MAKERS.

Eleven steamers and six sailing vessels fly the flag of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and do work necessary to the maintenance of America's position as a civilized nation. A civilized nation charts its coast so that the mariners of the world may traverse its waters in safety. An uncivilized or half civilized nation leaves the task to be done by others. The ships and men of the United



THE STEAMER FISH HAWK, ONE OF THE LARGEST VESSELS IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

States Coast and Geodetic Survey have run a spidery lacework of triangles from Passamaquoddy Bay to the Rio Grande, and from San Diego to the Arctic Ocean; and, since we acquired a colonial empire, they have thrown their web across the Pacific to Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines, and out in the Atlantic around Porto Rico.

Nor have they confined their work to the waters under our flag. Last year the Patterson was surveying in China.

In the four hundred years of Spanish rule, the task of charting the Philippines was hardly begun. Now it is going on vigorously, and sixteen new charts of the island waters were issued last year.

THE WORK OF THE LIGHTHOUSE TENDERS.

Finally we have the prosaic but useful little navy of the Immigration Commission and the cluster of floral beauties that blooms in the garden of the Lighthouse Board. We might imagine the latter to be a fleet of Cleopatra's galleys as we read its poetic list of names, from Amaranth, Arbutus, and Azalea to Water Lily, Wistaria, and Zizania. It gives us a shock to find John Rodgers and Joseph Henry sandwiched between Iris and Jessamine on one side and Lilac and Lily Lotus on the other, or Warrington in a bed of Violets, Verbenas, and Water-Lilies; but these three are the only non-floral names in a fleet

of about forty-five vessels. It is a painful disillusionment to see the squat, ungainly craft that answer to their idyllic appellations—surely the most ungraceful marine constructions that could be found outside a squadron of brick-sows!

But to the lonely keeper on his solitary rock the lighthouse tender is always beautiful. She is welcome as the flowers that bloom in the spring—perhaps that is how she gets her name. Winter and summer, in storm and sunshine, she plods up and down our twenty thousand miles of seacoast like a marine Santa Claus. The light-keeper begins watching for her weeks before her quarterly visit is due. When he sees her smoke on the horizon, it means three months' pay, three months' provisions, and three months' oil for the sacred light at whose altar he worships every night. The lighthouse tender keeps him in touch with the world. It tells him in January, perhaps, whether Roosevelt or Parker was elected in November.

The tender unites fifteen hundred and fifty isolated keepers in the great system that safeguards navigation about our shores. It sees that their work is kept up to the exacting standard that its importance requires. It is part of a great American navy of peace, whose duty is no less useful and no less honorable than that of the navy of war.

STORIETTES

The Golden Cigarettes.

I.

If there was any love to be made in Jimmy Braddon's vicinity, he did that first; other things had to wait. So when the American Mine Developing Company sent him down to Sonora to expert the Montezuma mine, he languished at the feet of Doña Inez Menocal, and the experting waited.

Doña Inez was a tall, beautiful girl, with enchanting lips and teeth, and great black eyes which she had a habit of unveiling in a way that sent skittish sensations coursing from Jimmy's heart to his throat, and back again.

But there were times when the sensations were not skittish—when they were cold and clammy and discomfiting. This was when the dark eyes were disclosed for the delectation of Don Porfirio Lopez, their possessor's cousin, a callow youth with tremendously tight boots and a tremendously big hat, who sang impassioned love songs under the doña's window till Jimmy felt impelled to go down and beat him to a pulp.

Somehow, Jimmy's thousand and one little American fascinations did not seem to avail with the Mexican maid. It was no pleasant thing for a man who, at home in Denver, trod Sixteenth Street with the step of a conquering hero, to be held at arm's length by a simple Mexican girl who in all probability had never seen over the tops of the mountains that bordered her father's *rancho*.

He had just about determined to do something desperate when he got a letter from Reynolds—Reynolds was the president of the company and a man of most forbidding aspect—requesting him to report progress. Since Jimmy had made no progress, there was obviously nothing to report; but the letter had the effect of sending him off to the mine.

He was back in a week, eager for the fray, and anxious to learn of his rival's headway.

The ore samples that he had blasted from the depths of the old Montezuma were to be pulverized, and he determined that for a time the company's business

should receive equal attention with his own. This showed a most unusual state of mind for Jimmy Braddon.

In order to accomplish his noble aims, he carried the ore sacks and the implements of reduction out into the shade of the eucalyptus tree under which the Doña Inez Menocal was wont to while away her drowsy time. He was pounding industriously when he caught sight of her dress as she came shyly from the *patio*. She ventured into the shade of the eucalyptus with a sweet indecision and a smile that stopped Jimmy's pestle in mid air and held it there.

"It is quite warm, *señor*," she murmured in the Spanish that was Jimmy's despair.

He dropped the pestle in astonishment. It was the only time she had ever spoken to him without being addressed first. He never knew just what reply he did make. Of one thing he felt reasonably sure, however—she cared enough for him to break through the cordon of custom and reserve that hedges Mexican girls about. He had knocked around in the land of *poco tiempo* long enough to know the significance of her action.

"I'll make that wasp-waisted cousin of hers look like a piece of worn-out whang in about three days!" he thought to himself.

"The weather is warm, *señor*," repeated the girl after a few moments; "and my cousin says the work is most severe on the hands." Then she blushed adorably.

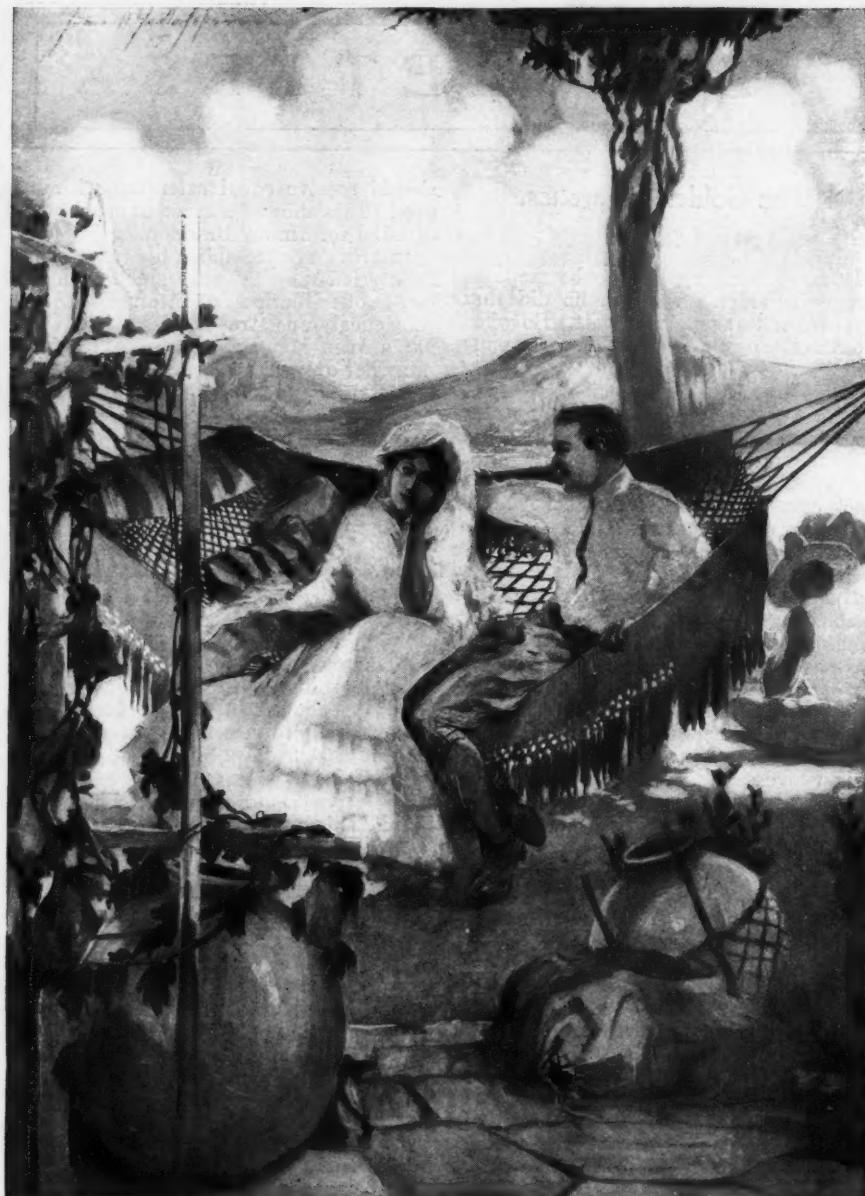
"It is a bit rough, Doña Inez," said Jimmy, rising somewhat awkwardly, and gazing wistfully toward her.

"Then why should the *señor* do such work at all? Lying in the shade of the *rancho* are Sancho, Manuel, Pedro, and Garcia, all idle and all lazy, but surely the hands of the four might equal the *señor's*, and he is most welcome to them."

Jimmy had a moment of ecstatic bliss.

"The Doña Inez is very kind," he murmured, with a look on his face that had helped the circulation of more cold-blooded girls than the Mexican beauty. "I shall be happy indeed to accept her suggestion."

Doña Inez waved her little handker-



ALMOST BEFORE SHE KNEW IT, JIMMY WAS SITTING THERE.

chief toward the *rancho*, and the four peons slouched out from the grateful shadows. After some preliminary directions, Jimmy set them to work. The girl, her eyes bewitchingly downcast, smoothed a suggestive place from the hammock wrinkles at her side; and almost before she knew it, Jimmy was sitting there.

While he made love to the Doña Inez, the four peons puffed powerfully at their huge cigarettes and worked with exasperating slowness. There was a wonderful discrepancy between the movements of their arms and those of their cheeks—a discrepancy which Jimmy had often observed in the Mexican girl's countrymen;

and he playfully teased her about it. He could not sing as could the despised Porfirio, but he chanted a song he had heard from the lips of a grade boss down near Guaymas, and explained it to her as he went along:

Oh, the Irish be the terriers when it comes to gittin' full,
And the Dutch ain't fer ahind 'em, though they don't have so much pull;
An Injun's bad as either, and sure he'll steal, to boot;
But a greaser's never kickin' if he's got a cigaroot!

The Mexican girl laughed musically and changed the subject.

While Jimmy's wooing was moving so briskly along, Don Porfirio stuck his head from a window in the angle of the *patio* and looked—not toward the eucalyptus, but just beyond it, where Sancho, Manuel, Pedro, and Garcia pounded slowly and puffed prodigiously. The look in his eyes was not a jealous one, and a broad grin carmined the lower edge of his thin black mustache.

II.

Two months later a party of three left the port of Ensenada by a north-bound steamer. It consisted of a dignified old Spanish gentleman, a young man with tremendously tight boots and a tremendously big hat, and a tall, beautiful girl with enchanting lips and teeth, and great black eyes which she had a habit of unveiling in a way that sent skittish sensations coursing from one's heart to one's throat and back again.

The party occupied a nook in the shade of an awning, aft.

"The poor Señor Braddon!" sighed the Dona Inez regretfully. "It was, of course, necessary for the business that he be sacrificed, but my heart sometimes smites me."

Don Porfirio did not share her sympathy. He smiled cheerfully.

"And he never learned that the Montezuma Company was your dear father and myself and nobody else," he said.

"A hundred thousand pesos," murmured the girl.

"Not quite, my dear," protested the father, who seemed somewhat inclined to stinginess. "You forgot the five hundred pesos rent for the *rancho*. And you forgot the gold chloride that went into the cigarettes—that chemist at Nogales charged me a robber's ransom for the things. And the peons ought to have been sufficiently rewarded by the only good tobacco they ever smoked—ah,

they're robbers all, my countrymen!" he added mournfully.

A smile parted the girl's red lips.

"The dear Señor Braddon," she said, with a coquettish glance at her lover, "once entertained me with a song that made a jest of the peon and his cigarette. And all the while Sancho and his good fellows were flecking the golden ash into the ore samples at their feet. It is little wonder the *señor's* assays spoke so eloquently of the Montezuma's riches, little wonder his company bought at such a price!"

The old gentleman leaned back with an air of supreme satisfaction.

"It was very well handled, considering the mine, my children—yes, I think it very well handled, considering the mine;" and he ordered an American ice.

Jimmy Braddon is experting yet, but not for the American Mine Developing Company. And while he now insists on preparing his own ore, if there is love to be made in his vicinity he does that first; other things still have to wait.

William Chester Estabrook.

The Science of Captivating.

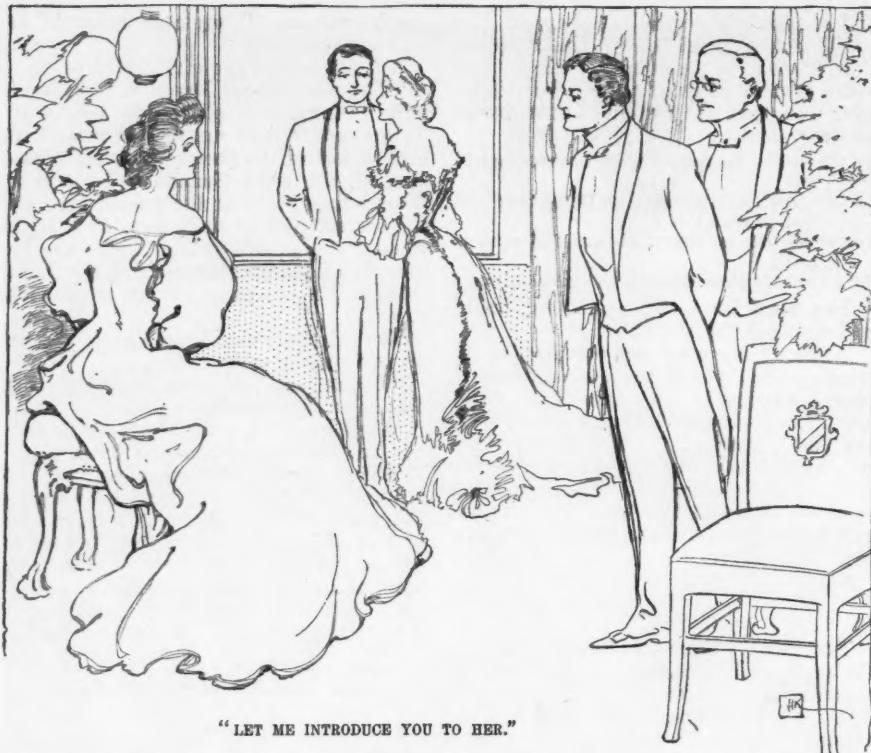
I.

It was not that Kempton was a woman-hater. He either ignored the sex as too frivolous for mature consideration, or he occupied himself with demonstrating them as theorems. Early in the action his mind had taken a scientific bent. For him most things mundane were capable of being reduced to right angles, isosceles triangles, or cubes.

He was at the moment sitting by, looking on at a dance. He was also idly talking of women; not that the subject appealed to him particularly, but because as they flitted by in their satins and silks, they happened to fill his eye.

Grant Richards, his friend and the receptacle of his most intimate confidences, sat near him, listening.

"If I were a woman," began Kempton, "I would reduce the matter of captivating men to a science. Nothing that might serve to accelerate the rate of speed at which I should entangle them in my net should escape me. Women, first of all, have time. Many of them have money. Given time and money in sufficient quantities, all things should become possibilities. If I were a woman, I should spend the greater part of my time before my looking-glass, studying myself.



"LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO HER."

I should sit in graceful poses. I should practise standing. I should surround myself with mirrors in order to observe minutely my exits and my entrances. I should study each trick of the eyelash, each curve of the lip, each smile, each sigh. I would study the effect of the drooping eyelid, the lids drawn to a tantalizing slit with the pupils showing seductively through. I would disentangle a little curl and let it droop over my forehead. I would hang it just so, then I would try the effect of a smile to suit it. I would spend days in practising that smile. Then, when I came across a young man whom I wished to captivate, I should say to myself:

"Now, I believe that a curl hanging in a line parallel to my fifty-seventh eyelash, combined with a smile at an angle of forty-five degrees, will do the work. At any rate, it will do no harm to try it."

"I would wear a polka-dot dress with that smile and that curl. Then," he concluded, "I would lift my skirt to the fifth button of my shoe and catch him, or die in the attempt."

Richards rose languidly.

"Do you see that girl over there under

the little rose lantern against the bank of green?" he asked.

"The girl in white with the bunch of old-fashioned roses in her lap?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"That is Elsie Gray," explained Richards. "Come with me and let me introduce you to her."

"If you like," Kempton assented wearily.

II.

IN front, at the sides, and at the back of the old ivied church stood carriages, coupés, and automobiles. An awning stretched from the door to the curb.

Grant Richards, who had returned to the city that morning after an absence of some months, stopped to look on.

"What's all this?" he asked.

"It's a wedding," replied some one gleefully.

A carriage of unusual splendor drew up at the curb with a dash. The window revealed the veil of the bride, but the veil hid her face.

Richards tapped the shoulder of an acquaintance who stood near.

"Whose wedding is it?" he asked.

"It is Kempton's," was the reply.

"And the bride?"

"She is Elsie Gray."

Richards met Kempton after the honeymoon.

"Did she," he inquired, "wear a polka-dot dress, pull down a curl in a line parallel to her fifty-second eyelash, fit her smile to an angle of forty-five degrees, and lift her skirt to the fifth button of her shoe?"

"N-n-no," answered Kempton. Then he smiled and added. "You see, Elsie's an axiom: just plain, sweet girl!"

Zoe Anderson Norris.

One Day's Mail.

"HOW did he look when he read them?"

"What a foolish question, Maria! He looked as he's always looked in the twenty years that I've been in his service. You might as well try to read Sanskrit with a common-school education in English as try to make out what Mr. Hilton thinks about anything."

"Didn't his hands tremble, or anything?"

"No. He turned his back to me and his face toward the window, and read them without a word."

John, the butler, and Maria, his middle-aged fiancée, were carefully fitting together the scraps of the letters which their employer had tossed into the waste-basket before driving away. It was a habit of Maria's which John condoned with the tolerant masculinism:

"Maria don't mean any harm!"

Charles Hilton, broker and man of affairs, having arrived from a business trip to Chicago on a late train the night before, had breakfasted at nine instead of at half past eight, his customary time. Having greeted the butler briefly and pleasantly, he spoke but once before addressing himself to his grapefruit and eggs and coffee.

"Has Mr. Charlie breakfasted?"

"No, sir. He has been away since yesterday. I don't know where he is."

Half an hour later, Mr. Hilton emerged from behind the screening newspaper, rose with the sudden movement of a man of decision, yet the deliberation of natural dignity, and went to the hall to put on his top-coat and high hat. His spare but well-knit figure, his stern, clearly chiseled face, his thick, silvering hair, reminded John of the words of his fiancée below stairs.

"He's like that armor man in the gallery up-stairs, all gray and hard but for his eyes. They're like a woman's, and sometimes the look in them would almost make you cry."

The bell rang as Charles Hilton was drawing on his gloves.

"It's the morning mail at last, sir," said John.

The butler handed him four letters. He opened them evenly, carefully, with his characteristic poise and precision. He chose the top one, and, holding it with his right hand, with the left thrust the others into his pocket.

DEAR DAD:

I'm going to be a soldier. Don't laugh. I never was so serious before. I'm so much in earnest that if I hadn't remembered in time what you've said to me about men who dodge the troubles in life by ending it, being like deserters from the army, I would have shot myself yesterday. I have enlisted in the regular army, and from to-morrow, when I leave the Grand Central Station with the other enlisted men, I shall be drawing the munificent sum of thirteen dollars a month that Uncle Sam pays to his gallant protectors.

Good-by, dad. It was not your plan for me, I know. But because you have been a brother as well as father to me always, you can understand why I'm going. Yesterday a letter addressed in Miss Dalton's handwriting was brought to the house. It was addressed to "Mr. Charles Hilton," and was merely a line saying: "I shall sail for Europe to-morrow. Will you call at five to-day?"

I was there half an hour too soon, and walked around the block twenty times waiting for the clock to strike five. I wonder whether in all your well-regulated life you ever did anything so foolish, dad? When she came into the room, in something filmy that looked like a rosy cloud, I lost my head. I told her I had worshiped her for a year, and pleaded with her to marry me. She drew away her hand as if the touch of mine burned it, and laughed and frowned at the same time.

"Foolish boy," she said. "I expected your father."

Dad, you have told me that I am more than half woman. Certainly I have a woman's intuitions. The look in her eyes when she spoke meant hell to me and heaven to you. But you won't marry her, father? If I hear that you have, out West, I shall fire the shot that I had intended to send into my brain in New York. Forgive me, but I'm crazy, I think. Myra Dalton has always been like wine to my brain. Don't marry her! Your marriage to her would be murder to me!

Your son who is trying to be a man,

CHARLIE.

Mr. Hilton went to the library, and laid his son's letter on the table near the window. He gave no sign of his emotions. Standing where the gray light of the winter morn came into the room, he took out the other letters and read them swiftly. The first was from his partner of the years when Charlie was a baby, years of sharp struggle and ulti-

mate success, a success which the writer had not waited to share.

DEAR CHARLES:

The game is up unless you will furnish me more chips for the playing. I've done my best to be a man, but perhaps the stuff isn't in me. I'm afraid you think that, Charlie, because I didn't stick to the business in the old days when I thought it was going under, and you said it shouldn't if it was in man's brain or heart to keep it going. You've got them both, Charles, and you're one of the most successful men on the Street. But you've always understood, and have given the fellow that was going down a hand.

Last night I was at the station when you came in from Chicago. I had this thing in my mind then. I was making my way to the track, to throw myself in front of a train. Then I caught sight of you stepping into your carriage. I hadn't the nerve to follow you, with the officer's eye on me. He knew there was something wrong, and followed me home, and when I pulled down the window-shade he stood in front of the house. The shade is ragged, so it was an easy thing to see him hail another policeman and to watch the two deciding whether or not to arrest me as a suspicious character—a ragged fellow who had dared to look at a millionaire.

I want to see you again, if you think I'm worth saving. I wind the little brass clock left from the wreckage when Mary and the baby left me, at ten o'clock every morning. To-morrow at ten I will not wind it unless you are here. I know you will get this letter, and if you don't come I will take it that you think the game has been played to the end. Come or not, as you like, Charles. It is a trivial matter whether so poor a factor is eliminated from the scheme of things.

ED.

The other letters were shorter. One had the directness and brevity of all communications from his chief clerk, the ancient of the office:

DEAR MR. HILTON:

Jared Parks came in just at closing, and asked when you'd be back. I told him he was sure to catch you here at ten in the morning. There is a rumor that he is wavering on C. R. T., and I gathered from his worried manner that he may drop it unless strong influence is brought to bear. Since C. R. T. is our heaviest holding, I am taking the liberty of letting you know the importance of seeing Mr. Parks at ten sharp.

Very truly,

DAVID ADAMS.

The last was not a letter, merely a heavy, square, cream-tinted card.

Miss Dalton is sailing to-morrow afternoon for Egypt, and will be gone a year. Will Mr. Hilton, Senior, pay a parting call at ten?

The broker seldom made memoranda. Once he had quoted the sagacious Briton who said, "What do you have your blooming head for?" He tore the letters into four bits with two swift movements, one across and one lengthwise, threw them into the waste-basket, and walked with no apparent haste to his carriage.

"Which way did he drive?" Maria asked, breathless from stooping over her task until the last scrap had been fitted to its mate.

"Down the avenue."

"But that's the way he would go to each of the four addresses."

"It is."

"And every one of the addresses on the letters is twenty minutes from here. He can't go to more than one," Maria went on.

"He can't," said James.

Ada Patterson.

The Runaways.

I.

It was so cold that the end of Matilda's little nose was purple, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, Rudolf," she whimpered, "I wish I hadn't run away with you!"

"Just one more hill," said the boy at her side bravely; "then we are there."

The sleigh bells jingled in the frozen stillness. The world was white from horizon to horizon, with a slaty sky overhead. Matilda wept softly.

"You ought not to have asked me, Rudolf!"

The boy turned on her his amazed blue eyes.

"Why," he blurted out, "I thought you wanted to!"

"Oh, I did," she wailed, "I thought it would be lovely—but it ain't!"

The boy's mitten hands on the reins trembled.

"It's just because you are cold, ain't it, Tilly?" he asked wistfully.

"I don't know," she sobbed, "but I want to go home, Rudolf. I want to go home!"

He stopped the steaming horse and spoke with decision.

"You will freeze if we go back now. But I won't run away with you if you don't want to go. I'm not that mean, Tilly."

There was a hurt note in his voice, but she was too self-absorbed to notice.

"Well, you must think of something to do, Rudolf. You've just got to!"

His eyes swept the horizon.

"There's smoke comin' out of Grandma Gazeley's chimney," he said presently. "She'd never tell—and she's all alone."

"Well," said Matilda faintly, "let's go there."

In silence they drove up to the little



"HE'S COMIN' DOWN THE ROAD NOW."

house, half covered with drifted snow. The sound of their bells brought an old woman to the door. She was very thin and tiny, and her white hair blew in little wisps across her forehead.

"Why, Tilly Batcheller," she said, "you look 'most froze!"

Rudolf helped Matilda down, his young face set sternly.

"I've got a good fire in the kitchen," said Mrs. Gazeley. "I'll make you a cup of tea and it'll het you up. Come right in—why, Tilly Batcheller, what was your pa thinkin' of to let you ride out in such weather?"

"Pa don't know nothin' about it," said Matilda miserably.

Grandma Gazeley's eyes went from one to the other.

"You was a runnin' away," she said.

Tilly blushed, and Rudolf held his head high.

"Don't scold her, grandma," he said. "It wasn't her fault. I asked her to go."

"Well, didn't she consent?" said grandma severely. "Or did you carry her off by force, Rudolf?"

"Of course he didn't," said Matilda; "I said I'd go—but I wish I hadn't," and her lip began to quiver.

Grandma Gazeley laid a wrinkled hand on the girl's arm and gave her a little shake.

"What you cryin' for?" she asked.

"Because I want to go home," said Tilly, and she sobbed aloud.

But there was no sympathy in grandma's glance.

"What do you want to go home for?" she demanded.

Matilda looked at her in astonishment. She had thought that her swift repentance would be applauded, but there was no sign of approbation in the old face.

"I thought I ought to go," she faltered. "Pa'll be worried."

Rudolf was looking out of the window. Suddenly he turned and flung at them a bit of sullen information.

"He won't be worried long. He's comin' down the road now."

Tilly sprang to her feet.

"Don't let him come in, grandma!" she pleaded excitedly. "He'll be mad at Rudolf!"

"Let him," said Rudolf fiercely. "I don't know's I care."

Something in his expression frightened the girl.

"Don't you say nothin' hateful to him," she commanded anxiously. "Don't you say nothin' to him, Rudolf!"

Her fair hair fell about her face in fluffy confusion, her blue eyes were still wet, her little warm hands were on the boy's to his undoing.

"Don't worry, Tilly," he said, "I won't hurt him."

She trembled, and clung to him.

"I didn't mean that," she whispered. "I don't want him to hurt you."

"Would you care, Tilly?" he questioned.

She sobbed hysterically, her face against his coat.

"Of course I'd care"—in muffled tones—"you know I'd care!"

Meanwhile, Grandma Gazeley watched the floundering horse far down the road.

"He'll be here in a minute," she said. "You'd better git ahead of him."

But Tilly shrank back.

"I don't want to run away," she wept.

Over her head Rudolf looked with despairing eyes at grandma. With swift determination to help him, she took Tilly's hands in hers.

"Tilly Batcheller," she demanded, "do you love Rudolf?"

Tilly turned to her in surprise.

"Of course I do," she said.

"Well, then," said grandma, "I don't know's I ought to advise it, but your poor ma's dead, and your pa will never let you marry Rudolf because he's poor; but that ain't any reason for separatin' young hearts. You've got love and health and strength, and nothin' else counts. I ain't never had anything but health and strength, but I ain't here to tell you why I ain't had love. And if you love Rudolf and ain't got the courage to stand up in front of the preacher, why, just stay here and let your pa git you; but if you want to marry him, you'll go now and be Mrs. Rudolf before your pa can pull his horse out of that drift."

As the old lady talked, Tilly turned toward her lover, until at last she was within the curve of his eager arm, her cheek against his coat.

"I'll go, Rudolf," she whispered in the silence that followed the old lady's harangue. "I'll go—wherever you go, Rudolf," and the boy bent over her, worshiping the angel which his love-blinded eyes saw in her.

Grandma trotted from window to stove and back again.

"He ain't out of the drift yet. I'll git my old shawl to wrap you up, and in five minutes you'll be married."

II.

An angry old man shook a threatening fist at Mrs. Gazeley as the two young people were tucked into the sleigh by the smiling conspirator.

"Now, don't worry, Tilly," said grandma as she kissed the trembling lips, "I'll make it all right with your pa."

But when Matilda's father faced her at her fireside a few minutes later, there was no smile on the wrinkled face.

"Yes, I helped them," she said in answer to his accusation.

"It wasn't your business—"

She stopped him with quiet dignity.

"Yes, it was, David. It was my business not to let Tilly ruin her life as you ruined yours; for you ain't been happy any more 'n I have. I ain't sayin' that Tilly's mother wasn't a good woman, but the Lord makes two people for each other and puts them into this world to meet and marry and die together, and if they go against His planning, they suffer."

He started to speak, but she went on rapidly.

"I didn't have enough money for you, and you shilly-shallied between me and Tilly's mother, and when you married her, why I married Gazeley. But it was me you loved and I loved you, and there ain't been a day in all these years when I have seen you growin' harder and harder that I ain't said to myself, 'He'd been different if he'd married the woman he loved.'"

As she stood there, white-haired and frail, the pretty pink of her girlhood still touched her old cheeks, and her blue eyes were bright with memories of youth and love.

"Betsey!" he cried, and held out his hand.

She took it and stood looking up at him.

"Tilly is just like you," she went on. "She'd keep Rudolf off an' on, an' some day she'd go and marry somebody else and be miserable."

"I didn't mean to make her miserable," he excused.

"I know. But I'm an old woman now, David, and I know that love is the only thing worth havin'. They've got it, Tilly and Rudolf. They are twenty and we are sixty. They've got forty years to live with love, and we ain't lived with it but that one year when we went together; and if you're like me, David, you'd give the whole forty to live one more like that."

The fire of her emotion broke out with fierceness after years of smoldering, and warmed him into response.

"Oh, Betsey," he said, "I've got the ribbon your hair was tied with the night we went to the fair, and the little ring, and they're sealed in an envelope and

marked to be buried with me. You needn't think I haven't wanted you all these years—”

Her slender frame trembled in a passion of gladness.

“You've remembered!” she said, and there were tears on her cheeks. “I'm pretty lonesome here, David, but I won't be any more when I know you've remembered.”

He was silent for a moment, then he spoke heavily:

His breath came quick and short. “Betsey,” he labored, “let's run away now!”

Her face flamed.

“Not after the way I've talked—it seems too seekin'.”

He drew her back into the house.

“Get your bunnit and shawl,” he commanded, “and we'll get to the preacher's 'most as quick as Tilly and Rudolf.”

“Oh, David, we're too old to be so foolish,” she quavered.



“I shall always remember.” He drew on his gloves, picked up his hat, and opened the door. “After all, I'm glad the young folks had their way,” he said, hesitating. “I want Tilly to be happy, Betsey.”

“She will be,” said the old lady. She went out on the porch and looked down the road. In the distance a black dot showed where the sleigh skimmed over the snow. “Rudolf has a brave heart,” she said.

Something in her praise seemed to reproach him.

“If I had had a brave heart, Betsey,” he said, “I would have run away with you forty years ago!”

The excitement in his eyes was matched by the spirit in hers.

“And I would have gone!” she said.

“We're not too old to love,” he said, and so he silenced her.

When at last they were in his sleigh, her thin little figure in the shelter of his bulky one, he looked down into her radiant face.

“Tilly and Rudolf may have forty years to love in,” he said with a certain grim rapture, “but the scripture allows you and me our threescore and ten, and that gives me ten more years of happiness than I deserve, and you ten more than you expected. So we must make the most of them, Betsey.”

She laid her mitten hand against his coat in a little gesture of loving sympathy.

“I'm makin' the most of it right now, David dear,” she said.

Temple Bailey.

ABOVE THE LAW.

BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CONSEQUENCES THAT HAVE RESULTED
FROM THE INTERNATIONAL USAGE WHICH EXEMPTS DIPLO-
MATS AND TRAVELING ROYALTIES FROM THE LAWS OF THE
COUNTRIES THEY VISIT.

INTERNATIONAL law is to such an extent based on mere comity, custom, and theory, that it is difficult to know exactly where the extraterritorial prerogatives of foreign diplomats begin or end. The Massachusetts magistrate who took upon himself to fine a member of the British embassy who was summering at Lenox, and the Connecticut sheriff who attempted to molest a Russian naval attaché on behalf of a dissatisfied negro laundress, may well be excused for the ignorance which led to their mistakes. While the Federal legislation of America deals far more liberally than that of most European nations with the question of diplomatic immunity, the State laws, which justices and sheriffs are called upon to administer, make no mention of it.

In this respect they resemble the Code Napoléon, now in use in France. When that celebrated table of statutes was compiled under the supervision of the great emperor, just a hundred years ago, the suggestion to include a clause exempting foreign diplomats from the jurisdiction of French tribunals was rejected on the ground that "whatever regarded the prerogatives of ambassadors belonged to the law of nations," and had no place in the domestic code.

In England, there is a statute exempting foreign diplomats from civil process. It was enacted about two hundred years ago, in consequence of an imbroglio arising from the seizure of a Russian envoy's effects for debt. There is no British law granting immunity from criminal jurisdiction, and a secretary of the Portuguese Legation was once hanged for murder, having killed a man in the Royal Exchange, in London. Nowadays, however, exemption from the criminal courts is granted to foreign diplomats, as a matter of international usage and out of regard for the law of nations.

The international laws governing the question of diplomatic prerogatives are so ill-defined that we hear of such mis-

takes as those which took place last summer at Lenox and Black Rock. There have not been many similar cases in the United States, but in Europe petty judges and magistrates are continually being called to account for disregarding some foreign diplomat's immunity from local jurisdiction. True, such affairs are usually of a trivial character, arising, for instance, from an attaché's refusal to pay an exorbitant bill. Tradespeople, landlords, and even cabmen have found to their cost that they cannot compel a diplomat to settle. If the distinguished foreigner complies with the municipal ordinances on the subject of sidewalks, of the disposal of garbage, and so on, or contributes to the local rates, he does so as a matter of favor and condescension, rather than of obligation.

In London, for instance, the members of the Chinese Embassy have successfully defied all the health authorities' attempts to prevent them from keeping live poultry in their house in Portland Place in such quantities as to become a public nuisance. Nor have they ever permitted any inquest to be held upon the remains of attachés and servants who have succumbed to sudden and unaccountable death.

Only one case can I recall, however, during the last quarter of a century, in which diplomatic immunity was invoked in order to escape the consequences of a crime. The perpetrator held high diplomatic rank at the court of St. James'. Not until brought before the police magistrate, and placed in the prisoners' dock, did he reveal his identity and claim exemption from British jurisdiction as a member of a foreign embassy. His plea was allowed, and the police turned him over to his ambassador, who declared him insane, and despatched him, under the care of two keepers, to an insane asylum in his own country. After a few months' detention there he was semi-officially reported dead, and his name was eliminated from the "Almanach de Gotha." In reality he was released, and

went to live under an alias in the south of Europe, where he survives to this day.

AN AMBASSADOR'S POWER TO PUNISH.

Although the ambassador adopted the most sensible course in dealing with the scandal, it is open to question whether he acted in conformity with diplomatic usage and with the law of nations. According to these, he should either have caused the offender to be sent home under arrest, to be tried and punished according to the laws of his own country, or he should have dismissed the man from the diplomatic service, and delivered him up for trial under the laws of the state where the offense was perpetrated.

In former times, the principle of the extraterritoriality of foreign embassies was regarded as investing the ambassador himself with civil and criminal jurisdiction over the members of his mission, to be exercised according to the laws and usages of his own country. When Venice was still a republic, the Spanish ambassador, having caught one of his Spanish servants in the act of thieving, proceeded to try, convict, and sentence the man to death within the precincts of the embassy, and hanged him from one of the windows of his palace. A French ambassador in London once did the same thing with a member of his suite who had been guilty of murder. M. de Thou, a French envoy to Holland, kept one of his secretaries imprisoned for four years in the cellars of the legation building at The Hague, for some breach of French law.

Even as recently as about ten years ago, London was startled by the announcement that Dr. Sun, a political refugee from the Flowery Kingdom, a man who had been graduated as a physician from one of the American universities, and who had been prominently identified with the reform movement in China, had been arrested by the Chinese ambassador to Great Britain. It appeared that the unfortunate man was being kept in durance vile at the embassy, and that arrangements had been made for shipping him back to China on board one of the steamships belonging to a company subsidized by the Peking government. Had Dr. Sun ever reached China, he would probably have been sliced to pieces as one of the chief organizers of the reform agitation. The British law officers, when consulted, were most decided in their opinions that according to both international and Eng-

lish jurisprudence nothing whatsoever could be done to force the ambassador to release his captive, or to prevent the latter from being returned to China. Fortunately, by bribing one of the English servants of the embassy, the doctor managed to inform his friends how he had been made a prisoner. He had not been arrested in the embassy, but had been deliberately seized by native attachés of the mission while passing along the public street in front of the building. It was on this ground alone—that he had been kidnapped while beyond the precincts of the embassy—that the late Lord Salisbury was able to insist upon his liberation.

THE KIDNAPPING OF RUSSIAN CONSPIRATORS.

It is notorious that the case of Dr. Sun is by no means an isolated one, and that scores, probably hundreds, of Russian conspirators have been kidnapped in Paris and London. They have been imprisoned at the embassy until an opportunity arose to ship them down the river on board a steam launch to some Muscovite vessel and send them back to Russia. There is but little likelihood of their being rescued, since the ambassador's threshold is barred to the local authorities. Sardou, when he wrote "Fedora," was severely criticized for presenting such an abduction as a possibility. But could the police officials be induced to speak, they would admit that there are many similar cases in Paris and London, perhaps even in New York. The local authorities hear of them, but close their eyes to them in order to avoid international complications.

To such an extent is a foreign embassy inviolable that any malefactor, no matter what his nationality, who seeks refuge within its precincts, is safe from arrest and punishment as long as the ambassador consents to shelter him. Some years ago, when the Sultan Abdul Hamid was about to arrest and punish a former grand vizier, little Said Pasha, for treason, the accused man sought refuge in the British embassy at Constantinople. When the Turkish police officials requested his surrender, Lord Currie informed them that no Ottoman warrant of arrest "could run on British territory." Subsequently, when the Armenian riots were in progress in the Turkish capital, the late Sir Michael Herbert, then chargé d'affaires, landed a detachment of British sailors and marines. To the protests of the Ottoman authorities he replied that the embassy

was British soil, and that as such he had no need to ask their permission to occupy it with British troops.

In much the same way the Brazilian embassy in Paris was officially regarded as constituting Brazilian territory when the Crown Princess of Brazil was prematurely confined of her third son in the French metropolis. As the constitution of the empire—not then supplanted by the existing republic—stipulated that all princes in the line of succession to the throne should be born in Brazil, she had hoped to return to Rio in time for her accouchement. But as this proved impossible, she was conveyed at the last moment from the residence of her father-in-law, the late Duc de Nemours, to the Brazilian embassy, where she gave birth to that Prince Anthony of Orleans-Braganza who, with his elder brother, Prince Louis, spent part of last year in the United States.

THE RIGHTS OF TRAVELING ROYALTIES.

Though few Americans are aware of the fact, foreign sovereigns, and the princes and princesses of their families, enjoy the same diplomatic immunities and extraterritorial privileges as their ambassadors. There might be some question as to the status of Prince Louis and Prince Anthony of Orleans-Braganza, scions of a fallen dynasty; but the two young royal princes of Bavaria, who spent all last summer and autumn in the United States, were undoubtedly exempt from the jurisdiction of Federal, State, and municipal law. Fortunately, they were orderly and well-behaved young men; but had they incurred heavy liabilities, their creditors would have no redress; and if they had broken the laws, however flagrantly, there would have been no means of holding them to account.

It does not matter whether they were traveling under their royal title, or *in cognito*. This was shown in the case of the late Sultan of Johore, who, under the name of Alfred Baker, wooed and then deserted, during his stay in England, a lady of the English middle class. When she brought suit against him for breach of promise, her case was thrown out of court on the ground that, owing to the extraterritorial immunities of the Sultan, as a foreign sovereign, the English tribunals had no jurisdiction.

It is in France that these extraterritorial prerogatives are most frequently exercised, owing to the fact that whenever royal and imperial personages take

a holiday they generally make for Paris. The late Prince of Orange repeatedly escaped the consequences of his serious offenses against the French laws upon the plea of extraterritoriality. The husband of the Russian Grand Duchess Marie, who killed his wife's hair-dresser by hurling him through a second-story window at Nice, went scot free for the same reason.

Sometimes foreign royalties, when traveling abroad, go so far as to demand the right of jurisdiction over the members of their own suite. When the late Shah of Persia visited Europe, the governments of the countries that he honored with his presence were in a state of perpetual apprehension lest the king of kings should take it into his head to punish any of his retainers with those frightful tortures that are so common in his dominions. According to the laws of nations, it would have been impossible to interfere officially; and yet public opinion in England, France, Germany, or Austria would never have tolerated such cruelty on the part of the Persian ruler, no matter what the political consequences might have been.

The danger was no imaginary one. During the Shah's state visit to the Duke of Sutherland's country seat at Trentham, King Edward—then Prince of Wales—had much difficulty in persuading his Persian majesty to refrain from putting into execution a peculiarly Oriental form of punishment to which he had condemned one of his native secretaries for a somewhat glaring breach of etiquette. The Shah reluctantly yielded to the British heir apparent's entreaties; but he told the prince—who has often repeated the story—that the punishment was merely deferred until he got back to Persia.

THE EXECUTION OF MONALDESCHI.

Every one who has read Browning's poems will remember a perfectly authentic story of Christina, Queen of Sweden. In 1656, while visiting the French court, she caused her principal chamberlain, the Marquis Monaldeschi, to be put to death in her presence in the palace of Fontainebleau, which had been placed at her disposal by the French king, Louis XIV. Monaldeschi's offense was not merely that he had preferred a more youthful southern beauty to the northern queen, but that in his letters to his *inamorata* he had referred slightly to the mature charms of his royal mistress. After taxing him with his treason, and

confronting him with the incriminating documents, Christina caused him to be shriven then and there by a priest whom she had summoned for the purpose; whereupon three of her Swedish attendants drew their swords and killed him before her eyes. The marquis lies buried in the old church at Avon, at the eastern end of the Forest of Fontainebleau.

At first the French king manifested a disposition to resent this high-handed action on the part of his royal visitor from Sweden. But after consulting the law officers of the crown, Louis came to the conclusion that the queen had not exceeded her extraterritorial rights, and

that it was best to take no notice of the matter.

These extraterritorial prerogatives of foreign sovereigns, and the immunities enjoyed by royal princes when traveling abroad, are based exclusively on international law—perhaps only on international usage. They are not to be found in any national code, either in America or in Europe. Yet it is worth while to know that they do actually exist, in view of the increasing number of Old World princes of the blood who cross the Atlantic or the Pacific for the purpose of finishing their education and broadening their minds by a visit to the western hemisphere.

THE SILENCE OF JUDITH YEARWOOD.

BY GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE.

I.

"IF Aspel Gentry is not back from Garyville, you-all can plow the field on the bench, below Foeman's Bluff," wrote Judith Yearwood on her small, square slate, penciling the words carefully in a round, plain hand; for the man who was to read them was, as he would have told you himself, "no scholar."

There was silence in the big log kitchen for so long that the woman glanced up. But the tall, lank mountaineer was not looking at her slate; he was not, as usual, laboriously spelling over the written sentences. His eyes were fixed on something outside the window, his hand hiding the twitching of his thin, brown-stained lips; yet his employer guessed at a humorous preoccupation. She rapped upon the slate impatiently, and pushed it toward her farmer across the kitchen table.

Vowel's eyes came reluctantly down to the matter in hand.

"I aimed to tell ye," he drawled, "when I fust come in—an' then I clean forgot hit. Gentry, he come back from Garyville afoot, an' he was packin' the saddle; so I reckon the sorrel nag must 'a' happened to a accident."

His employer got suddenly to her feet. She was the owner of a matched team of chestnut sorrels, mountain horses, of bottomless wind and endurance, bred on her own farm and broken by her own hand. One of these Aspel Gentry had ridden down to Garyville.

Before she could take a step, a man's figure appeared in the doorway, a slender form with a suggestion of boyishness about it, in spite of the silver which was beginning to show among the brown curls at the temples. The newcomer stood swaying gently from side to side, smiling benevolently at space. It was Aspel Gentry, and Aspel Gentry was drunk.

Before his time, to drink at all would have been to be debarred from work on the Yearwood farm. For fifteen years its maiden proprietor had owned and managed this mountain holding, doubling its value during her tenure; it had harbored no drunkards, no shirks, and she herself was the ablest farmer in the Big or Little Turkey Tracks.

Judith Yearwood came of a distinguished family, as rank is held in mountain communities. Some of the men of her race had been sent to colleges; a few had followed the law, and gone into politics. She was the daughter of old Judge Boaz Yearwood, and the family, root and branch, were thinkers. They did not develop sufficient ferment to leave the narrow life into which they were born, but within its constricting mold they put forth an individuality which amounted to eccentricity. Proud owners of the single brick house in their vicinity, and of nearly a thousand acres of mountain land beside, they shut their doors upon family quarrels which were yet notorious, and in which the community came to have a sort of local pride.

It was said that the old judge, after he became helpless and paralytic, devoted his time and the ingenuities of an always brilliant mind to the tormenting of his only remaining child. Turkey Track tradition had it that, after a scorching scene in which the judge had used all his powers of sarcasm to condemn the feminine fault of much talking, Judith, a hot-tempered, high-spirited girl of twenty, had raised her right hand to heaven and sworn that neither he nor anybody should be vexed with her voice again, so long as life was given her to speak or to refrain from speaking.

The Yearwood blood—Scotch blood, and of a Covenanter cast—hardened this determination as the years went on. And now, when the old man had been long in his grave, the little slate hanging at Judith Yearwood's belt, and the demand that anybody who worked for her must be able to read writing, were, to the dwellers in the two Turkey Tracks, only part of the appreciated and approved unusualness of things on the Yearwood farm.

When remonstrated with concerning the matter, Judith always replied—by way of her slate—that she did not miss her voice in the least; that there were plenty of women to do the talking, who would rather do it than not. But perhaps, as she confronted Gentry, she came nearer regretting articulate speech than she had at any time in the past fifteen years. Turning the blank side of her slate, she wrote upon it, with fingers that trembled, "Where is my horse?" and held it before the wandering and bibulous eye of this one of her employees who had been forgiven so many unforgivable sins that his fellows had come to call him, in secure privacy, and in some secret terror, "the pet."

The answer was a swarm of smiles and head-shakings which had a maddening effect on the daughter of old Boaz Yearwood. In silent wrath, she thrust the slate within six inches of Gentry's nose, tapping it violently with her pencil, and thereby jerking it about till no man, however sober, could have read anything written upon it. The avid interest of Dieus Vowel in these proceedings was openly, though mutely, expressed.

It has been said that Aspel Gentry was a lithe, boyish-looking man, scarcely taller than Judith Yearwood herself; yet, as he clung and swayed there in the doorway, now abashed at his employer's stormy demonstrations, now fulminating a whole battery of propitiatory smiles

wherewith to meet them, he pretty nearly occupied it.

"Slate," he said finally, with a triumphant expression. "Miss Judy writin' on slate;" and he looked about for praise.

Even in her youth, nobody had abbreviated the name of sedate Judith Yearwood in this familiar fashion. Titles are not greatly in vogue in the mountains. Her employees might call her Judith, and they sometimes did; but "Miss Judy" was a flight to which nothing but liquor could have counseled the unfortunate Gentry. The woman to whom he had applied the nickname raised her wild, hawk-like profile, and for the first time glanced over her shoulder at the appreciative Vowel. She hesitated a moment whether she should give him his orders for the morning, and so dispose of him, or instantly attempt to trace the lost horse. Deciding on the latter course, she pushed past Gentry, loosening his affectionate clasp of the lintel and nearly bringing him to the ground, and stalked across the yard to the great log barn.

She had so long been in mourning for some departed member or other of the numerous and singularly doomed branches of her family, that she had settled down to the wearing of lank black calico. When she strode back from the stall in which she should have found her sorrel, and had found him not, she presented a tragic and menacing figure to the May sunshine. Gentry had forsaken the kitchen door, and was leaning against a hitching-post near the watering-trough, waiting for her.

Tennyson is authority for the expression "a whelpless eye." Following his lead, one may say that when Judith Yearwood turned upon Gentry the glare of her horseless eye, he blenched somewhat. He had some money in his foolish hands; and as she came up he thrust forward a few bills.

"Made—trade," he announced fatuously. "'S twenty dollars for you, an' five for me—t' pay me for my trouble—for my trouble—an' greatly 'bliged to me, thank ye!"

Judith's rigid fingers refused the notes and grasped her slate. She washed it in the horse-trough.

"Have you sold my horse?" she wrote with painstaking precision.

"Ah—horse?" inquired Gentry, when he had finally mastered the meaning of the words. "Yes—I made sort o' trade. Pore ol' nag—but I swapped 'im;" and he subsided smilingly against the post and napped a bit.

"Who did you sell to?" wrote Judith, and held it before his dreamy eyes to no avail.

"Who has my horse?" she penciled with wrathful energy, and less clear chirography.

The somnolent Gentry shook his head over her deteriorated handwriting.

"Yes, oh, yes!" he muttered. "Make fuss, now. That's way women does. That's way Miss Judy alway does. You 'most knocked me down awhile ago."

Judith had the brittle Yearwood temper. It had been breaking up at intervals during the entire episode. The things she would fain have uttered jammed the floodway of her rage till it swelled amain. She clutched wildly at her slate; it slipped through her quivering fingers and shattered upon the stones at her feet. She stared at it for one dizzy instant. Her sole method of speech was denied her at this trying moment; but not, as it appeared, all forms of expression.

Gentry drooped above the horse-trough like an inebriated Narcissus. Judith advanced upon the culprit, her hands outstretched. They fell, as if predestined, upon his coat collar. She pushed his face toward the water. There she paused, but as a mutter rose from his down-held lips—"Some folks ain't fitten to live with—some folks think they know it all"—an access of fury nerved her arm. She soused his head, not once nor twice, but thrice; letting him up only when half drowned and almost wholly sobered.

She looked a moment at his wild countenance and dripping hair—looked with an expression indecipherable, but one which was not all rage. Then she turned suddenly and left him.

Back in the kitchen, Vowel had been wrapping his long arms around his lean chest in silent ecstasies of mirth, swallowing the guffaws which shook him, because if you worked for Judith Yearwood—and she paid a little better wages than anybody in the Turkey Tracks—you had to observe certain forms and ceremonies. Now he came awkwardly forward, and stood with his hat-brim held before his mouth while she methodically sought out a slate from the cupboard shelf.

"Hitch the sorrel that is left to the cultivator. If you and Sam cannot make him work alone, I will come down and do that piece of plowing myself."

When Judith came home in the dusk from her long, hot, happy afternoon at the work she loved—a man's work—she

found Gentry, white, shaken, and sick, but quite sober, waiting for her.

"Miss Judith," he began humbly, "I've done made my bundle, an' I'm ready to go. I'd 'a' went over to Garyville an' got Selim back for you before now, but I"—he hesitated—"I'm powerful porely, somehow. I'll go by sunup in the morning. I'll walk; and I'll send somebody back from Garyville to get my trunk; but if you don't feel like you can trust me, you can send Sam or Vowel along to see that I do you right."

Judith stepped quietly past him and into the lighted kitchen, where an old negress was putting her belated supper upon the table. Standing there she wrote:

"There is work for Sam and Dicus Vowel both here to-morrow. I can trust you."

Gentry shook his head as he read the lines. He seemed to have difficulty in speaking. His employer took the slate impatiently from his hand.

"If you can't get the horse back for what you took for it, go to Cousin Asher Yearwood. He is a lawyer, and ought to know what to do. I want you to take the mules and bring out the seed from Taplow's."

Gentry stared blankly at the slate for a moment; then sat weakly down in a chair and looked straight ahead of him. This meant that he was being retained on the Yearwood farm, where he had now worked for more than twelve months. The forbearance of this exacting woman touched some chord of self-respect which nothing had yet reached.

"I reckon you better send Sam," he deprecated finally. "I'm plumb certain to get to drinkin' again. I always do when anything pesters me. I'm no manner of account, Miss Judith. I'm just what a preacher's son is bound to turn out. My own folks know it—they wouldn't roof me if I wasn't able to do for myself. What's the use of your trying to hold me up?"

Judith laid off her hat—it was one of her outrages upon mountain etiquette that it was a hat, never a slat sunbonnet—and seated herself at the table, motioning that he should take the place opposite hers. He rose, shaking his head.

"Much obliged, Miss Judith—I can't eat," he said. "Aunt Penny got me a cup of coffee a while ago."

He was leaving the room dejectedly, when, as he passed the table, he noticed that his employer was writing once more upon the little slate. She put it in his

hand, and he unconsciously carried it away with him. On it was written—he read the words in the privacy of his bedroom:

"I said I trusted you. I am mighty unlikely to make mistakes in my judgment of men."

Gentry bowed his shamed head above the words, and shed tears, bitter, but salutary.

II.

SEЛИM was bought back from the horse-trader who had taken advantage of Gentry's drinking habit. How much was paid for him in the second purchase only Aspel Gentry knew, and he told nobody. His lapses from sobriety ceased to be a topic for jest on the Yearwood farm as they receded into the past. He faithfully and ably served Judith Yearwood, the woman who had trusted him when he could not trust himself. So passed two years.

Then came Judith's second cousin, Syria Yearwood, home to the Turkey Tracks, after an impassioned entrance into the field of missionary labor and six months of kindergartening little brown children in "Ceylon's isle, where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." It would seem that Syria had not, however, been sufficiently pleased with the prospect to remain; and the men in that region had apparently been at least vile enough to predispose her to regard Aspel Gentry with an eye of favor.

There was no home for the girl but this, unless she held to her missionary work, or found some man who could give her one. If it moved Judith Yearwood's contempt that her cousin should have been so easily daunted in a profession which is a calling, and becomes a duty, she gave no sign of it. The superfluous relative was received at the farm, her somewhat serious strictures upon the manner of life there were not resented, and its mistress stood ready to do the man's part by her dependent kinswoman.

The day the newcomer had been with them two weeks, she sat upon the wide front gallery in the twilight with Judith, and talked of Aspel Gentry.

"He has been telling me about his home and his people, Cousin Judy." It was one of the advantages of foreign travel that Syria had acquired sufficient courage to call her tall, silent, stately cousin "Judy." "His father was a minister; Aspel says that he's the black sheep. Of course he'd say that. I think

he ought to be a little more ambitious than to work for you as a farm hand, even if he has been wild."

Silence. Twilight conversations with Judith Yearwood were necessarily one-sided—nobody but a spiritual medium can read slate-writing in the dark.

"He says you made a man of him by trusting him. But any person would trust Aspel Gentry. He's plumb foolish about how much you've done for him. He doesn't know the kind of somebody you are. He doesn't see that you just did him like you'd do a poorly trained nag you got cheap; that you tried to cure him of his faults so that he could be of more account to you."

Judith Yearwood put her hand to her cheek, as if she shielded it against an east wind. Syria's calm, drawling tones went on.

"But I do think, Cousin Judy, that you do a great wrong if you make use of the gratitude—and reverence, as a body may say—that he has for you, as an older person that's been mighty kind to him, and keep him here to work your farm when he could do better. There never was a Yearwood yet that wasn't hard-hearted and self-seekin'; but I think you treat Aspel Gentry a little worse than the family failing allows."

Judith stirred slightly. Syria rose yawning.

"Well, I've got him almost persuaded to study law. I allowed I'd better tell you, because he isn't likely to do anything till you say the word," she concluded.

Then she went in, and the older woman sat long in the busy, modified silence of a summer night. What she thought of her cousin's communication could only be guessed. But when the man haltingly explained to her, a day or two later, that this same cousin was preparing to mend the breaks in his early education, she gave ready and complete, if somewhat austere, indorsement to the plan.

And so the summer drifted past, with Aspel Gentry held rigidly to his tasks by the returned missionary. Judith, looking on, doubted not that here, at least, was one Yearwood doing good that she might profit thereby.

On Judith's birthdays, Mildred Faidley, a woman of her own age, with whom she had played as a child and gone to school as a girl, always took dinner and spent the afternoon at the farm. One of these festive occasions was just concluding; and the two old friends were walking up to the Faidley place through

the fields. Mildred, holding her skirts high, chattered along amiably without expecting much reply or notice. The sky was wide and pale above a narrowed, darkened earth. Birds were flying home, the multitudinous life of forest and meadow was settling itself for rest. As they climbed the darkened slope, and looked back upon the valley below them, basking in sunlight, they could see the comfortable Yearwood homestead, and Syria walking with Aspel Gentry up toward the steps of the gallery.

On Judith's last birthday, Aspel had given her a blue and gold Tennyson. And now there went bitterly across her remembrance the lines—

When the moon was overhead
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The lady of Shalott.

She put her pencil irresolutely to the slate, then stopped. It would be too ridiculous to write a thing like that to Mildred Faidley.

Mildred noted the two on the gallery steps.

"Don't you think you've got a duty there?" she babbled, nodding toward them.

"What duty?" wrote Judith, stung.

Mildred peered at the words.

"Why, accordin' to my lights you stand in the place of a mother to Syria—and, for the matter of that, to the young man, so far as I can see."

"Aspel Gentry," Judith wrote—and the pencil clicked angrily—"is just five years younger than I am. Syria is six years younger than me. If they love each other and wish to wed, why should I feel it my duty to interfere?"

The other laughed, a foolish little laugh.

"Why, Jude Yearwood—you talkin' about love! That beats my time. And I do believe you're pestered because I spoke as if you was old enough to be the mother of them children. Is that young man only five years younger than you? Well, I vow! But—well, you never did have any foolish time, nor passing of bows and compliments with the boys, like I did. I allowed you'd call them"—nodding toward the couple in the valley below—"a pair o' young fools."

Judith Yearwood's eyes, dark and unfathomable, followed the two as they paced together the length of the gallery and parted. Syria entered the house; Gentry turned back as if to join them.

"For my part," said Mildred, "I think

Syria Yearwood is liable to get into trouble if she marries a drinkin' man, whether they're in love or not. And I say it's yo'r Christian duty to break it up if you can."

Judith stopped definitely, and balanced her slate upon the top rail of the fence they were skirting. She glanced back and noted that Gentry was out of sight; probably he was not following them, as she had thought. Then she poised her pencil, and gazed long at her companion, with an expression at once whimsical and sad. After that she wrote so persistently, with bent head, that Miss Mildred grew impatient.

"I shall not try to break up the match. I have been 'in love' with Aspel Gentry since the first day I saw him. I would gladly marry him, though I know all about what you call his drinking. If you think Syria is a fool, please consider me one, too. And you know there's no fool like an old fool."

Miss Mildred took the slate and peered at it, holding it first close, then at arm's length.

"In love with him? In love with Aspel Gentry? Well, Judith Yearwood! Of all the crazy stuff—I believe you're just trying to make fun of me!" she chattered.

Judith regarded her astounded countenance a trifle sardonically. Knowing from experience the flood of comment and question which was likely to ensue, she quietly dropped the slate. Her friend looked doubtfully from the broken bits to the face above them.

"Now, Judith, that's plumb mean. I can ask all the questions I'm a mind to, and you'll just shake your head or laugh at me," she grumbled, as the two passed on.

III.

ARRIVED at the gate of the Faidley farm, Judith took leave of her companion, and turned back homeward. When, walking very slowly, with her somber gaze upon the ground, she passed the fence-corner where the broken slate lay, she recoiled, with a sudden catching of the breath. Somebody was on his knees in the grass; somebody searched with tremulous fingers among the heart-leaf and fern for the broken slate upon which she had written. She saw the little pile of fragments cherished in his cupped left hand against his breast, and her heavy heart leaped wildly.

"You shan't take them from me," Gen-

try protested, raising a pale face to hers in the deepening twilight, and addressing her before she could stop him. "I'll see what it is you wrote. I heard what Miss Mildred said. Of course it's a joke," he hurried on, his hungry eyes on the woman's face. "You can't love a man that you've seen—where you've seen me. But that doesn't keep me from loving you—the only livin' soul that ever really cared what become of me!" He thrust his jealously hoarded little store of clinking fragments into the breast of his buttoned coat. "I'll take them to the light," he repeated defiantly. "I'll take them over there to the lamp"—glancing toward the Yearwood homestead, where Syria's beacon shone out across the green—"and I'll read them. It—it's not honorable nor proper; but it's what I intend to do!"

Then to his astonished ears came a strange, whispering, broken voice, that murmured in unwonted cadences, as if its mechanism were rusty with disuse:

"What would you do that for, Aspel? I—I'd say it all over—every word of it—to you!"

And repeat it she did, his arms about her, her proud head dropped upon his shoulder.

When these two, who were like little children wandering out of their fairy-land together, appeared to Miss Syria, walking hand in hand across the ancient turf of the grassy side-yard, she greeted them shrilly.

"Where have you-all been?" she asked. "Mr. Gentry was going to read over that chapter again with me; and Dieus Vowel has been asking for you, Cousin Judith, for nigh on to an hour!"

"She lost her slate," hastened Gentry,

Gentry the self-effacing—and there was a new tone in his voice which Syria's ears noted instantly. "She lost it over there by the fence, and I—I was a lookin' for it."

"Well, did you find it?" prompted Syria at length in her school-mistress tone; for there seemed likely to be no further communication.

"Oh, yes, I found it—it was broken."

He lifted his hand to the breast of his coat, where the fragments lay warm over his heart.

"But it didn't matter," said some one in tones that Syria had never heard; "for I had found my voice by that time."

Cousin Syria bounded to her feet.

"Oh!" she said.

Her glance went rapidly from one face to the other, Judith's softened and beautified in some undefinable way, the great dark eyes misty yet luminous; Gentry's the face of a man who, looking only for failure, for defeat, has been suddenly hailed conqueror and king. Her mind went as swiftly the round of the relatives with whom she might now make her bed—stay here, after this, she could not. The thought of the poor and grudging hospitality, which she felt she must now experience, was maddening. Her eyes sank to the text-book in her hand.

"Oh!" she repeated, with a peculiar, sliding inflection, and the monosyllable insinuated whole volumes of sarcastic comment. She flung the grammar upon the table with a most amazing pop. "Oh!" she reiterated in the tone of one who brings home a crime to another. "Oh—good-night!"

But the pair she left behind her in the room were too happy—too newly happy—to hear her, or to note her departure.

THE WIFE UNLOVED.

SOME wives there be who sit their goodmen's knees
In the warm circle of contented arms;
And I were no less sweet to hold than these.

Some wives there be whose ready lips must learn
To kiss at random hours, because love wills—
Not only at the parting and return.

Some men have joy in curls or braided strands,
And even—oh, delight!—will pull them down;
My hair were sweet to tangle in the hands.]

I ask no other man—ah, love forbid!—
Only to creep within the weary wall
Whereby my master's silent heart is hid.

Kind Lord, 'tis but a foolish little prayer,
But couldst thou not from mighty things stoop down
And whisper to my love that I am fair?

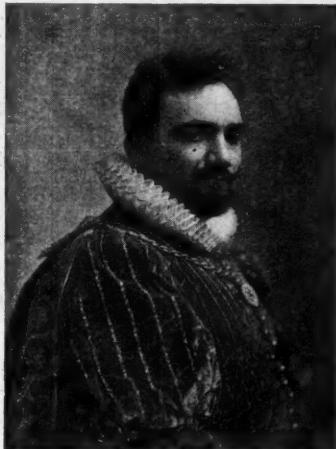
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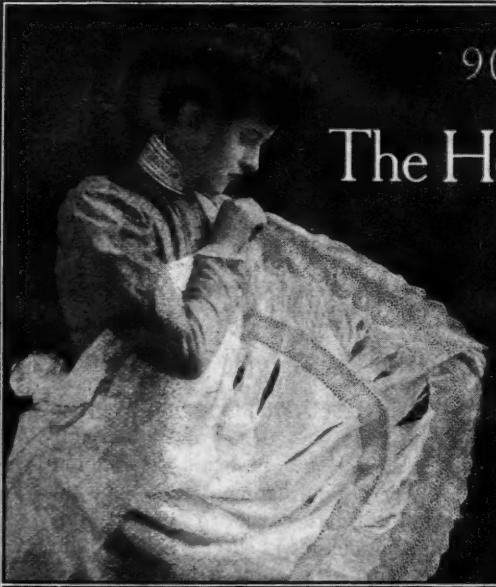
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Advantages Offered There are certain advantages offered by our house that are clearly beyond the reach of small concerns. We are for instance, the largest retailers of Diamonds in the world, and the only Diamond Cutters in the world offering their product at retail. These facts are very significant of the price advantages which we can offer. The quality of our goods is attested by the Highest Award made in the Diamond and Jewelry section of the Saint Louis Exposition; while our responsibility is attested by the highest commercial rating (by far the highest) enjoyed by any house in our line of business.

Our Credit Offer is open to any adult of earning capacity and honest intentions in the United States. The account of the small salaried employee for anything within reasonable requirements, is just as welcome on our books, as is that of his or her well-to-do employer. The **Loftis System** is universal in its scope and application. It is open to every honest man and woman.

Please write today for Catalogue and Souvenir Booklet.

Loftis Bros. & Co. (Est. 1855)
DIAMONDS—WATCHES—JEWELRY

Dept. D.24, 92 to 98 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

The News



COSTS LITTLE, DOES MUCH

SAVES WOMAN'S LIFE! A STARTLING POSSIBILITY Half a Day's Work Cut Out of Every Week.

**It Means a Great Deal More
Than Perhaps You Think It
Means, To Save a Woman
Half a Day Every Week of
Her Life.**

Cutting wash-day in half with Fels-Naptha soap means more than the saving of time. It means saving the most precious part of a woman's life.

Health, youth, good looks, cheerfulness—all the things that make her life worth living—are dragged out of a woman before her time by the unnecessary slavish drudgery of common wash-days.

Nearly all this hard labor is stopped by Fels-Naptha.

It saves strength and energy and womanly vigor.

Like money laid up in the bank drawing interest, this saving goes on week by week, mounting up to years of added life and happiness.

The remarkable nature of Fels-Naptha is to loosen all

the dirt quickly and completely, without hurting the clothes.

And it does this either in cold water or water just warm enough to be comfortable to the hands.

Does the same thing that boiling is intended to do, and does it better.

It is entirely different from other soaps and washing compounds.

Fels-Naptha Soap

No raging fire, with extra coal to lug—and to pay for; no disagreeable suds—steam (perhaps a bad cold is saved); no lifting the boiler on and off; no lifting the clothes in and out of the boiler.

Just think of it! No boiling, and much less rubbing.

And what is the result?

The clothes are really cleaner and more purified than you can get them with the common way of washing, no

matter how hard you work or how much scalding you do.

They look brighter, and wear longer. The clothes are not rubbed to pieces. You save money. Above all, you save a good measure of that day's life.

If life is worth anything to you, or to your help, you can't afford to delay.

You can't afford to let another wash-day go over your head without trying Fels-Naptha.

Surprising Discovery

Thousands of women astonished at new value found in a familiar article.

A multitude of women have lately discovered that Fels-Naptha soap is surprisingly effective in ways they never dreamed of.

Its wonderful purifying qualities take away all germs and impurities. It is a great boon to pet animals, as it drives off fleas and leaves fur soft and fluffy.

It cleans beautifully glass, silverware, fine rugs, oil cloths, straw and felt hats, silk, laces and other delicate fabrics, and many ladies say it is a grand thing to keep off dandruff and make the hair bright and glossy.

Ask your grocer for it today. If he hasn't it, send us his name and we will send you a free sample cake.

Full directions on each wrapper.

Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia.

INSIST

Do it gently, wisely, but firmly.
Insist on having **HAND SAPOLIO** from your
dealer. He owes it to you.

He may be slow—hasten him a bit!

He may be timid—don't blame him, he has often been fooled into buying unsalable stuff—tell him that the very name **SAPOLIO** is a guarantee that the article will be good and salable.

He may hope that you will forget it—that you do not want it badly—Insist, don't let him forget that you want it *very* badly.

He can order a small box—36 cakes—from any Wholesale Grocer in the United States. If he does, he will retain, and we will secure, an exceedingly valuable thing—your friendship.

JUST INSIST!

TAKE THIS WITH YOU TO THE STORE!

At Factory Prices

On Approval—to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory

Only **\$25.00** for this
Buffet. Would cost at retail \$42.00.
Choice Quarter-sawn Golden Oak;
piano polish; hand cut carvings;
French bevel mirror, 40 x 12 inches;
roll-drawer-fronts, cross-handed;
one drawer plush lined; brass trimmings;
ball-bearing casters. 46
inches wide, 60 inches high.



\$24.50 Choice, high-grade
Dresser, worth \$37.
Quarter-sawn Oak, Genuine Mu-
hogany. Bird's-eye Maple piano
polish. French bevel mirror, 30 x 12
in.; French legs, claw feet; roll-front
upper drawers; entire front beau-
tifully crosshanded; drawers finished
inside. Bird's-eye Maple bottom;
solid brass trimmings and casters;
solid ends. Top, 44 x 23 in.



Room—CATALOGUE C, Bed Room
address, 62 N. Ionia Street.

GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE MFG. CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

For a birthday
A. prize
Or a presentation.

WE make, on order, 14 kt. gold
fountain pens mounted with
emblems of any Society, Order or
Club, appropriate for presenting to
Retiring Officers or visiting
Brothers of superior bodies.

Useful, Beautiful, Lasting.

Furnished with every known
degree of pen nib, and to suit all
styles of writing. Many exclusive
designs for the élite trade.

Further information, book-
lets and list of local dealers
furnished where requested.

L. E. Waterman Co.,
173 Broadway, New York



Secret of The Steinway

To "assemble," or put together, a piano—the keys from one maker, the action from another, the case from a third, and so on—is a comparatively easy task. To build a piano from the beginning, is an entirely different matter.

A peculiar distinction of Steinway & Sons is that they manufacture in their own foundry and factories every portion of a piano, building their instrument entire. In this fact lies one of the secrets of its greatness and worth.

This makes the Steinway, not an "assemblage," but an artistic whole, producing a harmony and unity that can be achieved in no other way.

The workmen likewise are more than makers of parts; they are artists all working intelligently toward one end—the production of a perfect piano. Consequently, they impart a beauty of workmanship, a perfection of art and of final result, impossible to be attained under other conditions.

For the same reason also the Steinway possesses an individuality, an integrity of being, an endowment of rich, tender, emotional beauty of tone, which distinguish it from every other piano in the world.

The Miniature Grand Piano is five feet ten inches in length. Scientific experiments have determined this to be the exact size necessary to reproduce the remarkable attributes of the larger Steinway Grand Pianos. Price \$750.

The Vertegrand, the new model in upright form, possesses all the fundamental qualities of the more expensive piano; but is constructed so simply that it can be sold for \$500.

These pianos are obtainable from any authorized Steinway dealer with cost of freight and handling added.

Illustrated Catalogue and "Portraits of Musical Celebrities" sent free upon request.

**STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall
107 and 109 East 14th Street, New York**

TIFFANY & CO.

Diamond and Gem Merchants, Gold and Silver Smiths, Stationers, etc.

Gold Watches for Graduates

The casings of Tiffany & Co.'s gold watches are all 18-karat. Cuts or photographs upon request

Gold watches suitable for young men.
Open face.....Upward from \$60
Hunting cases....." " 65

Ladies' Gold Watches

Neat little gold open-face watches suitable for young women.....\$25, 27, 40, 45 upward

Enameled Gold and Jeweled Watches

With EnamelUpward from \$50
" Pearl pavé back....." " 75
" Pearl and diamond pavé back \$235 and 300
" Sapphire pavé back.....Upward from 450
" Ruby " " " " 525
" Diamond " " " " 600

Tiffany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices

They are strictly retailers and do not employ agents or sell their wares through other dealers

Mail Orders

Upon receipt of satisfactory references Tiffany & Co. will send on approval selections of their stock to any part of the United States

References

Any national bank or responsible business house will answer for this purpose

**Tiffany & Co.
1905 Blue Book
No illustrations sent upon request**

Removal

About May 1st Tiffany & Co. will be located in their new building, Fifth Avenue and 37th Street.

To facilitate their removal they are adding daily to their special sale tables selections from their varied stock and marking them at material reductions from original prices

Union Square New York



Interesting Experiment With a BOHN Syphon Refrigerator

Q. To preserve food we must not only have as low a temperature as possible, but a strong circulation of air, and here is another point of Bohn Syphon superiority, because the air current is stronger than in any other refrigerator.

Q. To prove that Bohn Syphon Refrigerators prevent communication of odors and that they furnish only pure, dry air to the provision chamber we arrange things as in the picture.

Q. The onions and the fish will not taint the milk, the cream or the butter; so this proves the first part of the claim.

Q. The current of cold air rushing up through the provision chamber carries off all odors and gases from the food, and when it comes in contact with the ice the air is deodorized and purified, the moisture removed by condensation and precipitated to the drain pipe and out into the waste water.

Q. Now—if you taste the waste water, you will detect the taint of onions, and this proves the second part of our claim.

Q. Bohn Syphon Refrigerators are all lined with the finest white enamel, or with opalite glass.

SENT FREIGHT PREPAID (Returnable)

anywhere in the United States, if not for sale by your dealer. Returnable at our expense and money back if not fully satisfactory after ten days' trial.

Q. 56-Page Catalog full of valuable information, with photographic reproductions—**FREE**. Write for it.

Q. We have extra sizes and build to order for cars, steamships, yachts, hotels, etc.

WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.

20 East 6th Street. :: ST. PAUL, MINN.

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators received the Highest Award at the St. Louis Exposition.



AN EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN

Three Hundred Special Ostermoor Mattresses

SPECIAL CLEARANCE SALE OF SURPLUS STOCK

A SURPLUS lot of especially fine French Edge Ostermoor Mattresses of *extra thickness, extra weight*, and exceptional softness, in the highest grade coverings, regular price being \$30.00, will be closed out regardless of cost, to make room for regular stock, at the extremely low price of \$18.50 each. These Mattresses are the very softest we can make, and are in every way fully as desirable and as great, if not greater bargains than the 600 lot of Special Hotel Mattresses we sold last year at the same price. If you were fortunate enough to secure one of the same, you will fully appreciate the present sale.



The mattresses are all full double-bed size, 4 feet 6 inches wide, 6 feet 4 inches long, in two parts, with round corners, five-inch inseamed borders, and French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration.

The filling is especially selected Ostermoor sheets, all hand-laid, and closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing. Mattresses weigh 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular, and are far softer and much more luxuriously comfortable than regular.

The coverings are of extra fine quality, beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills—pink, blue or yellow, both plain and figured, or high-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect; also the good old fashioned, blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

Mattresses are built in the daintiest possible manner by our most expert specialists. They represent, in the very highest degree, the celebrated OSTERMOOR merit of Excellence and are a rare bargain both in price and quality.

Price, \$18.50 Each

We pay Transportation Charges anywhere in the United States.

Only while they last; first come, first served. The opportunity to secure same is limited.

Terms of sale: Cash in advance; none sent C. O. D.

NOTE:—Ostermoor Mattresses, regular stock, same size, two parts, cost \$15.50 each. They have four-inch border, weigh 45 lbs., and are covered with A.C.A. Ticking. These French Mattresses cost \$30.00 each, finished fully two inches thicker, weigh 15 lbs. more, have round corners—soft Rolled Edges—close diamond tufts—and beautiful high-grade fine quality coverings, and are much softer and far more resilient. Even if you do not wish mattress now you should know all about the "Ostermoor" and its superiority to hair in health, comfort and economy. Send your name on a postal for our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 136 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated, it's well worth while.

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY

113 ELIZABETH STREET, NEW YORK

Canadian Agency: The Ideal Bedding Company, Ltd., Montreal



When ordering, please state first, second and even third choice of color of covering, in case all you like are already sold, as there will be no time for correspondence.

In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

JAP-A-LAC

WEARS LIKE IRON

WHAT JAP-A-LAC WILL DO

We are trying to show you in this present advertisement exactly what **JAP-A-LAC** will do, and we have illustrated a few of the many uses to which it can be put.

In every house in America there is some painted thing that would be improved by a coat of **JAP-A-LAC**.

It will rejuvenate floors, weather-beaten front doors, chairs, old carriages, metal work, radiators, porch furniture, oil cloth, refrigerators, chandeliers, andirons, or anything and everything that needs freshening, and you will never believe until you try it just how complete the rejuvenation is.

Most of the **JAP-A-LAC** that is used is used by women. An intelligent child ten years old will have no trouble with it, and will take pleasure and gain knowledge in using it.

The old table, or chair, or desk, or bookcase that you think is fit only for kindling because the varnish is scuffed or because the color is not to your liking, can be brought back practically to its original new value with 25 cents worth of **JAP-A-LAC**.

A simple description of **JAP-A-LAC** is, that it is a stain and a varnish combined, and its uses exist from the cellar to the attic of every house in America.

The colors of **JAP-A-LAC** are twelve:

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| WALNUT | OX-BLOOD |
| OAK | DEAD BLACK |
| MAHOGANY | BRILLIANT BLACK |
| CHERRY | FLAT WHITE |
| MALACHITE GREEN | GLOSS WHITE |
| BLUE | GROUND |

Besides these there is Natural or Clear **JAP-A-LAC**.

We want you to know **JAP-A-LAC** as it really is. For you will never perfectly appreciate it until you have actually put a brush in a can of **JAP-A-LAC**, and with your own hands transformed some old floor or old piece of furniture.

We will gladly give you a full-size quarter-pint can if you will pay the cost of mailing. Send us ten cents, and the name of your dealer, and we will mail free, to any point in the United States, a sample can of any color you select.

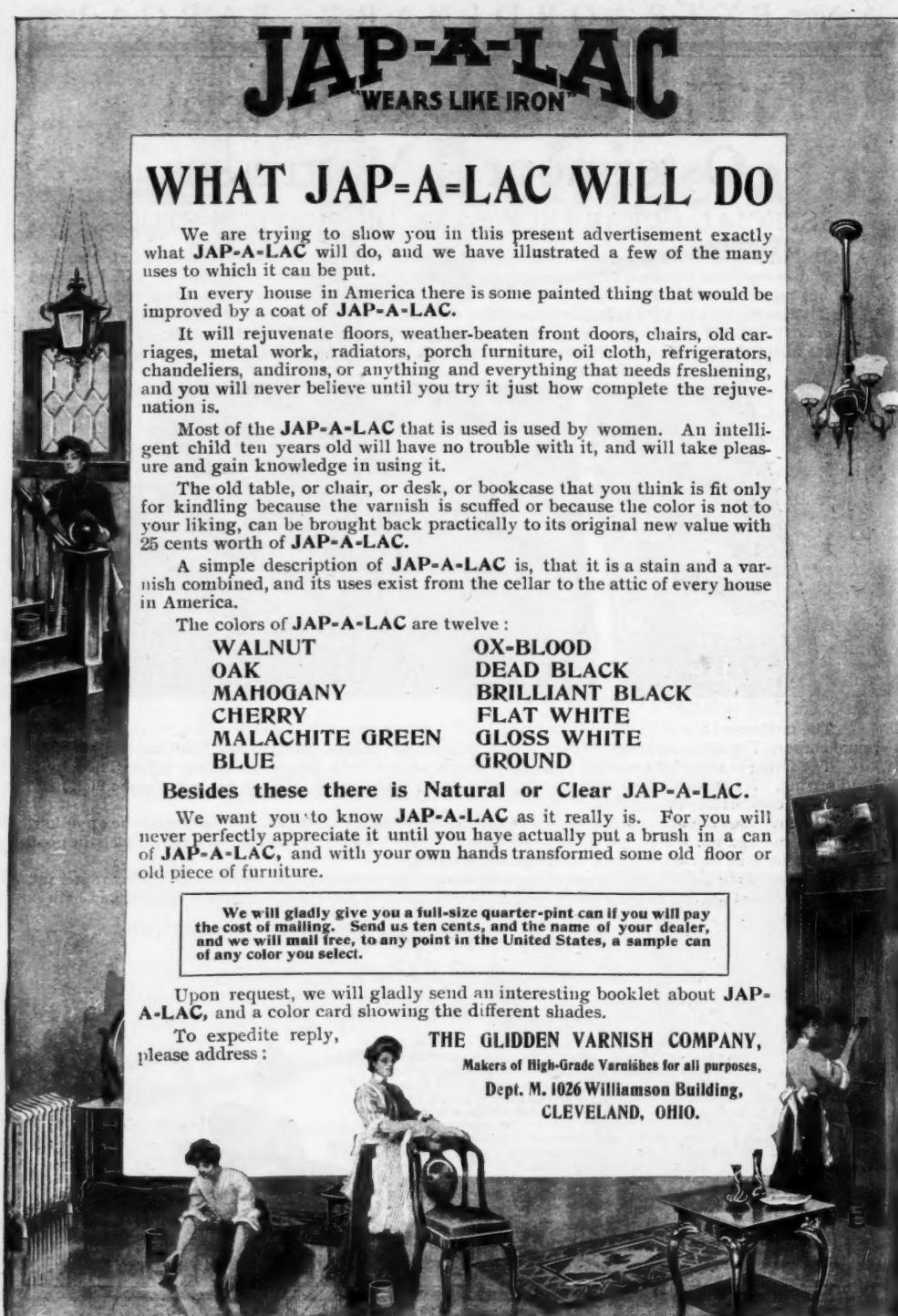
Upon request, we will gladly send an interesting booklet about **JAP-A-LAC**, and a color card showing the different shades.

To expedite reply, please address:

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY,

Makers of High-Grade Varnishes for all purposes,

Dept. M. 1026 Williamson Building,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.





Said the Carpenter:

"I've heard all these wonderful tales about that fellow, Saladin, and his Damascus blade—how he could bend it double and cut a silk thread with it."

"That's nothing! I can bend my Atkins saw double and twist it all around and it will spring back into shape without a kink. Wish my wife had that kind of temper! She gets all kinds of kinks and wrinkles when she gets out of shape!"

"Then I've heard of these wise lads that write books telling about the 'lost art' of making such steel. I guess they have never heard of SILVER STEEL, made on the Atkins formula, nor about the Atkins secret process of tempering and hardening! Cut a silk thread? Huh! I can cut bar iron and never hurt a tooth! Can't tell me the old Arabs could make as fine steel as that!"

"You can't see the way this saw-blade tapers, but I can FEEL it when I saw. That means that the saw makes leeway for itself, runs easy and never buckles. Mebbe you don't know what that means to a carpenter, but I do. Saves a lot of time and wicked words."

"Then that perfection handle! They have the right name for it, all right! Don't have to hump over and pull straight up and down and break your back. You can stand up and get the best angle for cutting."

"Pay more for it? Of course! Isn't it worth it? When you do anything you want to do it right, and it takes a first-class man with first-class tools to do a first-class job."

"Every family ought to have a saw in the house—and it ought to be a good one. Don't let your dealer substitute a 'just as good.' There are none as good as Atkins."

TRADE
SILVER-STEEL
MARK

This Trade Mark, indicating the finest steel ever made in modern or ancient times, is found only on the Saws—all types and sizes, including Butcher and Kitchen Saws—made by

E. C. ATKINS & CO., INC.
Largest Saw Manufacturers in the World
Factory and Executive Offices, - INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
BRANCHES: New York City, Chicago, Minneapolis, Portland, Ore., Seattle, San Francisco, Memphis, Atlanta and Toronto, Can.
Ask for our Carpenters' Universal Time Book. It is free.



THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

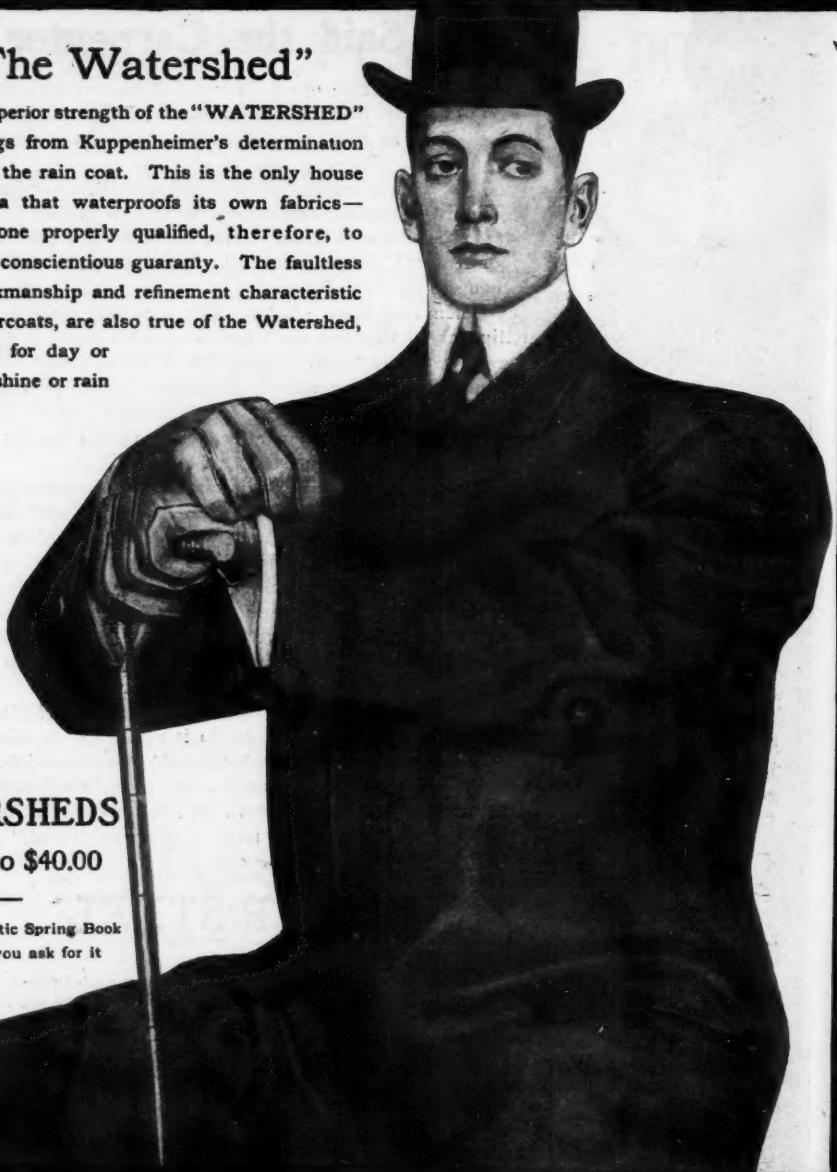
"The Watershed"

THE superior strength of the "WATERSHED" springs from Kuppenheimer's determination to elevate the rain coat. This is the only house in America that waterproofs its own fabrics—the only one properly qualified, therefore, to advance a conscientious guaranty. The faultless style, workmanship and refinement characteristic of our overcoats, are also true of the Watershed, so it is fit for day or night, sunshine or rain

WATERSHEDS

\$15.00 to \$40.00

Our very artistic Spring Book sent free if you ask for it



B. Kuppenheimer & Co.
AMERICA'S FOREMOST CLOTHES MAKERS
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON

GOODYEAR
WELT

JAMES MEANS SHOE

TRADE MARK

BE SURE THAT THE ABOVE FAMOUS TRADE
MARK IS STAMPED ON
THE SOLE.

THE RETAIL PRICES OF
THE JAMES MEANS SHOE FOR MEN
ARE UNIFORM THROUGHOUT THE U. S.
NAMELY

\$2.50 AND \$3.00
DELIVERY FREE

A trade-mark shoe is one upon which
the manufacturer's reputation
is staked all the time.

THE JAMES MEANS SHOE FOR MEN
CALLED BY THE TRADE "THE PIONEER"

WIDELY KNOWN AND
HIGHLY REGARDED FOR
MORE THAN A QUARTER OF
A CENTURY.

Model
No. 3601

Blucher
Oxford
Russia
Calf
Tan
Colored

Jap
Toe
Military
Heel.

Price
delivery
free in
U. S.

\$3.00

We also quote Model No. 3590 Blucher Oxford, Tan Colored Russia Calf. You will be more than satisfied with the quality and astonished at the price, \$2.50. Delivery free in the U. S.

TO ALL RETAILERS OF SHOES. If the agency for this celebrated line of shoes has not been established in your vicinity, we are prepared to make you an interesting offer. Send postal to-day. Our large force of salesmen cover the U. S. Would you like to receive a call from the one in your district? Address Dept. 8.

Ask for Booklet No. 8.
It illustrates our various styles.

Our Precision System of
self-measurement insures accuracy of fit.

Model
No. 3584

Foxed
Blucher
Kraknit
Patent
Leather.
Ideal
shoe
for
Spring
wear.



Price
delivery
free in
U. S.

\$3.00

CHARLES A. EATON COMPANY
MAKERS
© BROCKTON · MASS. ©

DO YOU WANT CASH



IF YOU WANT CASH For Your Farm, Home or Business

I CAN GET IT

NO MATTER WHERE YOUR PROPERTY IS LOCATED OR WHAT IT IS WORTH.

If I did not have the ability and facilities for promptly disposing of your property at a good price, I could not afford to spend \$100,000 a year in advertising that I can do so.

Every one of my advertisements places on my list a number of new properties. I quickly sell these, and so am able to pay for the advertisement and make a good profit besides.

My office is a veritable clearing house for real estate and properties of all kinds, and my whole energies are centered on finding people who want cash for their real estate or real estate for their cash.

And I do find them.

My advertising each month brings me hundreds of inquiries from people who want to buy and sell. In the average business day, I sell more properties than many real estate brokers sell in six months.

But before I can sell properties I must list them. I want to list yours and **SELL IT.**

If you want to sell any kind of real estate in any part of the country, send me a brief description, including your lowest cash price.

Upon receipt of the necessary information, I will write you fully and frankly, stating just what I can do for you and how and why I can do it.



If you want to buy any kind of a farm, home or business in any part of the country, tell me your requirements; I will guarantee to fill them promptly.

W. M. OSTRANDER

301 North American Bldg.,

Philadelphia

A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages



HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Is a delicious food-beverage—supplying nourishment, strength, and refreshment—for the tired body and wearied brain. Tempting to the appetite, and besides quenching the thirst, is more nutritious than other fountain drinks. As a light luncheon or table beverage, it is relished by everyone, old or young, and is more invigorating than tea, coffee, or cocoa.

Pure, rich milk and the extract of selected malted grain, in powder form. Ready in a moment by simply stirring in water. A nourishing, easily assimilated food in impaired digestion, satisfying without leaving any distressed feeling. A glassful taken hot upon retiring, brings refreshing sleep.

In Lunch Tablet form, also, with chocolate. A delightful confection far healthier than candy. At all druggists.

Sample, or Vest Pocket Lunch Tablet case, mailed free upon request. Our Booklet gives many valuable recipes, and is also sent free, if mentioned.

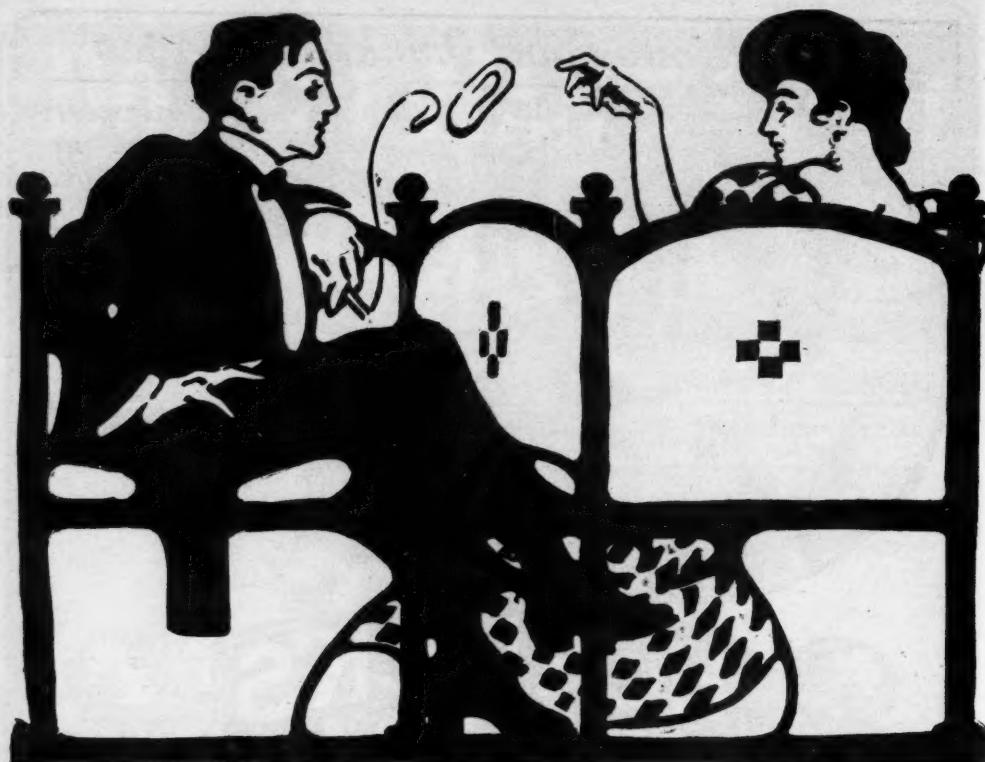
Ask for HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

Horlick's Food Company, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

London, England.

Established 1873.

Montreal, Canada.



NATURE gives MURAD CIGARETTES the perfect flavor that is only found in her rarest growths of Turkish tobacco. The skillful blending is the latest effort of Mr. Allan Ramsay, who as government expert ministered for sixteen years to the refined smoking tastes of Turkey's court circles.

MURAD CIGARETTES

appeal to exquisite tastes through distinctive qualities of natural purity and delicacy. *Flavored* cigarettes are decidedly inferior; at least they are so judged by connoisseurs.

10 for 15 cents

Gage
MILLINERY



Advance
Styles

Hats for Morning
Hats for Afternoon
Hats for Evening
Hats for All Occasions



Ask your dealer
for Gage Hats



They bear this
Trade Mark

Gage Brothers & Co.

Wholesale
Only

Producers of Correct Millinery
Chicago



The well-known, high-grade, Sohmer Upright Piano, made by Sohmer & Co., of New York, with the Cecilian Piano Player built inside the case, makes the SOHMER-CECILIAN PIANO a piano which every member of your family can play, whether possessed of a musical education or not, for it can be played in the usual manner with the fingers, or, without changes of any sort, can be used as a self-playing piano.

All you need to do is to put in the roll of perforated music, put your feet on the pedals, and go ahead.

The musical performance is artistic in every way, for by means of the patented bellows construction in the Cecilian mechanism, which is built into this piano, you are enabled through "graduated pressure" to perfectly regulate the force with which each note is struck; you can accent a note whenever desired; you can subordinate the accompaniment to the melody, and with it all you get a "touch" which is absolutely non-mechanical and entire freedom for individual expression.

The price of the Sohmer-Cecilian Piano is \$850.00, the Cecilian Self Playing Piano \$600.00, and the Cecilian Piano Player (can be attached to any piano) is \$250.00. Easy monthly payments if you wish.

Write us for descriptive booklet of any or all of these instruments and we will inform you where they can be seen and tried in your vicinity.

Farrand Organ Company, Dept. F.

DETROIT, MICH.

Paris, France

London, England



Copyright, 1905, by Aline Dupont, N. Y.

Sembrich

“The admirable endurance of the Baldwin pianos which I have used for the past three years on my concert tours, and their

exquisite beauty of tone that blends so well with my voice, leads me to order one for my Dresden home”—*Marcella Sembrich.*

The Baldwin Piano

Grand Prix Paris 1900.

The Grand Prize St. Louis 1904.

The individual qualities that make this instrument the choice of eminent singers and pianists, for concert work and for use in private life, have won for it a distinguished place in homes of means and taste.

D. H. Baldwin & Co.

140 West Fourth Street,
Cincinnati.

REPRESENTED IN ALL LARGE CITIES.



Write for catalogue
showing Baldwin Pianos
ranging in price from
\$500. to \$10,000.

PURE WHITE LEAD

Facts about House Paint

When you get estimates on painting your house this Spring, *insist* upon every painter figuring on the use of strictly *Pure* White Lead. This will put them all on an even footing and will insure your getting best possible results, if you employ a good workman.

It will pay you to go even farther than this and to name the brand of White Lead to be used. In these days of adulteration, it is not safe to assume that White Lead is *pure* because the label or brand says so.

For the benefit of those people who do not know what brands of White Lead are *pure*, we have printed a booklet "What Paint and Why." It tells why *Pure* White Lead is the Best Paint and names the brands that are purest and best. This is valuable information for every house-owner, because while all White Leads sell at practically the same price, there is great difference in the value of different brands.

We will send this booklet, free, to anyone who will ask any of our offices for it. Architects and painters are invited to send names of customers interested in house-painting. "What Paint and Why" will be valuable to them.

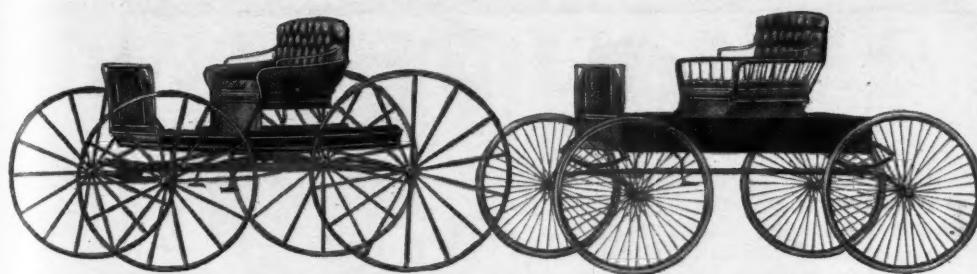
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

Largest manufacturers of White Lead in the world.

New York Boston Buffalo Cleveland Chicago Cincinnati St. Louis

NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia



Let These Vehicles Prove Their Worth

TAKE your pick from 100 styles of vehicles and 50 styles of harness. Everything in the light pleasure vehicle line. Rubber Tire Runabouts and Driving Wagons, Cushion Tire Runabouts, Top Buggies and Open Buggies, Regular Phaetons and Spider Phaetons, Doctor's Phaetons, Stanhopes, Light Surreys, Heavy Carriages, Depot Wagons, Spring Wagons, Carts, Pony Work, Delivery Wagons and all kinds of Light and Heavy Single and Double Harness. Price to suit your pocketbook.

We have no agents. When you buy from us you save the agent's profit — this is something—usually all the way from \$25.00 to \$100.00 according to the price of the vehicle you buy.

Every one of our vehicles is sold on Thirty Days' Free Trial. If they do

not prove their worth—they cost you nothing. Every vehicle is guaranteed fully for two years.

Every Split Hickory Vehicle made by skilled labor. Every piece of material carefully selected and inspected and must be first class before used.

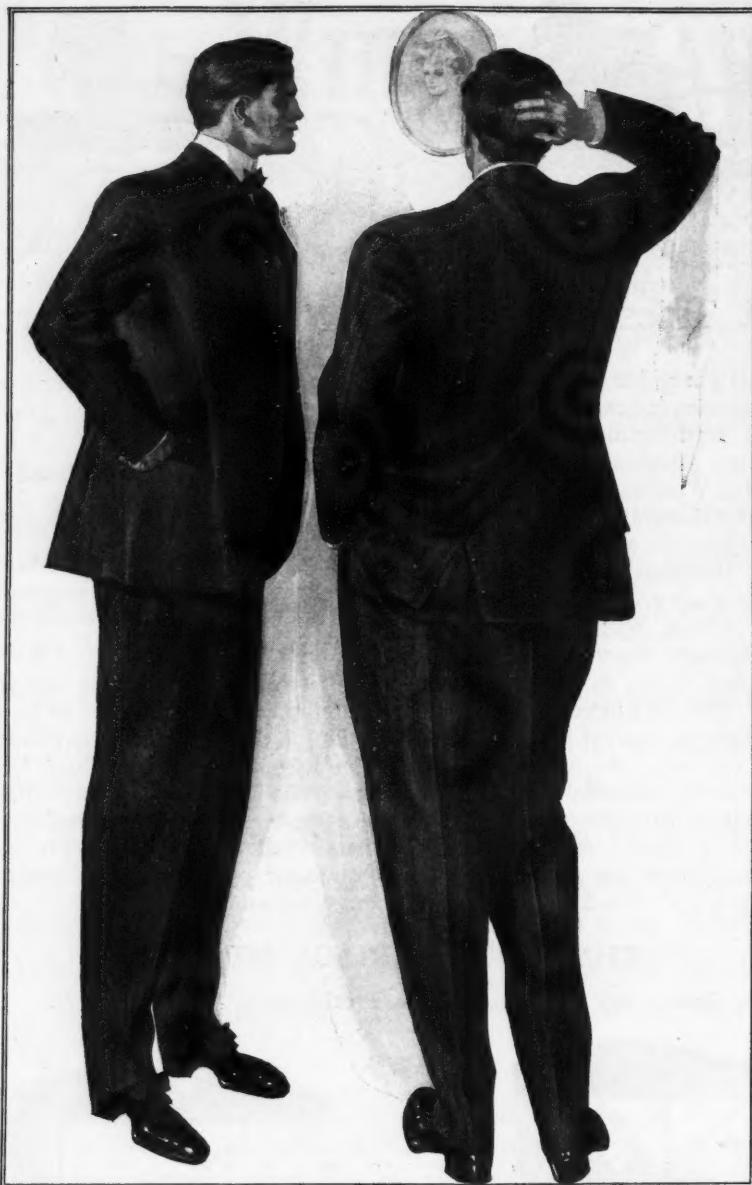
Each vehicle sold sells another—that's why it pays us to please you. It's business with us.

Our new 1905 Vehicle and Harness Catalogue of 192 pages is yours for the asking. The information it contains can do you no harm and may save you many dollars. It's worth writing for. A simple request on a postal with your name and address will bring the new catalogue with our compliments—postage prepaid.

THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. CO.

Station 282 (H. C. Phelps, President) Cincinnati, O.





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YOU don't expect much distinction in sack-suit style; just plain business. It's pleasant to give folks more than they expect. Ask your clothier to show you how we do it; \$15 to \$35.

Our label means all-wool; never any mixture of cotton, or "mercerized" fabrics. It is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find. Send six cents for the new Style Book, and find out the correct clothes styles.

In answering this advertisement it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.50 SHOES

UNION MADE

FOR MEN



THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOEMAKER



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more Men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost from \$5.00 to \$7.00. The only difference is the price. The W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoe costs more to make, holds its shape better, wears longer, and is of greater

value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market today. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom of each shoe. Look for it. Take no substitute. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoe is sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and by shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

BETTER THAN \$5.00 SHOES.

"I have been wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for at least five years, and in that length of time have found them entirely satisfactory. I believe the Douglas at \$3.50 is better than the \$5.00 shoe of other manufacturers. I take pleasure in recommending Douglas shoes for their strength, durability and neatness."

BEN. F. HERMAN,

With John Gough, Contractor, Bridgeport, Conn.

Boys wear W. L. Douglas \$2.50 and \$2.00 shoes because they fit better, hold their shape, and wear longer than other makes.

W. L. DOUGLAS USES CORONA COLTSKIN IN HIS \$3.50 SHOES. CORONA COLT IS CONCEDED TO BE THE FINEST PATENT LEATHER PRODUCED.

Fast Color Eyelets will not turn brassy.

W. L. Douglas has the largest shoe mail order business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. State size and width; narrow, medium or wide toe; with or without cap on toe; kind of leather desired; lace, button, congress, or blucher. 25c. extra prepays delivery. If you desire further information, write for Illustrated Catalog of Spring Styles.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 167 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

New Victor April Records

Numbers beginning with 4 are in 10-inch size, \$1.00 each; \$10.00 per dozen.
Numbers beginning with 31 are in 12-inch size, \$1.50 each; \$15.00 per dozen.

Sousa's Band.

3361. "Masaniello Overture," Auber
4263. "Bride of the Waves" (Cornet Solo by Herbert L. Clarke, accompanied by Sousa's Band).
4266. "Kinloch o' Kinloch" (Piccolo Solo by Marshall P. Lufsky, accompanied by Sousa's Band).

Garde Républicaine Band of France.

4223. "Tout à la Joie—Polka," Fahrbach

Arthur Pryor's Band.

3363. "My Dream" Waltz (Mon Rêve), Waldteufel

Pryor's Orchestra.

4264. "What the Fond Lilles Whispered," Betts
4265. "Love and Kisses" (Clarice, Harris
4270. "Wilhelmina Waltzes," Hall
31359. "Vale of Shenandoah" Medley—Popular Successes,
Alia Selection, Verdi
31356. "Midsummer Night's Dream Overture," Mendelssohn

Mandolin Solo by Samuel Siegel.

4269. "A-Sa-Ma," Van Alstyne

Soprano Solos by Florence Hayward (violin obligato).

4251. "Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod
31364. "Angel's Serenade," Braga

Soprano Solos by Edith Helena (orchestra acc.).

4273. "Coming Thro' the Rye," Verdi
31362. "Caro Nome."—Rigolletto, Verdi

By Richard Jose, (orchestra acc.).

4261. "She Fought On By His Side," Dresser
31355. "Time and Tide," Rodney

Tenor Solos by Byron G. Harlan (orchestra acc.).

4254. "When the Harvest Moon is Shining on the River," Lamb
4255. "It Makes Me Think of Home Sweet Home," Harris

Baritone Solos by J. W. Myers (orchestra acc.).

4274. "Weating of the Green," Irish Air
4275. "Neath the Pines of Vermont," Strouse

Baritone Solos by Emilio de Gogorza (orchestra acc.).

4257. "The Palms," Faure
31360. "La Marseillaise," De L'Isle

Soprano and Tenor Duet.

Miss Hayward and Mr. Macdonough (orchestra acc.).

4272. "You and I"—(from Isle of Spice), Schindler

Tenor Solo and Quartet.

Harry Macdonough and Haydn Quartet (orchestra acc.).

4277. "Where the Southern Roses Grow," Morse

Comic Duet by Roberts and Murray (orchestra acc.).

4276. "Oh! Oh! Sallie," Leonard

Comic Duet by Collins and Harlan (orchestra acc.).

4250. "The Blingville Band," Billings

Choir Records by Trinity Choir (organ acc.).

4271. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," Fanny Crosby

31357. "Sing Alleluia Forth" (opus 65), Dudley Buck

March Song by Frank G. Stanley (orchestra acc.).

4259. "Listen to the Big Brass Band," Dave Reed, Jr.

March Song by Billy Murray (orchestra acc.).

4253. "Bunker Hill," Von Tilzer

Comic Song by Dan W. Quinn (orchestra acc.).

4258. "Esmeralda McCann," Heinzman

Coon Song by Bob Roberts (orchestra acc.).

4260. "Tennessee," Williams and Van Alstyne

German Parody by Frank Wilson.

4268. "Teasing," Adams

Haydn Male Quartet (orchestra acc.).

4256. "The Holy City," Adams

Minstrel Record.

4262. Olden Time Minstrels 'F... Ballad,' "My Love Remains the Same."

Highest Award at St. Louis

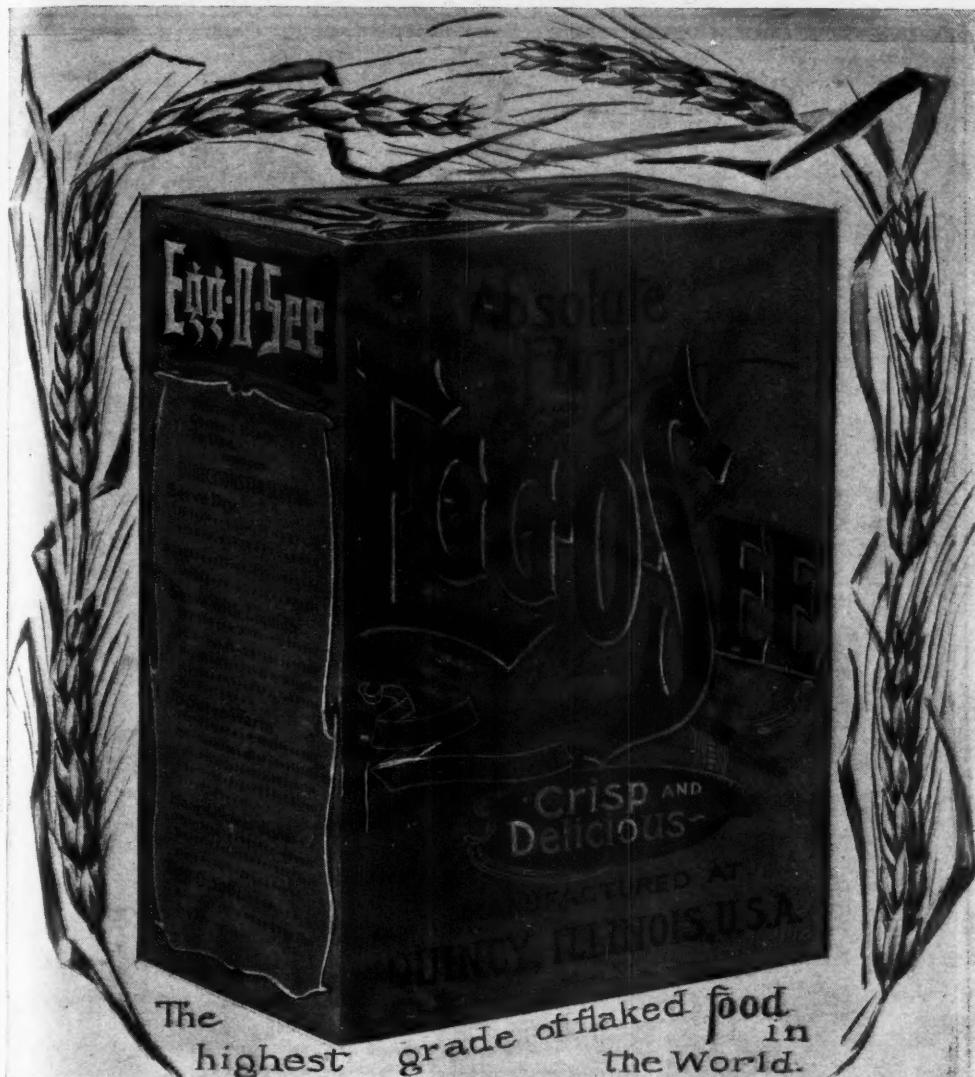
Every Victor Record is a good Record

The Victor meaning of good records is: the very best possible reproduction of a good selection, by an artist of the highest class—without regard to cost.

You can safely order any desired selection from the Victor Catalogue. The records are right.

On sale at dealers April 1st

Victor Talking Machine Co
Philadelphia



3,600 miles of Egg-O-See are manufactured and consumed annually—that is, over twenty-eight million packages are sold, and if these were laid touching each other end to end they would reach 3,600 miles, or from New York to San Francisco.

This is the largest showing ever made by any flaked wheat food factory in the world, and the use of Egg-O-See is steadily increasing. There must be a reason for this enormous consumption.

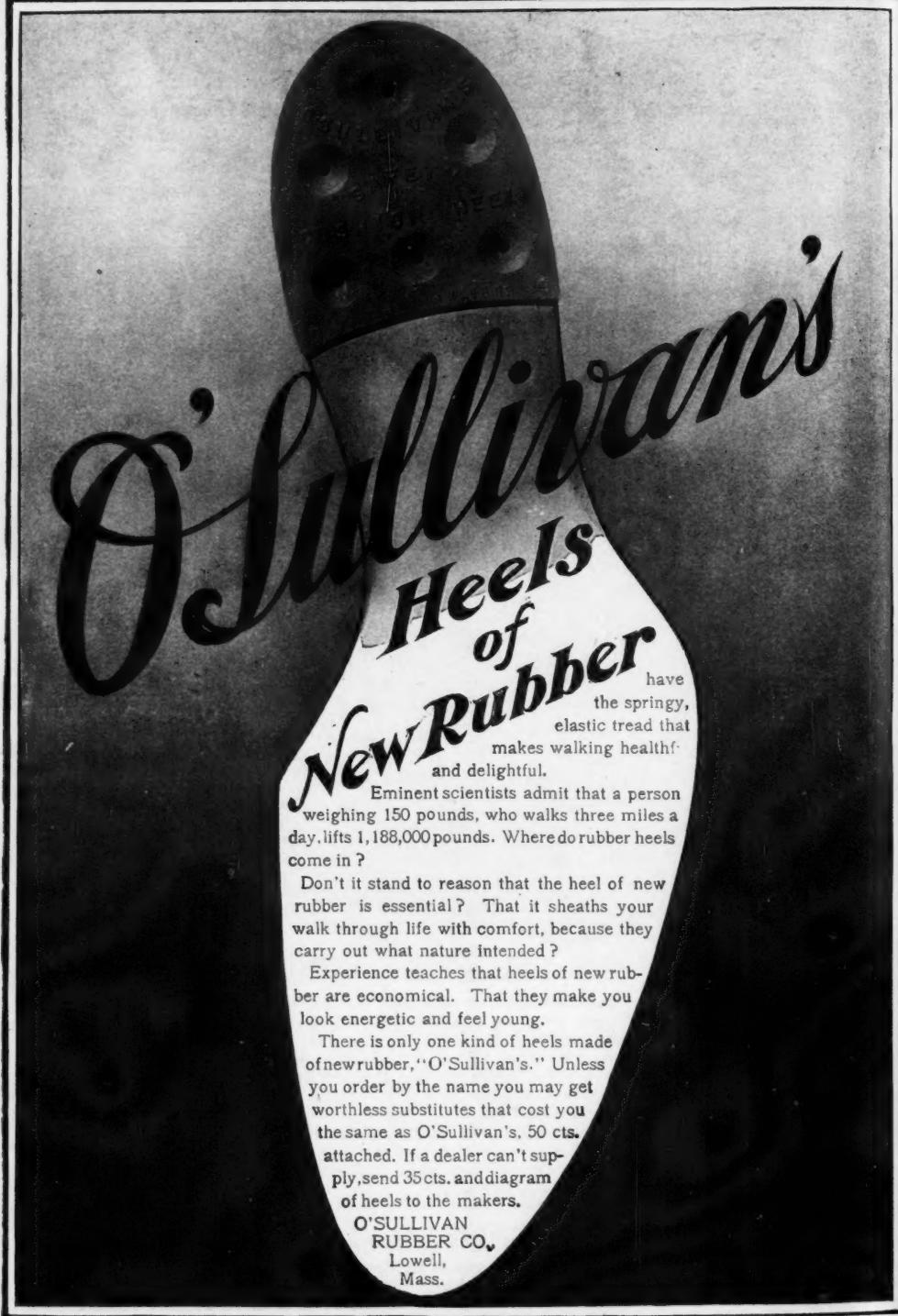
It is simply a story of the very best flaked wheat food at the lowest possible price. The quality and price advertise it, one user brings another. Egg-O-See contains the brain and muscle-building, strength-giving qualities of the whole wheat, the king of all cereals.

It is thoroughly steam-cooked and is made easily digestible by the addition of refined diastase, the highest grade of malt. It is more nutritious than beef, and is infinitely more healthful. It is wholesome and nourishing to people of all ages.

Egg-O-See is in no sense a medicated food, but its purity and strength-giving qualities make the use of medicine unnecessary.

A large package AT ANY GROCERY FOR 10 CENTS.

If you can find a grocer that does not sell Egg-O-See send us his name and 10 cents, mentioning this publication, and we will send you a full-sized package prepaid and a useful souvenir. Address the Egg-O-See Co., Quincy, Ill.



O'Sullivan's
Heels
of
New Rubber

have
the springy,
elastic tread that
makes walking health-
and delightful.

Eminent scientists admit that a person
weighing 150 pounds, who walks three miles a
day, lifts 1,188,000 pounds. Where do rubber heels
come in?

Don't it stand to reason that the heel of new
rubber is essential? That it sheathes your
walk through life with comfort, because they
carry out what nature intended?

Experience teaches that heels of new
rubber are economical. That they make you
look energetic and feel young.

There is only one kind of heels made
of new rubber, "O'Sullivan's." Unless
you order by the name you may get
worthless substitutes that cost you
the same as O'Sullivan's, 50 cts.
attached. If a dealer can't sup-
ply, send 35 cts. and diagram
of heels to the makers.

O'SULLIVAN
RUBBER CO.
Lowell,
Mass.



The Mark That Multiplies Your Salary

When an institution with a working equipment valued at \$5,000,000 and a reputation of 13 years' continued success offers to show you *without charge* how to **multiply your salary**, either by advancing in your present work or by changing to a more lucrative occupation offering greater opportunities for your natural talents, isn't the offer worthy of your consideration?

When this institution further offers to give you the names and addresses of **a thousand and one** who as the direct result of investigating this offer have either secured lucrative positions or are managing enterprises of *their own*, isn't it worth the time it takes to ask how **you** can do likewise?

When this institution places before you a selected list of the most profitable and promising occupations, and invites you, without further obligations on your part, to indicate the position you would like to have by simply making

A MARK LIKE THIS

doesn't your curiosity, if *not* your ambition, make it impossible for you to allow the opportunity to go by?

Study the List—Mark the position you desire—Cut out the Coupon and mail it to us.

International Correspondence Schools,

Box 840 SCRANTON, PA.

Please send me your booklet, "100 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Shop Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Mechan. Draughtsman
Ornamental Designer
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
French ² with Edison
Spanish ² Phonograph

Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architect Draughtsman
Architect
Structural Engineer
Foreman Plumber
Mining Engineer

Name _____

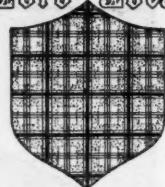
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Lord Lovat

Lord Lovat

THE LATEST NOVELTY IN MENS CLOTHING
WILL BE SOLD BY THE LEADING CLOTHIERS
EVERYWHERE *for* SPRING AND SUMMER



Ask for
the

**"LORD
LOVAT"**

*Made
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BOOKLET
"THE CLOTHES
A MAN SHOULD
WEAR" \$2 UPON
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THE "K.B." SYSTEM *of* FINE HAND TAILORED CLOTHES FOR MEN
C H I C A G O

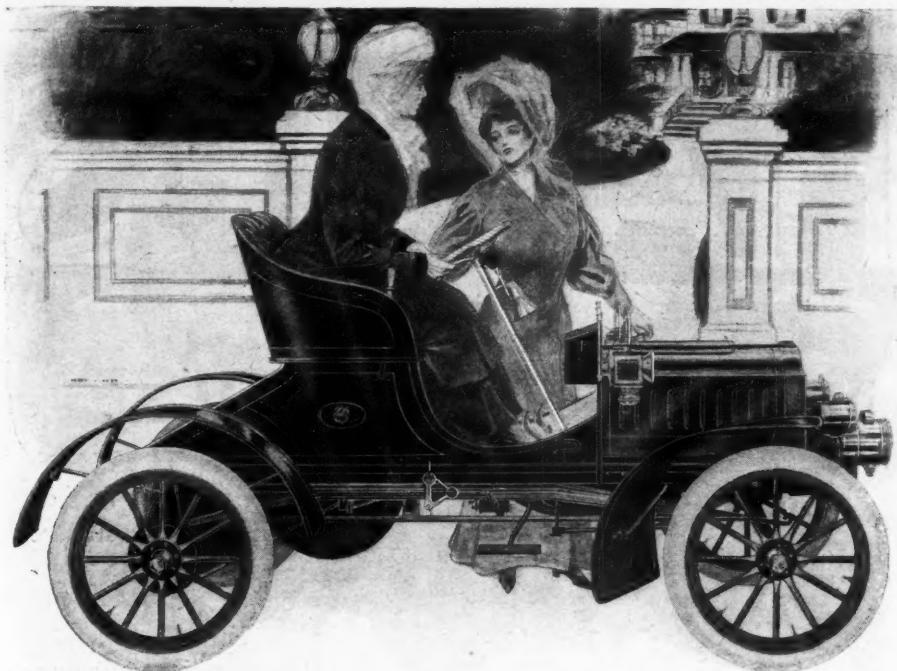
New York

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IF YOUR CLOTHIER CAN'T SUPPLY YOU — WE WILL TELL YOU WHO CAN



Makes everyone your neighbor—the

OLDSMOBILE

has endeared itself to the feminine heart just as it has established itself in the business world, by the universality of its merit. Its ease of control and freedom from getting out of order make every woman its friend. John Lothrop Motley said, "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessities"—the *Oldsmobile* is both.

Our line of light cars is the most complete ever built. Satisfactory to your ideas of style, your requirements for comfort, and to your pocketbook.

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| Oldsmobile Standard Runabout, \$650 | Oldsmobile Touring Car, . . . \$1400 |
| Oldsmobile Touring Runabout, \$750 | Oldsmobile Light Delivery Car, \$1000 |
| Oldsmobile Light Tonneau Car, \$950 | Oldsmobile Heavy Delivery Car, \$2000 |

All prices f. o. b. factory.

Detailed specifications of any of these cars sent on request.

Send 10c. for six months' trial subscription to *Motor Talk*, a magazine devoted to automobile interests. Address Dept. P.

Olds Motor Works, Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Drawing by Henry Hutt.

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HAYNES

NO NOISY NOISE



chase should be a car that adds to your pleasure—hence the "Haynes" should be your choice.

In point of mechanical construction this car excels cars at higher prices. The material used is the best money can buy, and the care taken in building is so exact that the results obtained are well worth the modest price asked.

If seeking value, then let your choice be a "Haynes"—you'll never regret your investment.

PRICES

35-40 H. P., 4 cylinder, vertical in front, Roller Gear Shaft Drive (direct on high gear), roller bearings throughout, 108 inch wheel base, 34 inch wheels, 4½ inch tires.....\$3000

Victoria or folding extension top, \$200 extra.

16-18 H. P., 2 cylinder (opposed) convertible double side entrance, light tonneau.....\$1500

16-18 H. P., 2 cylinder (opposed), 2 passenger touring car, with folding front seat, equipped with folding top....\$1350

Regular "Haynes" Three Speed forward and reverse, controlled by one lever, used in all models—Catalogue gives full description.

Haynes-Apperson Company
KOKOMO, IND.

1715 Broadway
New York

1420 Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

H P DAVIES
CLEY'D





Columbia Mark XLV

35-40 H. P.

Gasolene Cars

A surplus of material for every strain, but no excess of material where it is not needed. Every part and piece of chassis from selected stock subjected to the most thorough mechanical and laboratory tests, so that parts that most frequently break in cars of ordinary construction axles, frame, springs, casings, transmission, etc.—are made unbreakable under any stress of normal use, however severe. Exclusive features of unequalled merit are: new carburetor, which positively maintains a correct explosive mixture; new system of spark and throttle control, with ball-joint connections from levers mounted on non-revolving head within the steering wheel; new method of releasing compression in starting; new steering mechanism and other improvements adding to efficiency of the motor and ease of control and care-taking.

COLUMBIA supremacy in body designs and furnishings has never been questioned. We supply the Mark XLV Chassis with the following styles of bodies: Standard Double Side Entrance Tonneau, \$500; Royal Victoria, \$500; Double Victoria, \$500; Landauet, \$500; Limousine, \$500. Each pattern reaches the limit of elegance and sumptuous appointment.

Catalogue of Columbia 35-40 and 18 h. p. Gasolene Cars will be sent on request. Also separate catalogues of Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles.





SILENT—STRONG—MAGNIFICENT

Say all the good things about all other cars, there yet remains one thing true *only of Knox Cars*—they are the most reliable, most economical for 365 days in the year.

Air Cooled by Knox Patent Air-Cooling System

No Overheating nor Freezing Possible.

The 1905 models are the handsomest on the American market. Six styles passenger. Six styles commercial cars. Evidence and catalogue of us or from agents.

KNOX AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

Selling Agencies in all principal cities.

Members Association of
Automobile Manufacturers.

Springfield, Mass.

Model B, with standard equipment **\$2,000**

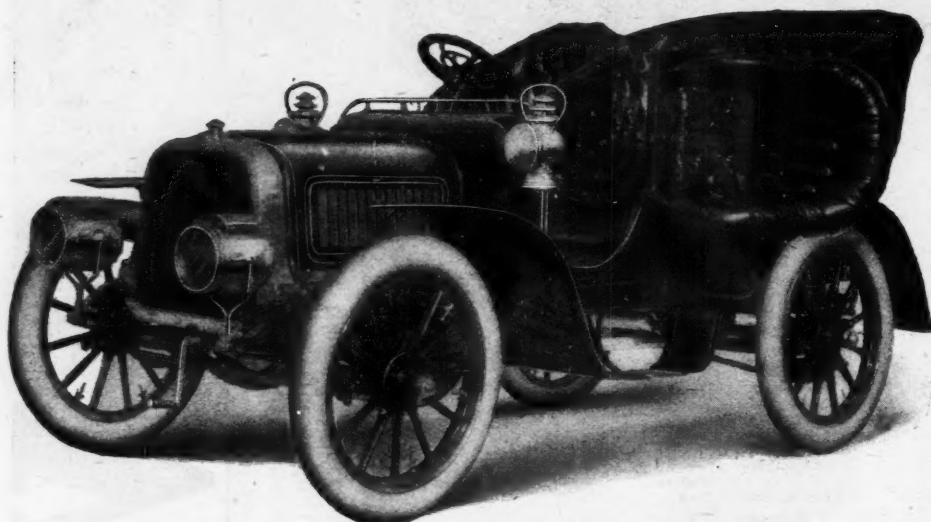
A big, comfortable Touring Car, 102 inch wheel base, double side entrance tonneau, 4-cylinder, 24-28 H. P. vertical motor, direct drive, sliding gear transmission and fewer moving parts than any 4-cylinder car made. Write for catalog.

WAYNE AUTOMOBILE CO.,
DETROIT MICH.

Model C A five passenger touring car, 90 inch wheel base, double opposed 16 H. P. motor, double side entrance tonneau. Price with standard equipment **\$1,250**

100-Mile World's Track Record

Won by "Pope-Toledo"



Type VII New Front Entrance, 30 H. P. \$3,200.

AT Dallas, Texas, January 3, 1905, Mr. E. H. R. Green, with an exact duplicate of the car illustrated above, price \$3,200, won the world's track record for 100 miles for stock touring-cars in two hours, six minutes, and forty-two seconds, once more proving the marvelous power and absolute reliability of the Pope-Toledo engine. This engine, moreover, is noiseless, flexible, always under perfect control, and will run more miles at less cost for maintenance and with less adjusting than any high-powered automobile engine in the world. Its record in over 100 speed, endurance and hill-climbing contests the past season proves all we claim for it—and more. It proves conclusively that the power this engine develops we get **at the wheels** by our incomparable system of **Double Chain Direct Drive**—not an idle gear in mesh on high speed; no broken rear axle; no driving-shaft at an angle. Gearing easily changed for flat or mountainous roads. One gallon of gasoline drives the Pope-Toledo 20 miles.

Get our 1905 Catalogue. Get familiar with the record of this car. Study and compare its construction. Your own judgment will tell you it is the car of cars and the car for you.

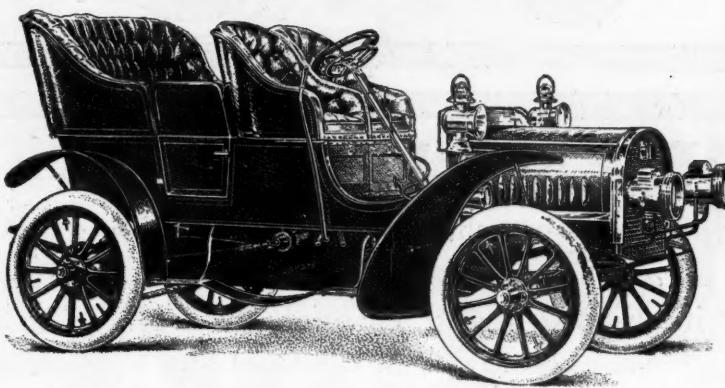
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| 30 h.-p., New Front Entrance, Immediate Deliveries | — | — | — | \$3,200 |
| 20 h.-p., side entrance | — | — | — | 2,800 |
| 30 h.-p., side entrance | — | — | — | 3,500 |
| 45 h.-p., side entrance | — | — | — | 6,000 |

Vic'oria or Canopy Top, \$250 extra.

Pope Motor Car Co., Desk A, Toledo, Ohio

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Rambler

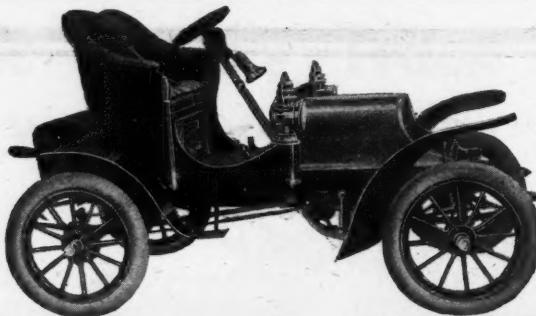


SURREY TYPE ONE 18 horse power, \$1350

The working parts of the RAMBLER are so simple and so readily accessible through the hinged floor and seat falls that adjustments can be made without the help of a chauffeur, while the methods of operation are so plain they can be learned at a glance. Instruction given without charge to all buyers who wish it. Other models \$750, \$850, \$2000 and \$3000. Immediate delivery.

*Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.
Branches, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia.
New York Agency, 134 West Thirty-eighth Street.
Representatives in all leading cities.*

THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY



FRANKLIN

The charm of motoring in a
Franklin is due to its enormous power,
its lightness and ease of control.

Water-cooled cars have been developed to a high degree of excellence—especially since they have followed the lead of the *Franklin* in adopting four cylinders. But so long as they are hampered by their heavy and cumbersome water apparatus, and their power is exhausted through great weight and wasteful application, they cannot attain that spirited and bird-like buoyancy that is found in every *Franklin* car.

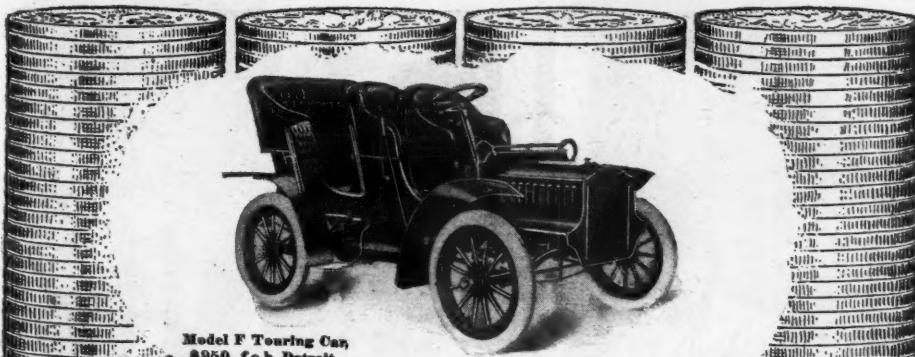
Runabout
Light Tonneau

20 H. P. Touring-car
30 H. P. Touring-car

Send for catalogue and booklet which tells of the *Franklin*'s record run from San Francisco to New York. Both books are read from cover to cover.

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers





Model F Touring Car,
\$950, f.o.b. Detroit.

How DOLLARS ARE SAVED WITH A CADILLAC

Among all
automobiles the

Cadillac stands pre-eminent for its
low cost of maintenance. Simple, durable, common-
sense construction makes it truly the "Car of Economy."

Because of simplicity of power-development and efficiency of trans-
mission there is practically no energy lost in the Cadillac—a feature which
alone reduces by a big percentage the cost of fuel, lubrication, etc.

The Cadillac mechanism is designed with a view to making it virtually *trouble-proof*,
with the result that the liability of damaging the motor or its connections through a
mistake in manipulation is reduced to a minimum. Absolute control at all times and
under all conditions is maintained more easily—with *fewer things to think of*—in the
Cadillac than in any other machine. This means that the Cadillac is the safest, the most
reliable and most easily operated of all motor cars. The new medium-power touring car
shown above is in every detail a notable example of art and skill in automobile building.
The many features of beauty, efficiency and appointment which characterize it are found
also in the other Cadillac models.

Model F—Side-Entrance Touring Car, shown above, \$950.

Model B—Touring Car, with detachable tonneau, \$900.

Model E—Light, stylish, powerful Runabout, divided seat, \$750.

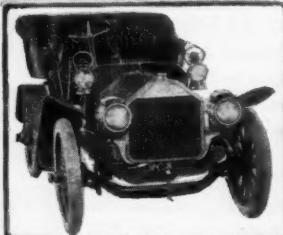
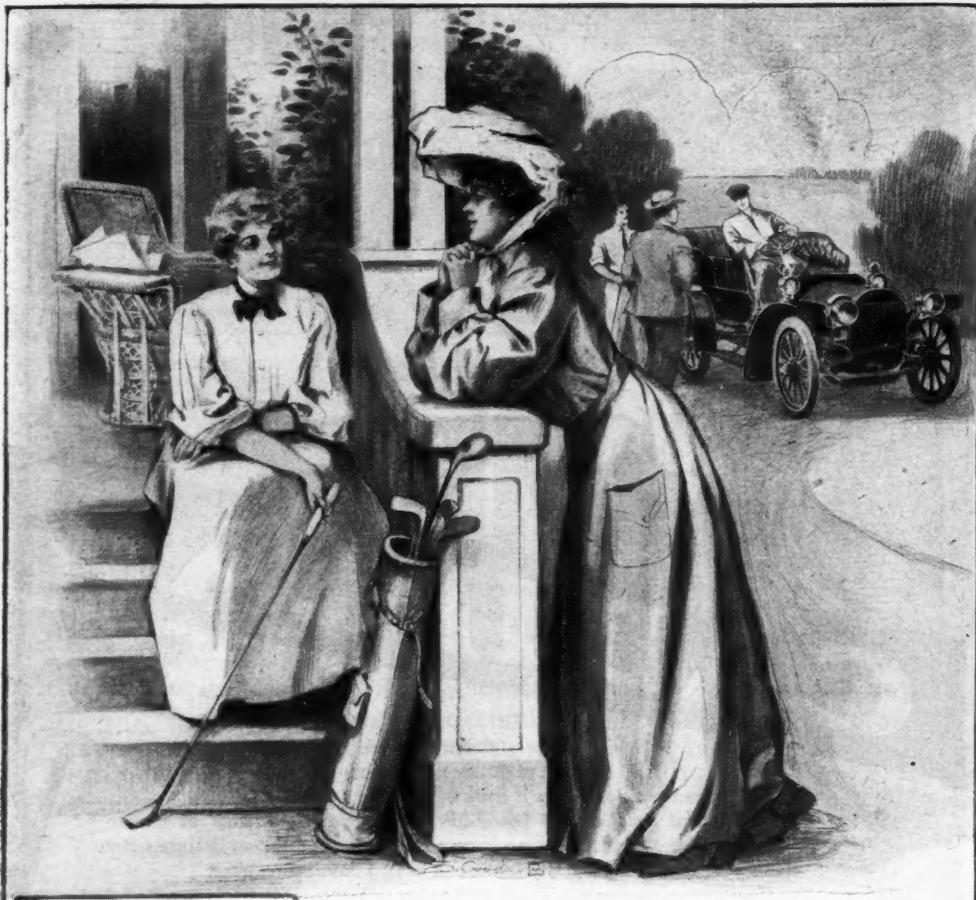
Model D—Four-Cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,800.

All prices f.o.b. Detroit.

Write for Catalog G, and address of nearest dealer, where you can see and try a Cadillac.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Peerless Direct Drive Touring Cars

are justly celebrated for the correctness of their mechanical construction. Every mechanical detail of the 1905 models has been simplified and perfected.

The new Peerless motors are of unique design, simple in construction and instantly accessible. They are exactly like the motor in the famous "Green Dragon," the holder of all world's records. These new motors show wonderfully increased power and have created a decided sensation.

Write for 1905 Catalogue

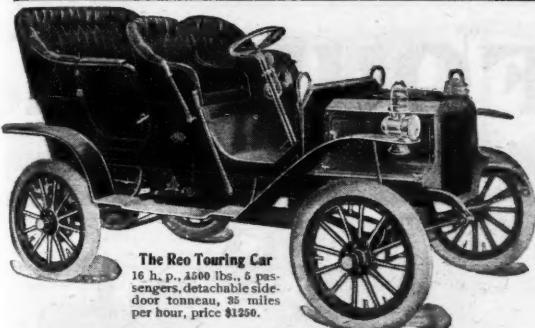
which shows the graceful lines of the new Peerless models, explains the Peerless mechanical simplicity and gives the reasons for the greater efficiency of the new Peerless motors.

24 H. P. \$3,200 35 H. P. \$4,000 60 H. P. \$6,000

The Green Dragon booklet, giving a complete record of the Peerless racing season is sent on request.

Peerless Motor Car Co., 28 Lisbon St., Cleveland, O.

Member Association Automobile Manufacturers.



The Reo Touring Car
16 h. p., 4500 lbs., 6 passengers, detachable side-door tonneau, 35 miles per hour, price \$1250.



A Goer and a Stayer

The Reo touring car engine develops a full horse power for every 90 pounds of car; and this is applied in a way to give the highest continuous speed on all roads and grades.

It has perfect lubrication; automatic adjustable carburetor; vibration-proof, heat-proof radiator, and accurate, sensitive, certain control.

That's the "Go" of it!

Reo transmission is practically unbreakable; the frame is pressed steel; the entire mechanism self-contained, and extra-strong construction used at every point—usually found weak or defective in motor cars.

That's the "Stay" of it!

REO Runabout
8 h. p., 900 lbs., 2 passenger car, 25 miles per hour; price \$650, with a speed and strength unsurpassed by any car of its size.

Write for catalogue giving full information

REO

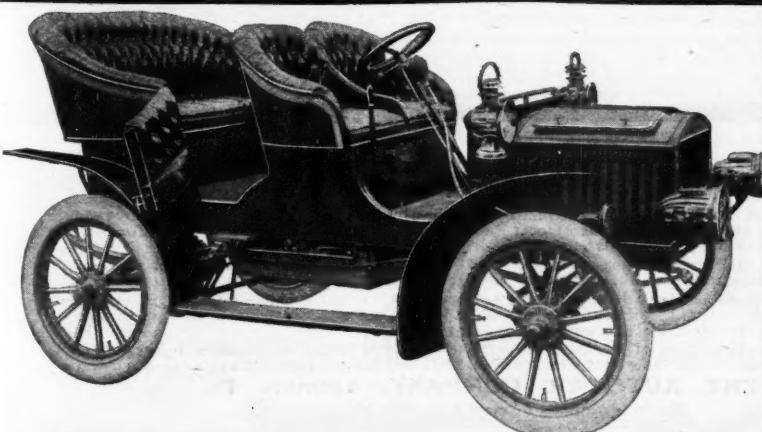
The Reo Motor Car Co

R. M. Owen, Sales Manager
Sales Office: 138 W. 38th St., New York
Factory: Lansing, Mich.
Agencies throughout the United States

THE ELMORE \$1250

TWO IMPULSES EVERY REVOLUTION.

You understand, do you, that when we say "Two impulses every revolution" we mean that the wonderful Elmore two-cylinder two-cycle engine produces two explosions with every turn of the fly-wheel? In other words, that the torque or application of power is continuous and uninterrupted. This paramount and vital feature, and the further fact that the Elmore has the most reliable self-starting engine in the world, should prompt you to write immediately for the full line of Elmore literature, including the new catalogue, explanation of the engine, description of the 6,000 mile trip, and the opinions of users—all mailed free.



**ELMORE
MFG.
COMPANY**
504 AMANDA
STREET
CLYDE, OHIO

Members Ass'n of
Licensed Automobile
Manufacturers.

The BIG FOUR of the



The Popularity of Our Cars

has created a demand for a complete line of Ford Models from which every user's individual requirements can be satisfied.

Model C, \$900

Removable rear entrance tonneau, double opposed motor.

Model B, \$3,000

Side entrance tonneau, 4-cylinder vertical motor.



Detailed description of these models together with our new catalogue, describing unique Ford features will be sent on request

Ford Motor Co.
Detroit,
Mich.



The Handy Autocar Runabout

Its remarkable ease of control and the limited space in which it can be turned and handled, together with its lightness and power, make the Autocar Runabout the ideal car for use in crowded streets, for short quick trips in city or country, and for all other two-passenger work.

Owners of large four or five-passenger cars find it economy to keep an Autocar Runabout to save wear and tear on their big cars when only two passengers are to be carried.

The Autocar Runabout is positively the best runabout built. It has a 10-horse power, two-cylinder horizontal opposed motor; the motor is located under the hood in front, where it is instantly accessible; it has shaft and gear drive; three forward speeds and reverse.

New catalogue descriptive of Runabout (Type X), \$900; Type VIII, Rear Entrance Tonneau, \$1400, and Type XI, Four-Cylinder Side Entrance Tonneau, \$2000, and dealer's name sent on request.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, Ardmore, Pa.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

FORD LINE



Model F, \$1,200

is a larger and more powerful car than Model C, has the popular Ford double opposed motor, divided front seat, double side entrance tonneau.

The Doctor's Car, without top, \$850
is especially designed for physicians.



Get a Ford *demonstration of power* in comparison with other cars and see the difference between *actual power* and *rated power*.

**Ford Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.**

Canadian trade supplied by The Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

Reliance DETROIT

Right from the Shoulder!

Every ounce of Reliance energy goes straight to the spot it's aimed at—the rear axle. That intelligent assembly of gears in the upper corner is the Reliance sliding-gear transmission, the \$3,500 to \$10,000 kind, which you get in the Reliance at \$1,250. Reliance double-cylinder power plant generates 16 to 20 h. p.

and that admirable transmission puts all of it direct into rear wheels—via the little "receiver general" known as the differential which you notice in the lower right-hand corner. No complications no adjustments, no friction or heating; everything oil-tight, dust-tight. Direct drive on high speed—all gears idle; both hands free on all speeds—positive pedal control. Every ounce of Reliance mechanism, workmanship and finish is just like that.

We mean
it when we say:

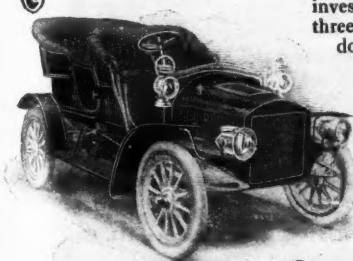
"The car too good
for the price"

Don't
invest two or
three thousand
dollars in any car
until you've compared
it, feature by feature,
with the \$1,
Reliance **1,250**

*Write now for interesting Catalogue and
proofs of Reliance value.*

Reliance Motor Car Co., Dept. U,
Detroit, U. S. A.

"No noise about it
but the horn"



Locomobile.

EASILY THE BEST BUILT CAR IN AMERICA

Locomobile Gasolene Cars

are equal in all respects to the best foreign cars and are a great deal better for our roads. Send for catalogue, which tells why our cars are better than the others. It is not a book of generalizations, but a book of facts and figures.

1905 Models. All 4-Cylinder, Side-Entrance Cars.
Prices \$2,800 to \$8,000.

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MEMBER A. L. A. M.

Premier The Quality Car
4 CYLINDER AIR COOLED

Cools Under All Conditions.

The following letter just received is one of the hundreds of proofs:

"Alliance, Nebraska, to Denver, Colorado, we made a raise of one thousand feet in seven miles through sand up over the rims, using the hill-climbing gear, and when we reached the top we threw in the high gear and she started off at a thirty mile an hour gait."

PREMIER MODELS
\$1250 to \$1500
PROMPT DELIVERIES
Write for Catalogue

PREMIER MOTOR MFG. CO. 207 SHELBY ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

\$1000⁰⁰

The Automobile Shows
at New York and Chicago demonstrated that the cars of this country are divided into two classes, to wit: Low-priced cars which are high-powered cars; and high-priced cars which are high-powered cars.

There was one striking and noteworthy exception to this general rule—one car which demonstrated its ability to get out on the road and do business alongside of cars costing \$400 to \$700 more. That car was

The YALE
14-16 H. P.
REAR \$1000 SIDE \$1100
Entrance \$1000

This question of horse-power—not horse-power claimed or promised, but horse-power delivered at the wheels—is paramount. Simplicity of operation, lightness, quietness, strength, necessary elements of comfort—all these points are vital; but the question for you to ask and answer is this:—

Is there a car in America even at \$1500 or \$1800 possessing all these requirements, which at the same time delivers the same degree of power as the Yale at \$1000 or \$1100?

We believe that there is not. And that if your investigation is thorough, your answer will be "No"—there is not.

It means a saving of \$400 to \$700 to you— isn't the investigation worth while?

Send for the 1905 catalogue describing this beautiful car and the superb 24 and 28 H. P. Yale at \$2500.00.

The Kirk Mfg. Co., 958 Oakwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

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Chain
Chainless
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BICYCLES

For 27 Years

We have been in the field and our name plates stand for superior quality; dealers prefer to handle and riders like to use wheels that are backed by years of successful manufacturing experience.

Bicycles of All Grades and at Various Prices
\$22.50 to \$100.00.

A complete line of juveniles.

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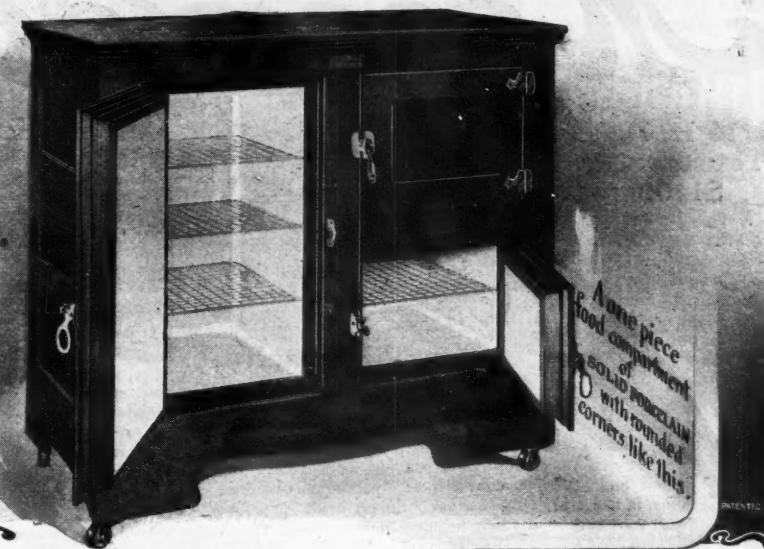
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Address Dept. B for catalogues.

The "Monroe"



THE family refrigerator is too often a source of disease. Good health demands that food should be kept in strictly sanitary receptacles. The food compartments of a "Monroe" are made of snow-white Porcelain ware moulded in one piece. The "Monroe" is the only real Porcelain refrigerator made, and the only one having food compartments with rounded angles, and absolutely without a joint or crevice—therefore strictly sanitary.

The "Monroe" is sold direct to the user on approval, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Prompt shipments and freight prepaid. Our descriptive catalogue sent upon request.

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Before You Life Size, Honestly Described.

NO MIDDLEMAN NECESSARY.

No. 58. Cut is exact size; ebony handle, 3 blades, German silver ends. The long blade is for rough or fine work; the medium blade is as thin as a razor. Price, postpaid, \$1.00, and well worth \$2.00.

The **lower cut** shows "Our Masterpiece," weighs 2 ozs., but large blade will cut a quill or an ax-handle. Price with ebony handle, \$1.25; ivory, \$1.50; choicest India pearl, \$2.00. Strong 2 blade **Jack knife**, 50c; 7 in. shears, 60c. All goods razor steel, hand forged, warranted, and **sold on honor**. Send for 80-page free List and "How to Use a Razor."

MAHER & GROSH CO.,
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The "Maxwell"

16 H. P.
Touring Car
\$1400

8 H. P.
Tourabout
\$750



Simplicity

is the keynote of Maxwell construction. Do you realize just what simplicity means in the construction of an automobile?

"Reliability," "ease of operation," "low cost of up-keep," must be the cardinal qualities of a simply constructed car. Are these *your* requirements in the car you buy? If so, there is a "Maxwell point" that covers each one of them. You will find the explanation of these "points" in our catalogue, but you will find the *proof* of them in a thorough examination of the car itself.

The "MAXWELL" cars have no pump (thermo-siphon.) Their double opposed motor is in front under the hood, and easily accessible in every part. They have Bevel Gear Drive, Metal Bodies, Transmission Case and Crank Shaft Cast in one Aluminum casting. "Perfectly simple and simply perfect."

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BEFORE that totally different wheel—the RACYCLE—was invented or even thought of, the Chicago World's Fair was a thing of the past. The

ONLY GRAND PRIZE

given in the bicycle class at the St. Louis World's Fair was awarded to the RACYCLE.

The Largest Selling High-Grade Bicycle in the World.

No cheap RACYCLES, but secure agency for your town and get yours cheap. If a Bicycle will answer your purpose, remember we build them also, and will sell you a high-grade bicycle cheaper than mail-order houses sell inferior goods. Send for Catalog 18.

The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co., Middletown, O., U.S.A.



I AM
RUSSELL E. GARDNER
THE "BUGGY KING" ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.
BANNER BUGGIES
BEAT THE WORLD

Ask your dealer for a **Banner Buggy**, Runabout, Surrey or Harness. If he doesn't handle them write me before buying. I manufacture more buggies than any other man in the world and can save you money.





THE MAN WHO SPENDS

a little time investigating the pedigree of varnish before he permits its use on his woodwork usually gets big interest on the investment.

An indifferent attitude towards varnish is responsible for many a spoiled interior.

The use of LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH and LIQUID GRANITE gives the highest results in the way of a finish attainable on wood.

Under its old name of Berry Brothers' Hard Oil Finish, LUXE-BERRY WOOD FINISH has been known for forty years. Use it on general interior woodwork.

For floors, bathrooms, window sash and sills, inside blinds, and front doors, use LIQUID GRANITE. It is the extraordinary wear resisting qualities of LIQUID GRANITE that make it equally valuable for floors and all woodwork where the exposure is severe.

Samples of finished woods and interesting booklets on wood finishing sent free for the asking.



This is the celebrated Toy Wagon that we give away free under certain conditions. Since we introduced it a few years ago it has found its way to all parts of the world and has made thousands of boys and girls happy.

Copy of picture
and full particulars
sent upon applica-
tion.

BERRY BROTHERS, LIMITED,

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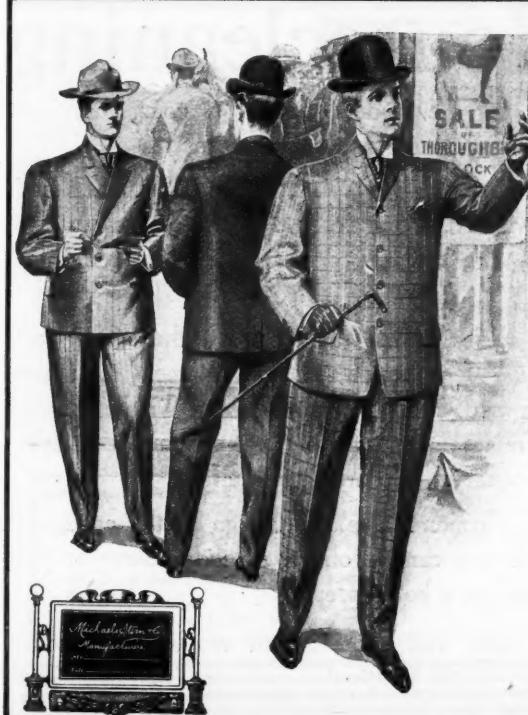
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Varnish Manufacturers

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Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing

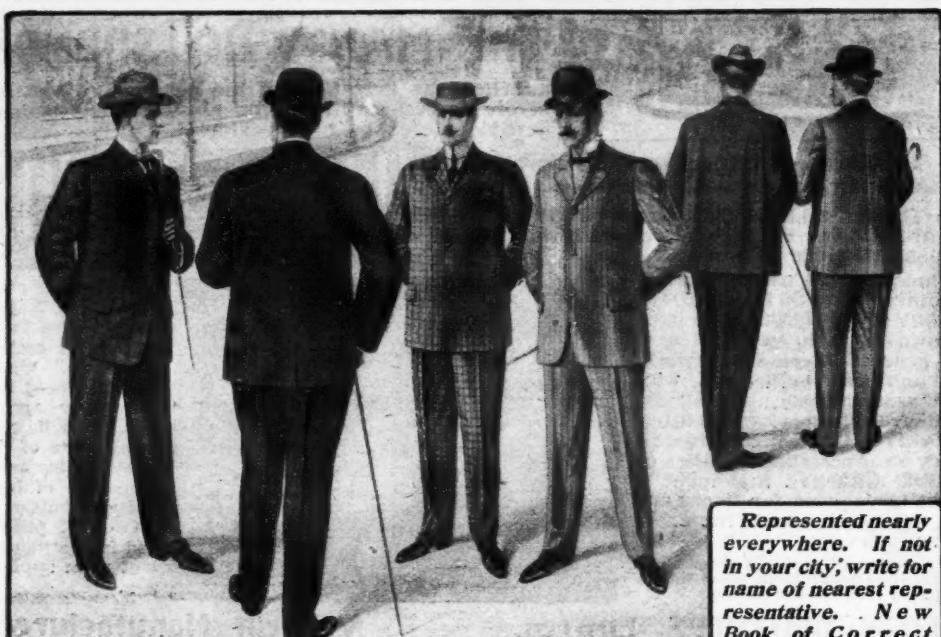
in the new Spring and Summer fashions is shown by leading retailers in every city in the United States.

This illustration shows how our new model Sack Suits fit and look—how you may expect them to fit you and make you appear to others—the **well dressed man.**

**Suits and Top Coats
\$10 to \$30**

Write for more information, name of retailer, and our new Spring booklet "A," "Styles from Life," FREE.

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Manufacturers, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



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GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES TO-MEASURE
— By NEW YORK'S SWELL TAILORS.

Represented nearly
everywhere. If not
in your city, write for
name of nearest rep-
resentative. New
Book of Correct
Fashions free for the
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ADDRESS DEPT. NO. 1

Modern Housecleaning

¶ When you clean house this Spring, try the modern method of going over your Woodwork and Furniture with a cloth moistened with *Liquid Veneer*.

¶ You will be delighted at the result. Everything will look like new, with a beautiful lustre, and housecleaning time will be much easier. *Liquid Veneer* will instantly remove all scratches, stains, dirt, dullness, destroying disease germs and leaving a smooth polished surface.

¶ It will benefit the finest finish. It cleans as well as builds up the surface and makes refinishing unnecessary. *Liquid Veneer* will remove that smoky look from the Piano and Mahogany Furniture and is highly beneficial to White Enamel Woodwork, Gilt Chairs, Cabinets, Frames, etc. Easy to use—a child can apply it—only a piece of cheese cloth is necessary. No drying to wait for.

¶ Sold by Grocers, Druggists and Furniture Dealers. Large bottle, enough to renovate the ordinary home, 50c. If you cannot obtain *Liquid Veneer* at your dealer's send 50c. and we will express you a bottle prepaid.

**FREE
SAMPLE**

Send us your dealer's name and address, and we will mail you a sample bottle, postpaid. Write today.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY MANUFACTURING CO.

Dept. H, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Dr. Deimel Underwear

(LINEN-MESH)

WEARING the Dr. Deimel Underwear safeguards against rheumatism and pneumonia, reduces catching cold to a minimum, and forever abolishes prickly heat and eczema, so common with all who wear wool next to the skin.

The Dr. Deimel Underwear is the Standard bearer of comfort and cleanliness.

The Dr. Deimel Underwear is made in such a wide variety of sizes that we can fit everybody. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to us.

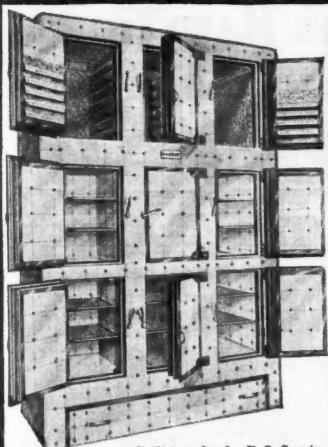
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Built to order for U. S. Senate
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McCray Refrigerators

Porcelain Tile, Opal Glass or Wood Lined. All sizes, for Residences, Clubs, Hotels, Hospitals, Grocers, Markets, Florists, Etc.

Endorsed by physicians, hospitals and prominent people.

The McCray Patent System of Refrigeration

insures perfect circulation of pure cold air, **absolutely dry**. Salt or matches keep perfectly dry in a McCray Refrigerator, the most severe test possible.

Zinc Lined Refrigerators Cause Disease

That stale smell about a refrigerator is a danger signal. The zinc is corroding and the oxide poisoning milk and food.

McCray Refrigerators are lined throughout with Porcelain Tile, Opal Glass or Odorless Wood (**no zinc is used**). They are Dry, Clean and Hygienic, of superior construction, are unequalled for economy of ice, and can be iced from outside of house. **Every refrigerator is guaranteed.**

McCray Refrigerators are also Built to Order. Catalogues and Estimates Free.

Catalogue No. 80 for residences; No. 46 for hotels, restaurants, clubs, public in institutions, etc.; No. 57 for meat markets; No. 64 for grocers; No. 76 for florists. Send for book "American Homes."

McCray Refrigerator Co., 409 Mill St., Kendallville, Ind.

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IMPROVED SYSTEM

Our Reference, the User---THE MAN WITH A GUNN. A sectional system that is not confusing and has all the outward appearance of a solid piece of handsome furniture.

"YOU DON'T GET DONE—WHEN YOU BUY A GUNN"



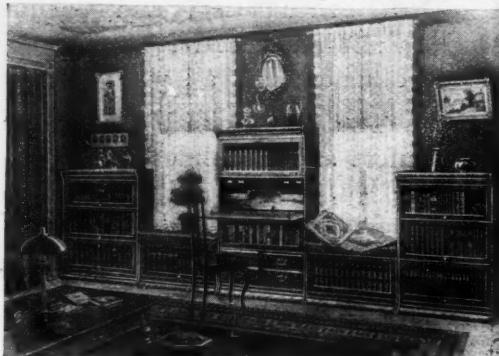
Built like
a Watch—a
good case with
perfect works.

The Gunn has a handsome appearance with all the sectional earmarks eliminated. Cabinet-work and finish best of GRAND RAPIDS production. Removable anti-friction Doors; valuable books not soiled when cleaning the glass. Complete catalogue free. For sale by leading dealers or direct from the factory. No higher in price than the old styles.

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Makers of Gunn Desks and Filing Cabinets.



Unlimited Artistic Effect for Any Room

MILLIONS WASTED ON HAIR TONICS *There is But One* **HAIR GROWER**

GUARANTEE BACKED BY THE BANKS

Failure of tonics to grow hair is due to the fact that such treatment does not reach the seat of the trouble. The hair roots must be nourished before the hair will grow, and this can be accomplished only by the presence of blood in the scalp. A vigorous rubbing of the scalp produces a pleasant sensation but it does not open up the veins which supply food to the follicles. Use tonics if you want to soften the hair and make it glossy, but if you want to **grow hair** or **keep it from falling out** you must cultivate the roots. Hair falls out for the same reason that a plant dies—lack of nourishment—therefore, to preserve it, you need only to supply nutrition to the hair roots.

Physicians say that the EVANS VACUUM CAP is founded on the correct principle to induce hair growth. By the vacuum method it gently draws the blood to the scalp, opens up the congested arteries and veins, and in short, helps nature to do her work. The method has proved so successful that every cap is sold on a guarantee.

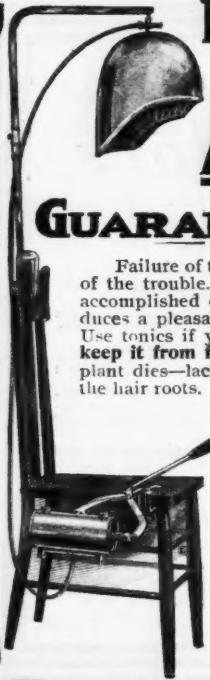
OUR GUARANTEE

We will send you by prepaid express an Evans Vacuum Cap to use thirty days, and all we ask of you is to deposit the price of the appliance in any bank in St. Louis during that period, subject to your own order. If you do not cultivate a sufficient growth of hair within this time to convince you that this method is effective, simply notify the bank and they will return your deposit. The effect of the Vacuum is pleasant and exhilarating. It gives the scalp vigorous exercise without rubbing and induces a free and active circulation without the use of drugs or lotions.

Illustrated book free on request
EVANS VACUUM CAP COMPANY,

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St. Louis.





FOR many years thousands of the best dressed men in the country have accepted and worn the

"Peck Clothing"

as the standard of correct style—there are no false lines or wrinkles anywhere—the materials are the best obtainable, and your size will fit as if made-to-measure. Ask your Clothier. At Wholesale

SYRACUSE, CHICAGO,
NEW YORK and BALTIMORE
Retailed by BEST STORES Everywhere

Suits - - \$10 to \$30
Top Coats - - \$10 to \$30

"Art in Clothes," the book of fashions for Spring and Summer, 1905, will be sent to you FREE—ask for it.

W. S. Peck & Company

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"You can better afford to PAY for a PECK-WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED FURNACE Than take any other make as a gift"

In the Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace a ton of cheapest grade coal is made to produce as much heat as a ton of the most costly grade; the coal is fed from below and the fire is on top—the rational way; the gases and smoke do not escape up the chimney as they do in ordinary furnaces, but are consumed as they pass up through the fire; immunity from gas, smoke and dirt; less ashes and no clinkers; simple and strong in construction, easy to operate.

(Patented)

The Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED FURNACE WILL SAVE $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$ on Your Coal Bills.

Stronger than any claims we make are the words of commendation received from those who have had actual experience with the Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnace, and subjected it to the severest tests. The Treasurer of a prominent Indiana Institution wrote, in reply to an inquiry from a friend in another city, the advice above quoted. Names of parties if desired, and fac-simile letter will be furnished on application. Literally hundreds of such cases are brought to our attention.

Let us send you FREE our Underfeed Book and facsimile voluntary letters proving every claim we make.

Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition.

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WHEN you think of book cases, you naturally think of GLOBE-WERNICKE. There are a good many logical reasons why this is true, and we would like to explain to you just why you should cling to first impressions and buy Globe-Wernicke book cases.

We make more book cases than all our competitors combined. The magnitude of the business closely affects the product. A big, prosperous business means economy in the buying of materials. It also means first choice in materials.

We select the finest woods that can be found, and because our purchases are large, the price is low. We employ none but the most skilled workmen, and our equipment is the best that money can provide.

The finished product embodies the best materials, workmanship and finish, and every book case we make is equipped with a door equalizer that is an *absolute surety against binding*, so that every section is as near perfection as human effort can make it.

It fits itself, and all other Globe-Wernicke cases of its class with which you may use it in the future. Another thing of importance is that our standing, our commercial rating and the magnitude of our business insures permanency.

When you wish to add additional book cases next year, or in ten or twenty years from now, the Globe-Wernicke product will be ready for you.

As to price, we fix that. No goods of quality can be sold at lower prices than we make, and no manufacturer trifles with the prices we have set. Thus we protect you as to quality, as to assurances of the future and as to price.

You do not have to pay the freight, and if one of our agents is near you, the book case will be delivered and set up free of charge.

Write for our catalog 104-X and list of a thousand agents.

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CINCINNATI

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Time to Paint

Buy *Good* paint this time—employ a good painter—and you won't have to repaint for years to come.

Our forty-years' experience has proven conclusively that the best paint is paint which is mixed with pure linseed oil the day it is applied.

Best, because the oil—"The Life of the Paint"—does not become stale, as it does in "ready-mixed paint"—and

Best, because it is less expensive. The oil costs less than the pigment, therefore you save money by buying them separately.

KINLOCH HOUSE PAINT is the pure, thick pigment, in all standard colors, and needs only mixing with pure linseed oil to make the best looking, most durable paint ready to apply.

Your dealer will supply you with both Kinloch Paint and pure linseed oil; if not, send for our introductory offer and valuable and interesting book on what "The Householder Ought to Know" about paint and painting.

Kinloch Paint Co., St. Louis.



If additional moisture is required mix a few drops of pure water with the quantity to be used after removing from the jar. Do not put moisture in the jar.

We Want You To Try

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

At Our Expense

We don't wish you simply to take our word that Pompeian **Massage Cream** works wonders in building a clear, healthy complexion—we prove it conclusively by allowing you to prove it for yourself, and will send you a sample with full directions for the trial.

An experiment: Wash the face thoroughly with soap and water. You *think* it's clean. Now apply Pompeian as directed, and the dirt will be fairly rolled out by your finger tips—the rich, red blood tingles through every tissue. The experiment is worth while, cost is nothing—simply fill out and forward attached coupon.

Price 50 cents and \$1.00. For sale by all good dealers.

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 111 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT TO US.

Gentlemen: In consideration of my having filled in blank below, please send, without cost to me, one copy of your book on facial massage and a liberal sample of Pompeian **Massage Cream**.

Name.....

Address.....

Dealer's or Barber's Name

Address.....

This Dealer (or Barber) **DOES** keep Pompeian **Massage Cream**

This Dealer (or Barber) **DOES NOT** keep Pompeian **Massage Cream**

"My Mother Uses SPIM SOAP Because:

"It keeps me sweet-tempered and healthy, by keeping the pores clean and open.

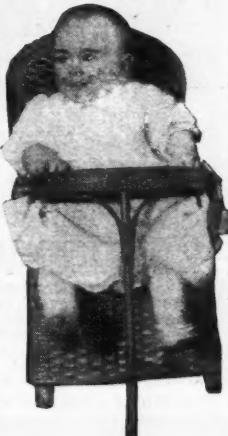
"It prevents all the skin irritations she tried to heal with baby powder.

"It instantly removes the inflammation caused by gritty powder she used to rub into my pores.

"It cleanses—never clogs—the pores.

"The foreign matter in the pores is the cause of inflammation—powder is one form of foreign matter.

"These properties make and keep my skin soft and sweet as a rose petal."



Spim Ointment

used in conjunction with Spim Soap, immediately relieves and quickly cures every form of skin disease. The merest touch (which is almost immediately absorbed) is sufficient. Try it on yourself or on **your** baby and if the results are not better than anything you have ever tried, Mr. Knox sends your money back.

Our Elaborate Album of "400 Beautiful Babies"

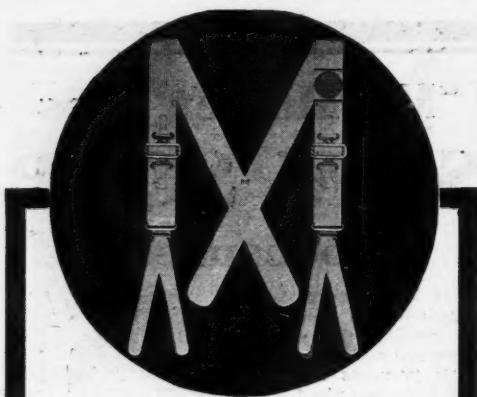
is mailed free for one wrapper of Spim Soap or Spim Ointment. Spim Soap costs 25 cents. Spim Ointment, 50 cents. Insist on "Spim"—don't take substitutes. If you are unable to obtain Spim Soap or Spim Ointment from your druggist, send us his name and we will sell you direct (postage prepaid in the United States or Canada). For your trouble in sending your money direct to us, we will mail **free** our elaborate album at once. Your money back if you ask it. Our "Watch the Baby" book is mailed to any one on simple request.

Many write and ask me, "What is Spim?" Spim is Sodium, Potassium, Iron and Manganese as they come from Mother Earth in concentrated form, with all their healing and soothing power.

\$500 in Cash Prizes
for Beautiful Babies. Send to-day for entrance blank.
SPIM CO. (Chas. B. Knox, President)
12 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

NOTE—With my national reputation as the manufacturer of Knox's Gelatine could I afford (even if I would) to be associated with an article without merit? I personally guarantee Spim Soap and Spim Ointment to the women of America.—CHAS. B. KNOX.





Genuine
GUYOT
Suspenders

The only gentleman's suspender. Made in sizes to fit. Prevent baggy trousers. Webbing inimitable. Button holes indestructible. Annual sales over 2,000,000 pairs. Grand Prize St. Louis, 1904. *None genuine without the name "Ch. Guyot" on the buckle.*
60c everywhere, or by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 60c to

OSTHEIMER BROS., 900 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

The Supply
of Hot Water
Never Runs Out
with a
Humphrey
CRESCENT
Instantaneous
Water Heater



With a Crescent Water Heater in your bath room you have any quantity of hot water always at your command—a drop or an ocean of it. Heats 20 gallons in seven minutes, using only two cents' worth of gas or gasoline. And it does the work instantly; the water simply flows in cold and out hot. Always ready, always sure—a life-long friend to the household. The most economical, durable and efficient heater made. Send for our booklet

"The Luxury of a Bath." It's free.

Our other Instantaneous Heater—the Crescent AUTOMATIC—supplies hot water to all parts of a building without the trouble of lighting. Gas turns on and off automatically. Catalogue on request.

HUMPHREY CO.,
Dept. M. Kalamazoo, Mich.



The family washing can be done at home easily, quickly and economically with a Majestic Washing Machine. It washes anything—injures nothing; is neat, handsome, durable; simple and easy to operate; soon pays for itself.

Ask to see it at your dealer's or write to us for free illustrated booklet and full information.

Richmond Cedar Works, Richmond, Va.

Beautiful Skin

can easily be obtained in a short time by gently massaging morning and night with a

Faultless Sponge Brush

made of pure rubber—a fine luxury for bath or toilet. Its delightful touch is soft as velvet—it massages gently yet firmly, is cleanly, removes all dead skin, dust, dirt and causes the skin to glow with health. Price \$1.00 at all dealers or direct from factory, prepaid



"Faultless"
Pure Rubber Goods
For the Home

are made from the purest rubber and nothing "as good" is made. They are "Faultless" in name and quality.

Non-Pa-Reil
Rubber Gloves

KEEP THE HANDS SOFT AND WHITE when doing any housework. They are soft, seamless, flexible, are made from best quality rubber and fit perfectly. Do not interfere with any use of hands or fingers, even for the most delicate work. They bleed the hands and keep them soft, white and beautiful. Invaluable for protecting the hands from dust, dirt, dishwater, stains, etc. Every pair guaranteed. Price \$1.00 of dealers or from factory, prepaid. In ordering by mail give size of kid glove worn and whether fingers are long or short.

Book about Faultless
Specialties sent free.

FAULTLESS RUBBER CO.
289 Main St., Akron, O.



"Mérode"

(HAND
FINISHED)

For Women
and Children

Underwear

The perfection of fit, comfort to the body, delightful in quality, and with a daintiness of finish unsurpassed by any other brand, the *Mérode Hand-finished Underwear* is to-day the choice of women of refinement and good taste. This Underwear, on account of the great variety in shapes adapted to the use of slender, medium, or stout forms, and the great range of qualities in cotton, lisle, and silk

and lisle, will readily meet the demands of the most variable tastes. Can be had in *Vests, Drawers, Tights, Corset Covers and Union Suits*.

Found at all the leading shops. If you cannot procure at your dealers, write to

LORD & TAYLOR, Wholesale
NEW YORK



Withered and Wrinkled

There's no necessity for a woman to have a face seamed with wrinkles. They can be smoothed out and new ones prevented from coming. All that's required is a little patience and the use of

B. & P. Wrinkle Eradicators

—the wonderful remedy that was discovered by two women. The safest and surest help for the preservation of youthful beauty. Based upon the scientific principle of muscular control. No chemicals. Applied at night, after the manner shown in the illustration, and removed in the morning. Put up in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 boxes. For sale at drug and department stores, or by mail on receipt of price.

FROWNERS act on the same principle of muscular control as the Wrinkle Eradicators. They will remove the lines caused by scowling or frowning. \$1.00 per box. Write for free booklet.

THE B. & P. CO. (TWO WOMEN), 50 Kirk St., Cleveland, O.

Always in the "Weigh"



American Family Scale

SIMPLEST AND TRUEST

It's Just Right and Stays Right

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

LOOK FOR THE NAME.

MADE BY
AMERICAN CUTLERY CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.



THOMSON'S "GLOVE-FITTING" "HABIT - HIP" CORSET

The celebrated *Velvet Grip* cushion button is used exclusively on all our hose supporter models.

The new models are of higher bust with long waist, tapering the figure in an unbroken, graceful curve and giving a flowing effect through the hips.

Grand Prize and Gold Medal

awarded by the St. Louis Exposition on Thomson's "Glove-Fitting" Corsets and "H. & W." Underwaists

GEO. C. BATCHELLER & CO., 345-347 Broadway, New York

Write
For
This
Book



It's
FREE
A postal
will do

WE explain in this book the best and most economical methods of keeping your furniture, floors and woodwork in perfect condition—also how to finish and refinish them. This information is the result of 21 years' experience in the wood-finishing business. Can you afford not to risk a postal or stamp to get it? Then, write us now, before this slips your mind, and ask for edition M-4. We manufacture

Johnson's Prepared Wax

"A Complete Finish and Polish for All Wood."

For sale by all dealers in paint— $\frac{1}{2}$ pound cans, 30 cents each; 1 and 2 pound cans, 60 cents per pound; 4, 6 and 8 pound cans, 60 cents per pound. The Book is FREE. Send now.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

"The Hardwood Floor Authorities."

Buy of the Manufacturer



CLASS PINS OR BADGES

We sell by mail at factory prices, pins and badges for any

College, School, Class, Club, Society or Lodge

Our large manufacturing facilities and splendidly equipped factory are responsible for our low prices.

Special Introductory Offer

We guarantee satisfaction and to prove to you that our goods are perfect and are as represented, we will send, postage prepaid, either of the two styles illustrated in this advertisement. They will be made to your order in one or two colors of enamel, with any letters or figures, if not more than shown, at these prices:

Silver Plate, \$1.00 Dozen, Sample 10c.
Sterling Silver, \$2.50 Dozen, Sample 25c.

We make to order Gold, Gold Plated, Silver, Silver Plated Pins, Buttons, Medals of all descriptions; celluloid buttons and ribbon badges.

FREE—Our 40 page catalogue illustrating hundreds of designs sent free on request.

We get up special designs and furnish estimates free.

BASTIAN BROS., M-21 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.



**DIAMONDS
ON CREDIT**

RINGS.
WATCHES, STUDS, STICK PINS,
BROOCHES, LOCKETS,
and every style of diamond and other jewelry
on these easy terms:

**20 per cent. down and
10 per cent. per month.**

Transactions strictly confidential.
No employer's reference required.
In addition to this easy payment system, our
prices are **20 per cent. lower than any
competitor's.**

By importing for ourselves the stones in the
rough, cutting and polishing them here, and selling
them to you direct, we save the heavy import
duties, the importer's and retailer's profits. If
your dealer can duplicate our values, we will
take back your purchase and refund your money.

Established in 1848.
We are the oldest in the trade.
EVERY PURCHASE FULLY GUARANTEED.
Send for large Catalog, Edition 12.

J.M. LYON & CO.
65, 67, 69 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK

**Dixon's
Eterno**

**Writes Black
Copies Purple**

The new indelible pencil that has
all the good qualities of a good foun-
tain pen, *without the bother*

The writing is permanent.
It writes freely, smoothly, carries
and holds a sharp point.
It makes a *better* copy than copy-
ing ink.
Both letter and copy are indelible.
Is sold with or without nickel pencil
point protector by all stationers.
For all records requiring speed or
memoranda of a permanent character,
Dixon's Eterno will be found a great
convenience, as the writing will last as
long as the paper endures.

Dixon's Penell Guide, *indexed by vocations*,
will tell you the kind of lead pencil you should
use. Sent free.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,
Dept. B Jersey City, N.J.

Dixon's Eterno No. 2050

20 ROSES
prepared for
\$1.00

The roses we send will bloom freely this summer either in pots or planted in the yard. They are hardy everbloomers. We guarantee them to reach you in good growing condition. We also guarantee them to be the best dollar's worth of roses you ever purchased. Write to-day.

Souvenir de Pierre Notting, orange yellow. **Souvenir de Elise Vardon**, creamy white. **Le Jean Guigny**, light yellow rose. **Flora Guillot**, light crimson. **Mr. R. H. Cant**, deep, rich red. **Rosamane Graveraux** (new), silvery pink. **Maurice Rouvier**, pink shaded buff. **Lady Mary Cory**, creamy yellow. **Lucile**, yellow flushed red. **Gladys**, cream, improved from France. **Aurore**, bright pink. **Killarney**, salmon yellow. **Antoine Verdier**, glowing rose. **Ruby Gold**, yellow and crimson. **Bouquet of Gold**, golden yellow. **Hermosa**, everybody's favorite. **Ivory**, snowy white. **Bon Silence**, in bloom all the time. **Burbank**, beautiful flesh tint.

Remember, the above 20 roses mailed for \$1.00 anywhere in the world.

Illustrated catalogue of all kinds of roses, plants, etc., free. Write for it to-day.

The Good & Reese Company
The Largest Rose Growers in the World,
Box P, Springfield, Ohio



Rieger's California Perfumes
(Samples sent free on request)

Made Where the Flowers Grow

If you can't come to California and enjoy the beautiful flowers then bring California's flowers to yourself, by using California perfumes—the true odor of the flowers.

Ask your druggist for
Sunset Violets
75 cents an ounce

Rieger's latest and most popular odor
PAUL RIEGER & CO.
174 First Street
San Francisco, Cal.

RIEGER



Agents Wanted

in every locality. Attractive inducements for permanent, profitable occupation. Previous experience not required.

KEYSTONE
FIRE
EXTINGUISHER.

Examined and approved under the standard of the National Board of Fire Underwriters—the cheapest and best **approved** extinguisher. In some localities this agency can be carried with other business interests. Write to-day for booklet and full particulars.

JAMES BOYD & BROTHER
11 N. 4th St., Philadelphia.
Mfrs. of FIRE PROTECTION EQUIPMENT.

CALOX

Depends for its virtues upon

- (1) The presence of active oxygen or ozone, nature's great cleanser
- (2) The formation of milk of lime

THE
Oxygen

The oxygen cleans and whitens the teeth and sterilizes the whole mouth, which no other dentifrice will do. The milk of lime neutralizes corroding mouth acids, removes deposits from the teeth and heals tender and suppurating gums.

Keeps gold and amalgam fillings clean and bright.

Tooth

In metal bottles with new patent top; operated by one hand. Price 25c., of all druggists.

Our illustrated booklet, "The Care of the Teeth and Mouth," shows the importance of sound teeth and a clean mouth to good health. Sent free on request.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, 91 to 97 Fulton St., New York

Powder

Highest award given to any Cereal Coffee at Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

HERE'S YOUR HEALTH
An aromatic, steaming cup of

Figprune Cereal Coffee
something like coffee in flavor, only better when you know it. You will learn about this goodness of fruit and grains in a perfectly roasted and blended substitute for coffee, when you have tried Figprune. Your grocer has it or can get it. Prepared in California's famous fruit section by

THE FIGPRUNE CEREAL CO.,
290 Market St.
San Jose, California.

Special Offer.

BOAS
Direct from
The Cawston
OSTRICH
FARM

We make this special offer to demonstrate our ability to produce and sell the very best ostrich feather goods in the world. Order this boa direct from us with the distinct understanding that you can return it and receive your money back if not thoroughly satisfied that it is better than can be had in any retail store for the price.

"Special Offer" Boa No. 340—Full 13 1/4-yd. length, black, white or gray; beautiful luster, large and full, splendidly made, better than is sold in most stores at \$25.00; delivered prepaid for **\$20**

Souvenir Catalogue Free

We publish a beautiful souvenir of the Farm, which contains scenes and descriptive matter. It also contains large halftone engravings of our finished products, boas, plumes, tips, fans and novelties. Write for it today.

Cawston Ostrich Farm

The Original Home of the Ostrich in America
P. O. Box 31. **South Pasadena, California.**

Silk Warp
Lansdowne

Its beauty and adaptability are a revelation, to the woman of taste and discrimination.

Genuine perforated every 3 yards on the selvedge

W.M.F. READ

For sale at all good stores

Holds on Tenaciously in an Embrace of Comfort

Clasps lie FLAT Against the Leg, and Cannot Chafe or Rub

BRIGHTON
Silk Garter
FOR MEN

Don't buy an inferior article. Look for the word Brighton on the clasps and on the box. Sold by dealers or by mail. Price 25 cents.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philada.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

32 Years Selling Direct

We are the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling to consumers exclusively.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

but ship anywhere for examination and approval, guaranteeing safe delivery.

You are out nothing if not satisfied as to style, quality and price. We make 200 styles of vehicles and 65 styles of harness.



No. 535. Fine Covert Wagon with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. rubber tires. Price, complete, **\$98.00**. As good as sells for \$40 more.

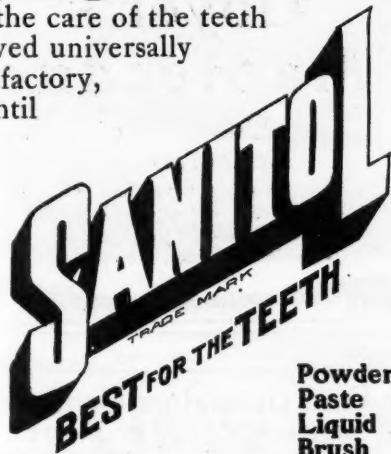


No. 342. Fine Cut Under Trap. Price, complete, **\$103.00**. As good as sells for \$40 more.

Our large catalogue is **FREE**. Send for it.

Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Nothing created by man for the care of the teeth proved universally satisfactory, —until



was offered. By its peculiar individual action, apparent at once, it produces clean, white, healthy teeth, and leaves a delightful sensation in the mouth.

A helpful booklet on "The Teeth," free
The Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., St. Louis

Manufacturing Chemists for all Sanitol preparations, products of an Association of DENTISTS conducted on the co-operative plan.

Highest and and Only Award, World's Fair, 1904

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.



Trade Mark Registered.

WILL develop or reduce any part of the body.

A Perfect Complexion Beautifier and Remover of Wrinkles.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS'
THE ONLY
Electric Massage Roller.

(Patented United States, Europe, Canada.)

"A new beautifier which is *designed to produce a perfect complexion, removing wrinkles and all facial blemishes.* Will develop, reduce, as well as remove wrinkles. A most effective addition to the toilet-table."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"This delicate Electric Beautifier removes all facial blemishes. It is the only positive remover of wrinkles and crow's-feet. It never fails to perform all that is expected."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

"At one stroke the art of acquiring beauty has become simplified. Any woman may achieve beauty *at home and unaided*. She will discharge the army of beautifiers she employs to exercise their arts upon her, and buy the Electric Massage Roller. The Roller will do the rest."—*N. Y. World*.

FOR MASSAGE AND CURATIVE PURPOSES

An Electric Roller in all the term implies. A most perfect complexion beautifier. Will remove wrinkles, "crow-feet" (premature or from age), and all facial blemishes—**POSITIVE**. Whenever electricity is to be used for massaging or remedial purposes, it has no equal. **No charging.** **Will last forever.** No shock, sting or burn, as in old-style batteries, but pleasant and soothing in its action. **Always ready for use on ALL PARTS OF THE BODY**, for all diseases. The professional standing of the inventor, with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee. **PRICE: GOLD, \$4.00; SILVER, \$3.00** each. By mail, or office of Gibbs' Co., 1370 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. **Book Free.**

THE ONLY ELECTRIC ROLLER

is guaranteed in every way.



"Can take a pound a day off a patient, or just a ton,"—*N. Y. Sun*, August 30, 1891. Send for lecture on "Great Subject of Fat," and Blank.

No Dieting. **No Hard Work.**

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' OBESITY CURE **FOR THE PERMANENT REDUCTION AND CARE OF OBESITY.**

Purely Vegetable. Harmless and Positive. **NO FAILURE.** Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment, **\$5.00.** Mail, or office, 1370 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. **REDUCTION GUARANTEED.**

"The cure is positive and permanent."—*N. Y. Herald*, July 9, 1893.

"On obesity, Dr. Gibbs is the recognized authority."—*N. Y. Press*, 1893.

BEWARE OF IMITATORS.

IN CHINA

the opinions and the methods of ancestors are sacred; therefore innovation and improvement are sacrilege. The painter whose method of thought is Chinese clings to pure white lead, because the ancients approved it. Machinery and experiment have improved paint as they have improved everything else. High grade ready mixed paint, based largely on **OXIDE OF ZINC**, is paint in its most modern, most un-Chinese form.

The NEW JERSEY ZINC CO.

An Interesting Pamphlet
"Paint: Why, How and When,"
Free to property owners.

71 Broadway
NEW YORK

We do not grind zinc in oil: a list of Manufacturers of High Grade Zinc Paints sent on application.

Buy Carriages from the Factory SAVE ONE-THIRD

A CUSTOMER is virtually handed the dealer's profit on a carriage buggy or harness when he buys direct from us at factory prices. Many have written that they have saved from \$15 to \$40 on a single purchase. We manufacture our entire line of carriages and harness; sell direct to the customer at wholesale prices, and warrant our goods in every way. Write for descriptive illustrated catalogue showing all styles of carriages and explaining the advantages of our plan of sale. We guarantee satisfaction or refund money, and pay freight charges both ways.



THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Diamonds on Credit

**1/4 CARAT—
QUALITY A-1
WHITE PERFECT**



**PRICE—
\$36.00**

\$6 DOWN

**& \$3.
PER
MO.**

**WE CANT AFFORD TO OFFER VALUES
WE DO NOT MEAN TO FURNISH AND WE
DON'T. CONSIDER THIS AND ACT.**

**3/8 CARAT—
QUALITY A-1
WHITE PERFECT**



**PRICE
\$52.50**

\$9 DOWN

**& \$5.
PER
MO.**

**Ring Catalogue No. D102 FREE. If interested in
Watches or other Jewelry, ask for Special Catalog.**

**HERBERT L. JOSEPH & CO.
Diamonds — Watches — Jewelry
Established 1882 213 (D102) State St., Chicago.
Responsibility, \$250,000**

The Stomach Sweet Goyer's Maplecane

The syrup of
excellence.

Send Grocer's name and receive
Sample and Recipe Book FREE

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192 Tennessee Street, Memphis, Tenn.



COLT Carbide-Feed Generators Combine

SAFETY

Accepted by insurance companies without extra premium. Lamp overturn, electric wires "cross" and a fire results. There can be no stored up gas with a Colt.

We Prove This in our Free Book describing the Acetylene principle, the "Colt" Generator, giving prices on all sizes from 10 lights up, and scores of testimonials. Please state your needs and ask questions.

**J. B. COLT CO., Dept. M-2, 21 Barclay St., New York
CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA LOS ANGELES**
The largest makers of Acetylene Apparatus in the world.

BRILLIANCE

No written comparison can give an adequate idea of its beauty or power. It gives the color values of sunlight. Electric lights are dull and yellow beside it.

ECONOMY

It costs less than electricity. Averages less than city gas at \$1.00 per thousand. Cheaper to use than kerosene for equal light. Any one can run it.



THE *Dictator* SHOE \$3.50

Gives the Correct Idea in Men's Footwear

BUFFON made himself famous by declaring "Style is the man." The "Dictator" shoe has made itself famous by showing that "style is the shoe." For the "Dictator" portrays fashion's advance decrees in absolute integrity. It is the fashionable shoe for men of preferred tastes! It is built on honor and sold upon merit. No better material ever entered a shoe and, certainly, no finer workmanship ever graced a foot. And withal there is that absolute foot ease that alone comes from symmetry of proportions.

Why not try the "Dictator"? Ask your dealer for "Dictator," and if he cannot supply you, write us.

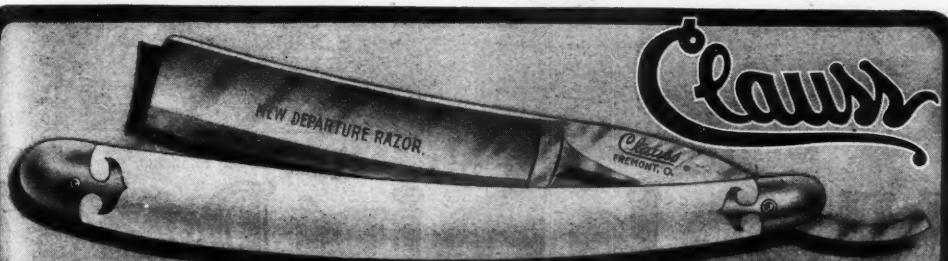
NOTE: Our Spring Book of Fashions that dictate now ready. It shows what shoe to wear for every occasion. It is worth paying for. But it is free to you. Drop us postal asking for it.

JOHN W. RUSS CO.
Established 1856
363 River Street
HAVERHILL, MASS.





Style B-2
Corona Colt
Bal. Mat Top.
Medium Extension Sole.
"Albany" Toe.



The Razor That Holds Its Edge

Clauss New Departure razor is different. It is made in the world's largest cutlery shops, from the finest tempered Sheffield steel, a special shaped blade with a special shaped edge. The edge is ground lengthwise with the grain of the steel, resulting in a keener edge.

Clauss Perfect New Departure Razors

are tempered by a special patented process so that every Clauss Razor cuts cleanly, smoothly and holds its edge. It's as easy to shave with a Clauss as lathering your face—it's simply a delightful sensation, the Clauss gives such a clean velvety shave. The Clauss "New Departure Razor" as illustrated above is our latest specialty. We make it to please the man who wants and appreciates a perfect razor. Price \$2.50.

Ask Your Dealer or Barber.

All leading dealers sell Clauss Razors, but if yours does not, order direct from the cutlery
Our book, "Hints To Shavers" sent free.

"Clauss," 122 First Street, Fremont, Ohio.

MORE THAN 400 SHAVES WITHOUT STROPPING AT LESS THAN $\frac{1}{4}$ CENT A SHAVE

THINK WHAT THIS MEANT TO THE MAN WHO TORTURED HIMSELF FOR YEARS WITH THE OLD STYLE RAZORS BEFORE HE WROTE US.

The Secret is in the wafer-blades, double-edged, and tempered in a manner not possible with the forged blade used in ordinary and other safety razors. Every blade—ground with diamond dust—will give an average of 10 to 40 perfect velvet shaves, according to the beard, without bother of stropping devices. **Twelve of these double-edged blades go with each set.** We uniformly exchange one new blade for two old blades returned. This plan of repeated exchange is equivalent to twenty-two blades with every outfit. After these are all used, **new ones**, by this exchange plan, **cost you less than 5 cents each.**

The razor as shown is separated into its three solid parts with the blade ready to be clamped into position for shaving.

Note the concave effect of the double-edged wafer blade when ready to shave and compare this **one feature** with any other razor. Whole outfit sent in velvet-lined case.



Now Let The Gillette Prove Itself to You
every day for a month on our 30 day free trial plan. Most dealers make this offer; if yours don't we will. Then, if for any reason you'd rather have your money than the razor, return the razor. **Your money back and welcome.**

Awarded Gold Medal for **MERIT**
At St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

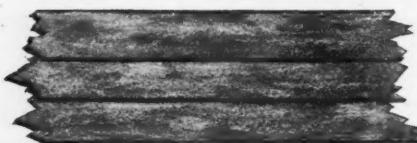
Ask your dealer for the Gillette Safety Razor.
If he doesn't sell it he can procure it for you. At any rate, write for our interesting booklet. Mailed free.

The Gillette Sales Company.

1601 Manhattan Bldg.

Chicago, Ill.

References: Continental National Bank, Chicago, or any one of our 168,141 satisfied users to January 1, 1905, our first year in the market.



The Paint is Dead when the Oil is gone.



A Long-Lived Paint is made of Oil-Protecting Pigments.

When Is Paint Dead?

"Linseed Oil is the life of paint." When the oil departs, the paint is dead. Dead paint—a lustreless, dry, chalky coating—has no protective qualities, and disintegrates rapidly because the pigments have no cohesive attraction after the departure of the oil.

But the oil must be pure, and nothing should be added to the paint that will injure the oil and shorten its life. White Lead, used alone, "burns up" the oil, and the addition of an alkali, to unite the oil and water used in some paints, is equally disastrous. Paint containing water is, therefore, not good paint.

PATTON PAINT COMPANY, 209 Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis. **Eastern Factory, Newark, N. J.** TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO., General Distributors.

Patton's Sun-Proof paints are long-lived because they are made of the right materials—Zinc, Lead and Silica, Linseed Oil and Turpentine driers—in the right proportions, ground again and again by powerful machinery. Paints lacking any of these materials, or hand-mixed paints (a mere paddling together of the pigments and liquids), are short-lived—they chalk, crack, peel and blister, and, besides, lack beauty and covering capacity.

Our booklet, "Paint Queries," contains interesting information about paints, their colors and when and how to use them. Write for it.

*The Highest Grade
After-Dinner Liqueur*

DAINTY
DELICIOUS
DIGESTIVE

DAINTY
DELICIOUS
DIGESTIVE



**Liqueur
Pères Chartreux**

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous Cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the monks' expulsion from France and it is now known as **Liqueur Pères Chartreux** (the Monks, however, still retain the exclusive right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of monks who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Batier & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Sole Agents for United States.

**THE
FOX
TOUCH
TYPEWRITER**

THE FOX TYPEWRITER is recognized as the best adapted for this method of operating, the compactness of the keyboard, the short key dip, the light touch (25% to 50% lighter than any other), are perfected features in the Fox and give it a great advantage over all others.

THE FOX FOR SPEED

By a special arrangement of the escape, the operator can instantly change the speed of the machine from "regular" to "fast," so that any Fox Typewriter is adapted to the speed of the operator, a wonderful advantage where speed is any consideration, and one not found on other typewriters.

Two Colored Ribbon

Can be used when desired, and by simply touching a button, credits or special notations can be inserted in a different colored ink from the body of the letter.

We know that the Fox Typewriter is a higher grade typewriter than any other, that it will do more work, more varied work, do it easier, and has greater durability than any other typewriter manufactured.

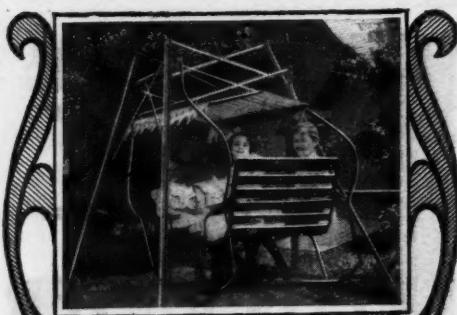
We are proving this assertion every day. We want an opportunity to prove it in your office, and we are willing to undertake it without any expense to yourself.

Our catalog describing the machine in detail will be sent on request.

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.
472 Front St., Grand Rapids, Michigan
Branch offices and agencies in principal cities



The
"Fox"
with
tabula-
tor.



The Swing For Comfort

The Eagle Steel Lawn Swing is noted for comfort and safety. The only swing that can be used by children with absolute freedom from danger. No matter how high or fast you swing, the seat remains upright. No tilting backward or forward.

Eagle Steel Lawn Swing

is built of carbon steel and will last a lifetime. Can be set up in ten minutes. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. For sale by dealers, or write for special offer. Illustrative catalogue free.

A. BUCH'S SONS CO., College St.,
Elizabethtown, Pa.

The Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

LINED WITH

Genuine Porcelain Enamel

fired on sheet steel. You can not break, scratch or corrode this wonderful lining.

It will last forever, sweet and clean.

Sliding adjustable shelves, of same material, case of oak with quarter sawed panels. Hand polished golden finish, nickel trimmings, eight walls with mineral wool insulation. This style 35x22x46 in **\$27.50** freight paid as far as the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. We sell direct where we have no agent. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for booklet showing other styles from \$8.25 up and free sample of our wonderful lining.



Beware of imitations made with white paint, white glass or tile
THE GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO.

13 Ottawa St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE IMPROVED
Boston
Garter

KNOWN AND
WORN ALL OVER
THE WORLD

The NAME is Stamped
ON EVERY LOOP—

The *Velvet Grip*
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never
slips, tears, nor unfastens

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Send
50c for Silk,
25c for Cotton,
Sample Pair

ALWAYS EASY

A. W. FABER

was awarded the

Grand Prize

at the International Exposition, St. Louis
1904

Lead and Colored Pencils

Pen Holders, Rulers

Calculating Rules, Inks

Water Colors

Rubber Bands and Erasive

Rubber

Mfg. Est. 1761

24 Grand Prizes at International Fairs

See that **A. W. Faber** is on all pencils,
erasers, etc., before buying

44-60 E. 23d St. New York



Don't leave comfort, convenience and order at home when you travel. Take them along by packing your clothes in a

Stallman Dresser Trunk

Built like a dresser. Everything you want when and where you want it. Keeps garments in perfect condition. Simplifies packing and unpacking, eliminates re-packing. Strongest, most convenient trunk made and costs no more than the ordinary style. Sent C. O. D. privilege examination.

Send two-cent stamp for booklet.

F. A. STALLMAN, 19 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.



There are certain songs like "The Suwannee River" or "The Last Rose of Summer," so winning and sweet that they please at once, and always.

Like an old tune

the tone of the Packard goes straight to the heart, each separate note revealing the art of the accomplished maker with rare sympathy and charm.

Catalogue and full information on request.

The Packard Company
Dept. J Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Southern Pacific OFFERS Low RATES TO CALIFORNIA

\$50.00

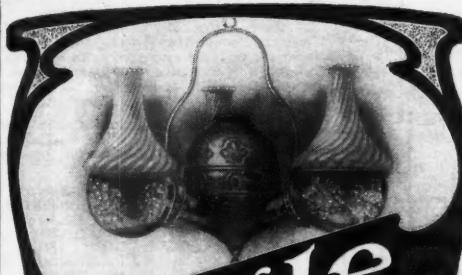
from New York

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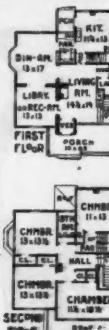
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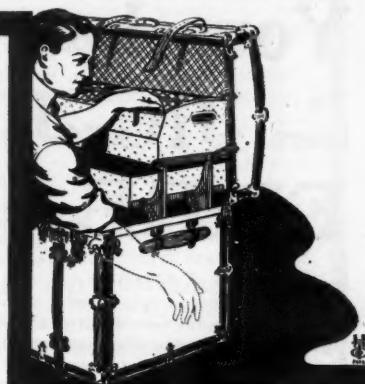
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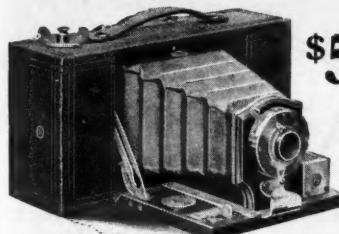
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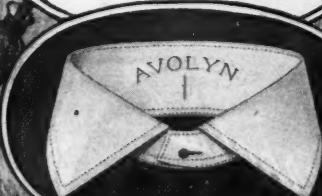
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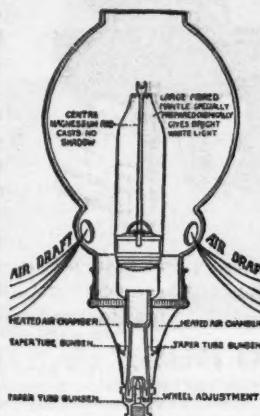
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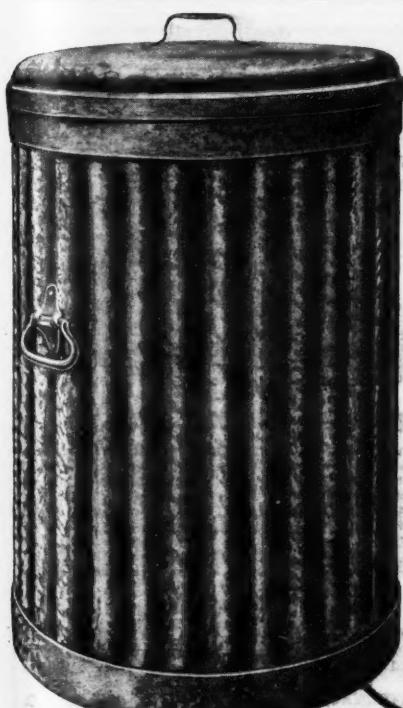
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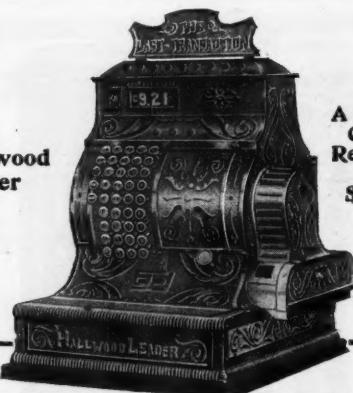
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It is a smooth, pleasant, easy soap suitable alike for the toilet or bath. It will not injure or irritate the most delicate skin, and has been used with great satisfaction by thousands. Lava Soap will be especially appreciated by those who own or run automobiles. It should be in every home.

If your druggist or grocer does not keep it, ask him to get it for you. Or, send us his name and address and we will send you a sample free.

Wm. Waltke & Co.
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DURING FIFTY YEARS, the skill and energies of two generations of the house of Blasius have been persistently directed to the highest possible attainment in piano-tone. The numerous constructive improvements thus perfected are summed up in the

55 points of superiority of the Blasius piano

No other piano ever built possesses **all** of these improvements; and no piano without them can have the tone-quality and lastingness of the Blasius. No purchaser can wisely decide upon a piano until he has investigated these **55 improvements.** We offer every facility for so doing. We will send on request a book describing each improvement. Furthermore, we will

place the Blasius piano in your home on trial

free of charge, and entirely at our own risk, in order to demonstrate its greater desirability. Write for particulars of this liberal offer.

We accept old pianos in part payment;
arrange terms to suit purchaser.
Complete information sent on request.

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Piano Makers
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\$350 SHOES \$400

"Good Wear" is found in every pair of All America Shoes, not only in the parts in plain sight, but also in those parts which you cannot see.

Rice & Hutchins' name on a shoe is a guarantee of honest value in every part.

All America Shoes are unexcelled in style, fit, or finish, and there is a style made suitable for every occasion. Behind every pair stands forty years' experience as shoemakers and a reputation for producing dependable shoes.

Rice & Hutchins, in their seven large modern factories, produce shoes to fill the shoe wants of every member of every family, everywhere.

Awarded Grand Prize (highest possible award) Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

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Handsome booklet free.

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Are you completely satisfied with what you are making?

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Become a local agent for the Oliver!

You can add at least \$300 a year to your income if you're already in a salaried position—for you'll only need a few hours each evening—at your own convenience. Or, you can make a comfortable living if you devote your entire time to a local agency.

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We post you thoroughly on the Oliver and on the Typewriter situation generally. We send you handsome booklets—give you valuable sale prospects and send our Traveling Salesmen when you need their assistance to close a deal.

And while you're Local Agent you get the full advantage of every sale made in your territory—even if we sell the Typewriter ourselves.



The Standard Visible Writer is the best—most durable—neatest—quickest—surest Typewriter made in the world.

It excels all other Typewriters in practical efficiency—is comparatively free from repairs—is a Perfect Aligner—an enormous Manifolder.

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○ ○ ○

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PRINCIPAL FOREIGN OFFICE
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Packed in boxes, ready for use.

Rats and mice leave choicest food and grain for it. Dry, clean; never leaves a mark.

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CORRECT FIT
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SINGLE PAIRS
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FLAT OPENING

Ledger Sheets

That Streak
Shows where the **Bond Paper** is woven in with the **Ledger Paper**, producing absolutely the only flat opening detachable leaf ledger sheet on the market.

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No Treatment of any kind—made at the mill by our own process, giving great strength and absolute flexibility at the binding margin, and at the same time decreasing the thickness at this point.

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Agree That if, without misuse,
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They will, upon its return to them, together with this Agreement and
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The practice of wearing low shoes has become almost universal among well-dressed men. Therefore, a snug-fitting stocking becomes an absolute necessity.

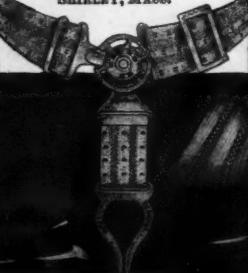
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keeps the stocking snug and tight without binding the leg. That is all you want in a garter.

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Makers of the President Suspender
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sustain the trousers without straining the shoulders.

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is the king of valises. Made of finest sole leather, entirely hand sewed. Welded steel frame. Bellows attachments on both sides give

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Catalogue of high-grade trunks, bags and suit cases sent on request, with booklet describing our line of Bellows Valises.

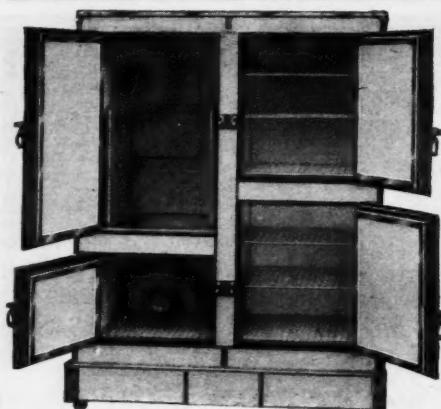
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It is a land of blue and gold—the blue of the clear sky matched by the marvelous blue of the crystal clear waters, and over all the gold of the summer's sun. The

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fit perfectly, hug the limb comfortably without binding, never let go of the hose, never tear them, last longest, look neatest—are best garters.

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Illustrated Book of Recipes of more elaborate desserts mailed FREE. Address,

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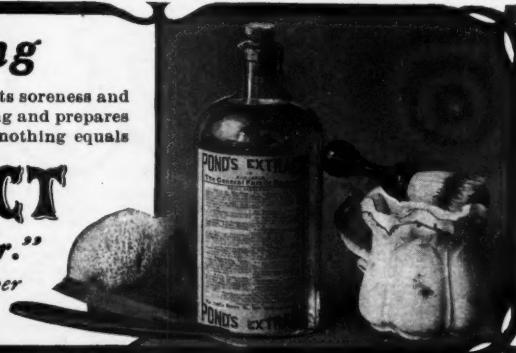
Bathe the face with Pond's Extract. Prevents soreness and roughness, allays inflammation, checks bleeding and prepares the face for the next day's shave. For the toilet nothing equals

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Clears Out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Bed-Bugs, Ants, &c.

Unbeatable Rat, Roach and Bed Bug exterminator. Fools them but never fools nor disappoints the buyer. A large Lithograph, 14 x 21, in seven colors, of the above Rough on Rats illustration (Household Troubles) which convulsed the world with laughter, with comic descriptive verses, mailed free to any address. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

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RHEUMATIC CURE
WILL CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM

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 Ten years of successful use of this remedy in hospital and private practice by hundreds of physicians has demonstrated the fact that it removes the acid from the system, controls its formation, and dissolves recent deposits.
 Remember it costs you nothing to try the remedy that gives sure results. Write today and we will mail you a trial box. Sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or by
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**Cured
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Attacks stopped permanently. Health completely restored. No return of symptoms after treatment ceases. Neither colds, dust, odors, dampness, nerve strain, weather changes, nor anything else can bring back the disease. You will have a good appetite, sleep well all night, can undergo exposure or do anything anywhere without fear of the old enemy. Throw away powders, sprays, "Specifics," etc., and be cured in the right way—to stay cured. 21 years **Interesting Book A, Mailed Free.** and Hay Fever exclusively. Seven physicians. Thirty assistants. 53,000 patients. Reference in all countries. Full description of treatment with reports of illustrative cases, report blanks, examination by mail, and our opinion as to your curability all gladly given without charge. Write at once. **P. HAROLD HAYES, Buffalo, N.Y.**

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Confidence can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Ask your physician about it.

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TO convince doubters that the Fischer
Bunion Protector gives instant and
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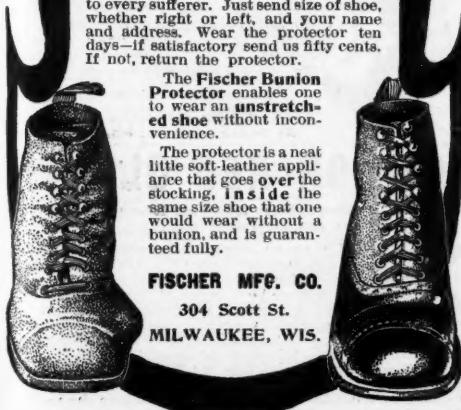
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The Fischer Bunion
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The protector is a neat
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would wear without a
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Warm Shampoos with

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And light dressings of Cuticura,
the great Skin Cure and sweetest
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Gibson Royalties, etc. Choice of old gold, tan, crimson, dark or light green. Size 17½ inches. Same finished complete, \$1.50. Only one free Top to one address.

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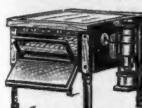
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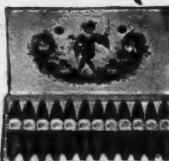
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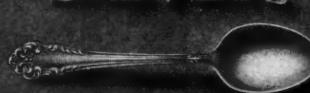
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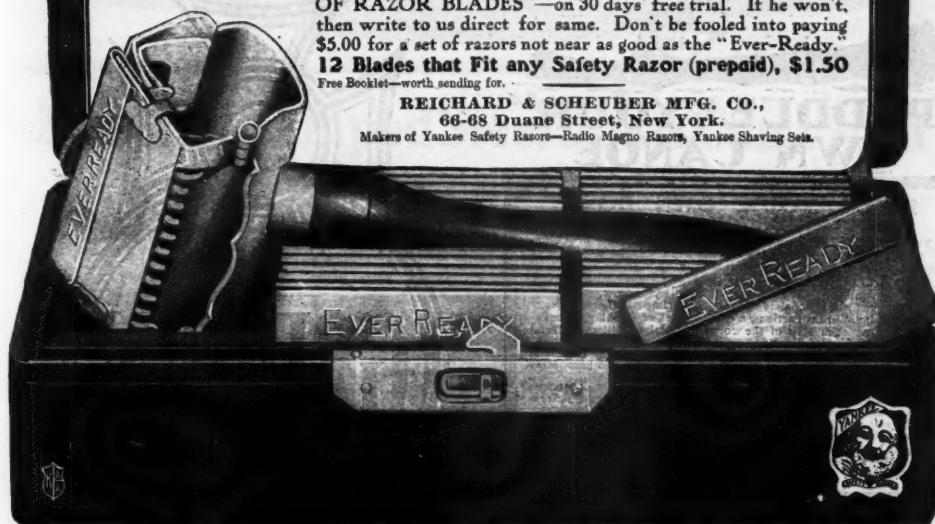
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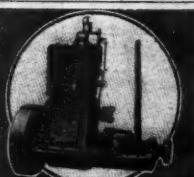
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Department 61 Pontiac, Michigan, U. S. A.

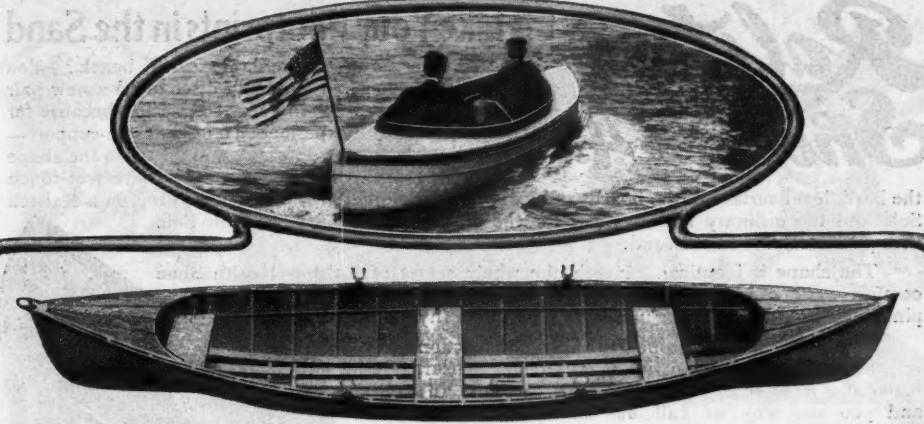
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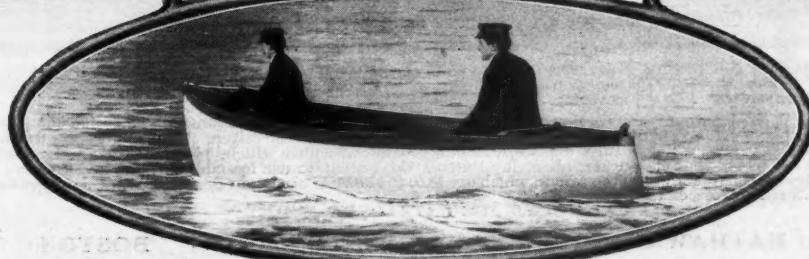
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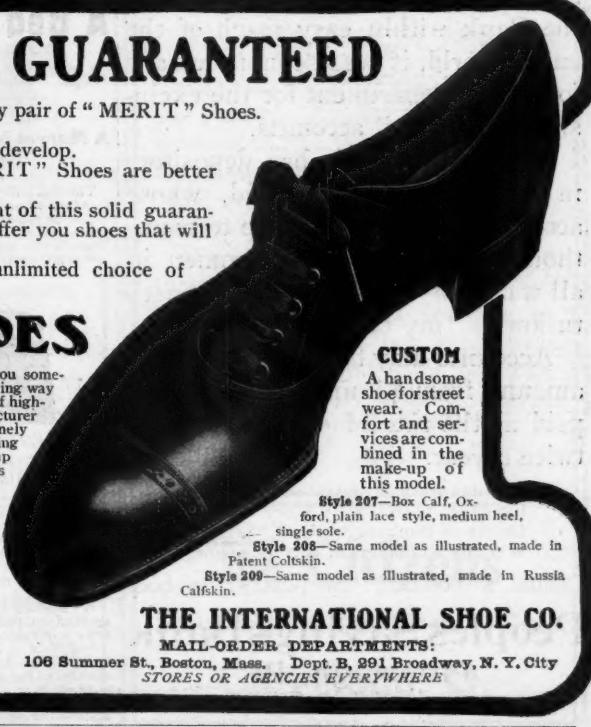
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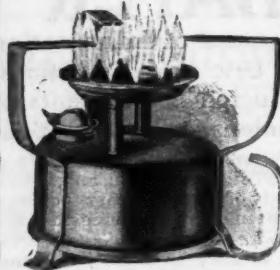
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WE WILL MAIL YOU ONE. ADDRESS PHILADELPHIA & BOSTON FACE BRICK CO., DEPT. 7 165 MILK ST., BOSTON, MASS.

JAPANESE HEALTH FOR Busy Business Men

C. Be well always, like the Jap soldiers, no matter what the local conditions are.
C. All the practical points of the famous Japanese health-giving art are combined with the best American improved methods in my Japo-American system of simple exercise.
C. Business men don't want huge muscles in legs, arms, etc.—they want clear, active brains—that desire to do things—that vim and snap—which results from a strong, healthy stomach, liver and kidneys, etc.
C. You don't have to starve yourself—with my Japo-American system—you can eat as much as you wish of anything you like—no apparatus is needed—simply devote a few minutes of your time daily to practicing the exercises I will prescribe for your individual case. I will show you how, by the concentrated action of one muscle on another heat is produced which generates animal electricity, which strengthens the brain and stimulates the flow of vital nerve force to the heart, stomach, liver, lungs, etc., via the pneumogastric nerve or *life cable*.

FREE
Handsome illustrated booklet "Japanese Health" which fully describes my system as taught by correspondence. *Don't put this aside. Write today.*

PROF. J. E. WINHOLTS
18 Otis Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Argosy in Bound Form

out of print. The remaining volumes, all neatly bound in cloth, are veritable treasure houses of entertaining fiction.

75 cents apiece, plus 25 cents postage, except Vols. XVIII to XXIII, inclusive, which cost \$1.00, plus 30 cents postage.

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York

From the sheep's back
to your back \$8.88

THE only industry in the world selling "from sheep to man." With our mills to weave the cloth and our own tailors to make it up into clothes for you—we accomplish a master-stroke in production that brings our prices far below the lowest existing, figuring quality, fit and workmanship. Best evidence is this fast black, all wool Thibet Cloth man's suit made-to-your-measure for **\$8.88**. No retail clothier, much less a custom tailor, could possibly duplicate such excellence under \$15. Every suit a fashion plate exactness of the latest vogue in New York styles.

Any suit that isn't better than your money—we'll take back. Send for samples, tape measure, rules for measuring and detailed facts about our mills and tailories all under one management.

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WOOL GROWING CO.**
Dept. H, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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Reproduced perfectly and mounted on one of our neat and pretty **Rimless Brooches** exact size of cut, with safety clasp pin back. Brooch and photo returned safely postpaid. We also send you **FREE** coupons with which you may get an elegant 75 cent **Gold Brooch** free of cost; also large catalog of photo-jewelry and novelties. All for only 10 cents.

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By voice gymnastics or silly methods of talking. We correct the cause and give natural speech and a perfect and permanent cure.

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Brown Dust Gards

make the dustiest road delightful. They give you absolute cleanliness and comfort, even when traveling at highest speed. Your most delicate clothes cannot be soiled if there is a Brown Dust Gard on your car.

Sent on Approval

The Brown Dust Gard is so simple, practical and thoroughly effective that it pleases all automobileists. It may be attached readily to any car, in no way detracts from its appearance and does not interfere with the door, either side or rear. We carry in stock all sizes and shapes for all the leading makes. Sent on approval to responsible persons. Write to-day for descriptive booklet.

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**The CLIMAX
OF GRANDEUR**

in Yellowstone Park
is the **GRAND CAÑON**,
Wonderful in Color and Sculpture. ~

Direct route via Gardiner Gateway.
Season June 1st - Oct. 20th. ~ Low Rates.

SEND SIX CENTS FOR "WONDERLAND 1905."
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A. M. CLELAND, Gen'l Pass'g'r Agt., ST. PAUL, MINN.

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Clothes of Gentility

The Atterbury System begins another season delighted with the product it has to offer, and confident necessarily of public approbation. Gentle dressers, wherever they may be, will find in ATTERBURY CLOTHES the taste which refined natures seek and the character which nothing short of hand tailoring can impart.

The term "ATTERBURY SYSTEM" means all of this, although more explicit definitions would be: "Hand-tailored clothes ready for immediate service," or "An elaboration of the custom tailor's methods," which guarantees a lower price and a greater satisfaction.

We must not be confused with the ready-made brands of clothing produced in this country in carload lots, nor have we any idea of attempting to compete therewith. We have a mission that is peculiarly our own, and that is to make clothes of gentility (at a popular price) which will give you the air of a gentleman in spite of yourself.

We will be glad to give you, upon request, the name of the firm which handles the "Clothes of Gentility," though in every case it will be a gentleman's store.

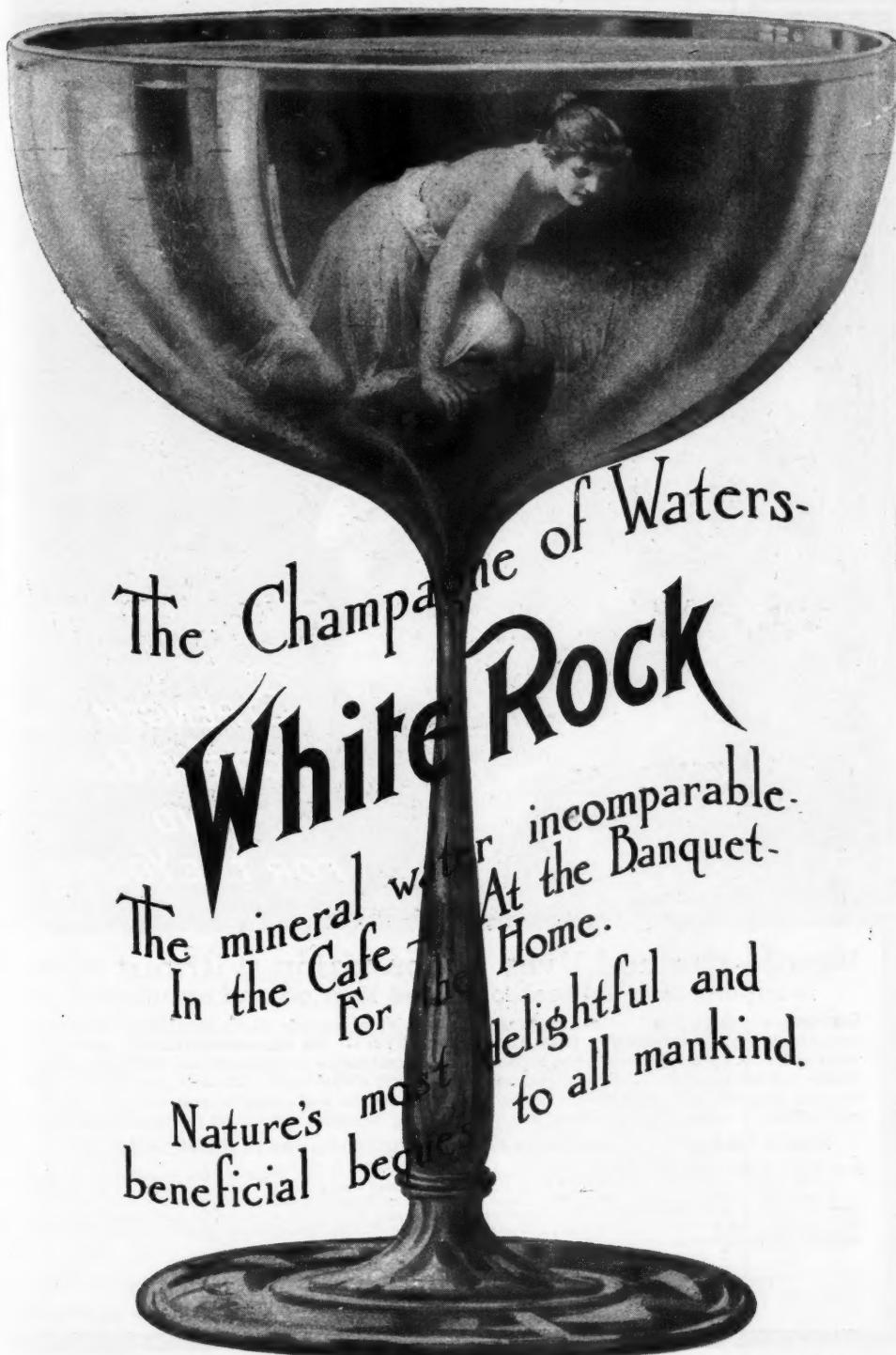
Atterbury System Labels in Each Garment
Authorized Agents in All Cities

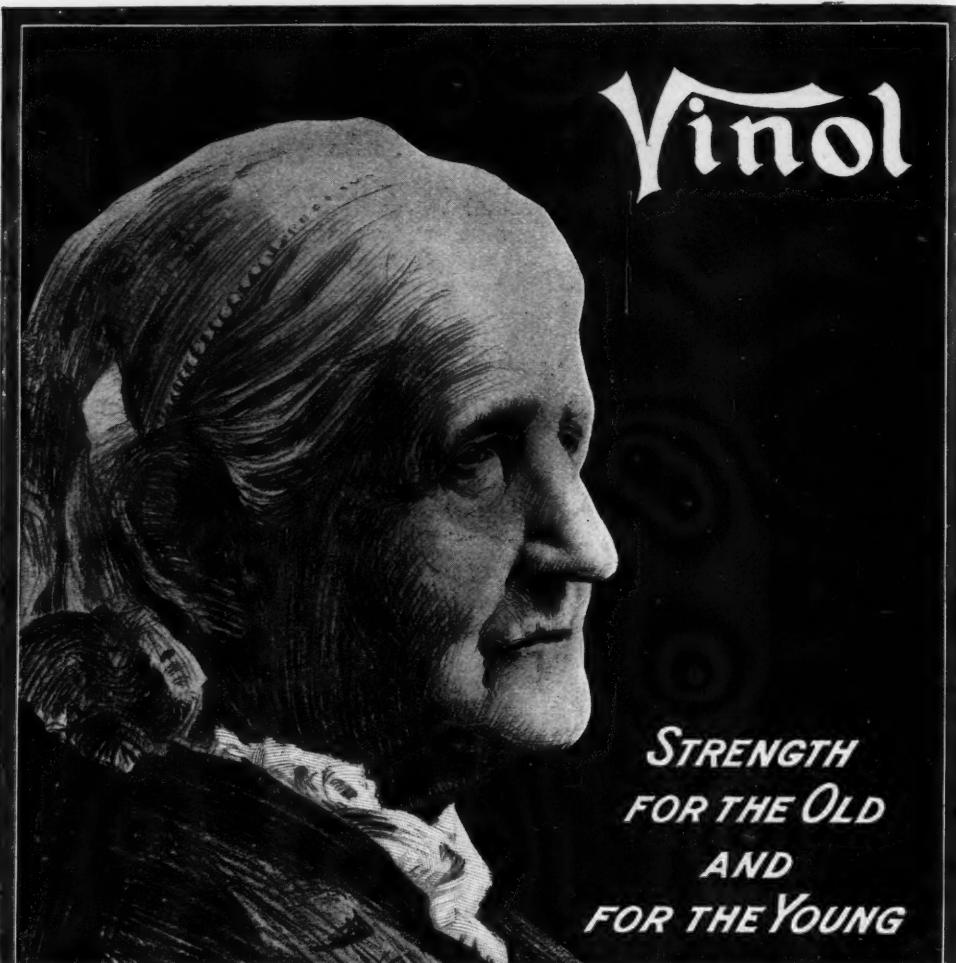
Atterbury Suits and Overcoats
\$20 to \$40

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Vinol—the cod liver preparation without oil—is superseding old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions

Because, without a drop of oil or disagreeable feature, Vinol contains all the medicinal elements of cod liver oil, **actually taken from fresh cods' livers**. By our process the oil, having no value either as a medicine or food, is separated from the medicinal elements and **thrown away**. Unlike old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions, Vinol is deliciously palatable, agreeable to the weakest stomach, and therefore unequalled as a body builder and strength creator for old people, puny children, weak, run-down men and women, after sickness, and for all pulmonary diseases.

Sold at the leading drug store in every city and town and in the big cities, viz:

NEW YORK: *kiker's Drug Stores*, Sixth Ave. and 2d St.; cor. Broadway and 9th. *Hegeman & Co.*, 200 and 205 Broadway; 200 W. 125th; 1917 Amsterdam Ave.; 2835 Third Ave. *Kinsman's Drug Stores*, 601 Eighth Ave.; 125th St. and Eighth Ave. **J. Jungmann**, 1020 Third Ave.; 428 Columbus Ave.; 1 East 42d St. *Bolton Drug Co.* (Brooklyn.) All Stores. **BOSTON:** *Jaynes & Co.*, 50 Washington St. cor. Hanover; 877 Washington St. cor. Common; 143 and 129 Summer St. **PHILADELPHIA**, *Geo. B. Evans*, 1106 Chestnut; 17th and Chestnut; 1012 Market; 8th and Arch; 2330 North Front. **CHICAGO:** *The Public Drug Co.*, 150 State St.

Sent, express paid, on receipt of \$1.00 by any Vinol agent, or by
CHESTER KENT & CO., CHEMISTS, BOSTON, MASS.
Exclusive agencies for VINOL are given to one druggist in a place.

What Will You Give For Health and a Good Figure

Will you give me 15 minutes in your own home and get well without drugs?

—Perfectly, completely well, with that glad, joyous freedom and happiness in life and sweet personal loveliness which health and a well developed, graceful body alone can give? There is nothing in girlhood or womanhood as lovely as a healthy, vigorous, well-kept body, sound and sweet and wholesome, full of life and strength and fire. There is nothing which gives a woman such power to win love and to wield influence.

If the lungs, heart, nerves and every vital organ of the body are kept strong there is no need of drugs or medicine. "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." The permanent relief from weaknesses can only be in regaining the strength of weakened organs. In the recent National Convention of Druggists, it was shown that about 8,000 out of the 40,000 druggists are handling adulterated drugs, and probably fifty per cent. of the drugs contain morphine.

Any woman by practicing fifteen minutes each day in her own room can have a good figure, clear skin, strong brain and the perfect bodily poise which results from a sound condition of all the vital

functions. We women do not want large muscles, but we want that vibrant life force born of a healthful spirit which makes life worth living. We also want flexible, symmetrical, well-rounded figures with that graceful, dignified, easy carriage which denotes character, culture and refinement.

My instructions by mail are strictly individual and strictly confidential. I direct the exercise, bathing and diet adapted to

I HAVE HELPED 15,000 WOMEN TO HELP THEMSELVES your condition, teach you how to breathe, how to stand, how to walk; I strengthen the stomach and the nerves so that your food will nourish you; strengthen the liver, kidneys and intestines so that all impurities are thrown from your system; stimulate a sluggish circulation; send the blood bounding through your veins, so that you feel warm and comfortable; put you in condition to resist colds; strengthen weak hearts and lungs, relieve you of weaknesses, lame backs and headaches. When this is done, you will have a clear brain, a quick perception and a vibrant life force. If your vital organs and muscles are packed about by too much fat, I reduce you to normal proportions. If you are thin, I put the vital organs and the nerves in condition so that you will assimilate your food. I wish you could read the mail on my desk for one day—it would make you happy as it does me. I am quoting to you below extracts from some letters from my pupils. Some of these names I have permission to give—others I have not—but I can duplicate any one of these extracts many times a day:

"I have a better color in my face than I have had for sixteen years."

"My neck, chest and bust are filling out beautifully, and I have gained 13 pounds in the last two months."

"I have left off my glasses, Miss Cocroft, and my eyes are stronger."

"Just think! I can eat anything—my indigestion is all gone."

"My catarrh is entirely cured."

"The kidneys and liver are working splendidly, and after twenty years my constipation seems to be entirely relieved."

"I have not had a headache since my first lesson, Miss Cocroft, and the doctor says my heart and lungs are much stronger, and I am sure my nerves are. Those neuralgic pains are entirely gone."

"I have lost 66 pounds. Can you believe it? My husband says I look 30 years younger."

"Those lumps which I feared were tumors have all gone, and I have no more rheumatism. I'm so happy."

I take but a limited number of pupils, because I give each pupil my personal attention. I do not work with a woman unless I am sure I can help her. I know I can reduce Prominent Abdomens and Hips, build up Thin Necks and Chests, and bring any woman to roundness and symmetry. I have done all of these hundreds and hundreds of times. It is no longer an experiment with me.

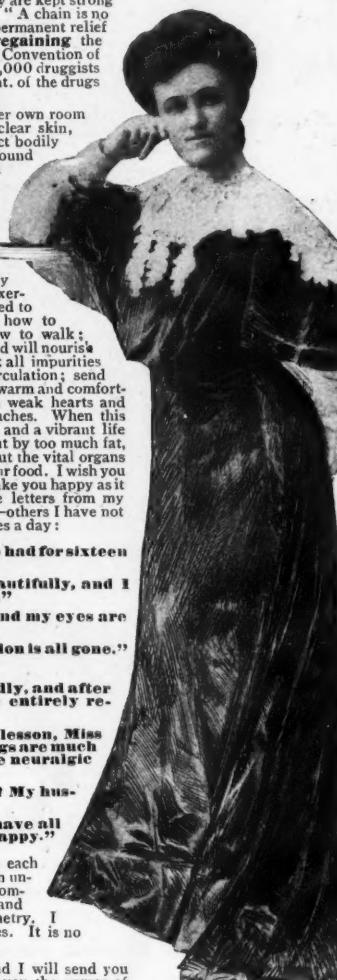
Write to me, telling me your particular difficulties, and I will send you letters from pupils and give you the names of **MY BOOKLET AND ADVICE ARE FREE** women who have been relieved of above and other difficulties. I will send you an instruc-

tive booklet on how to stand correctly. Every woman should know this if she would be perfectly well. I charge you nothing for this booklet and nothing for my information in regard to your case. Do not hesitate to write me. I hold pupils' letters in confidence.

Suranna Cocroft.

Dept. 7, 57 Washington St., Chicago

Miss Cocroft, as President of the Physical Culture Extension Work in America, has had an unusually wide experience in diagnosing cases and prescribing individual work for women.



FILL OUT, CUT OFF AND MAIL THIS BLANK NOW

Name.....

Address.....

Dept. 7.

Will you not mark with the letter (X) on the attached blank the points which interest you, and if there are any particulars in regard to your case which you feel I need, write me about them also, and I will tell you frankly whether I can help you.

Too thin
Round shouldered
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly
Thin chest
Thin bust
Thin neck
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood

Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
Occupation
What is your age?
Married or single?

*Malt-Nutrine
Stimulates
Invigorates
Nourishes
—naturally*



Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

is rich in the nourishing—blood, bone and tissue-forming—principals of Food.

It will revive your wearied Nerves and Body, and make you feel fresh and vigorous. A wine glass full with meals and upon retiring or oftener if required.

You'll notice the improvement almost immediately.

Malt-Nutrine is non-intoxicating.

Sold by all druggists and grocers.

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis, U.S.A.

Tools

Some men know a good make of saw but don't know how to chose a chisel.

Others know a reliable brand of bit but are in the dark as to hatchets. The Keen Kutter Brand eliminates *all* uncertainty in tool buying.

As this brand covers a complete line of tools, all you need remember in buying a tool of any kind is the one name Keen Kutter.

We make this positive statement as to the quality of all tools sold under the Keen Kutter name: Keen Kutter Tools are without reserve or qualification the best tools that money, brains and skill can produce. No matter how much you pay, no matter who you may have thought to be the best maker of a particular kind of tool, you cannot get any tool, anywhere, better than those sold under the name of Keen Kutter.

We want you to buy a Keen Kutter for the next tool you need and if you don't find it entirely satisfactory the dealer will take it back. If your dealer doesn't keep Keen Kutter tools write us and we will see that you are supplied.

KEEN KUTTER

Tools received the Grand Prize at the St. Louis Exposition—the only such award ever given a complete line of tools.

The following list gives a few of the kinds of tools bearing the name of Keen Kutter:

Augers Bits Chisels Gouges
Planes Drawing Knives Files
Knives of all kinds Scissors
Shears Adzes Axes
Choppers Cleavers
Hatchets Saws Scythes
Tinner's Snips
Gimlets Tool
Cabinets Can
Openers
Steels
etc.

*"The
Recollection
of Quality
Remains Long
After the
Price Is
Forgotten"*

Trade Mark Registered



SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

St. Louis, Mo., 298 Broadway, N. Y.

What Would Make You Want A Phonograph?

Did you ever leave the theatre possessed by a charming air you could not recall? Did the concert ever leave a haunting memory of delight gone forever? Did you ever hear an orchestra play a beautiful melody that you would like to hear again and again? Did you ever hear a passing band play a striking march, and regret that you could not master it and be able to whistle it at will?

Perhaps you "Don't know music"—"Don't play," and lacking these talents you abandon the gratification of these desires.

Don't give up.

Own an EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

Possessing one, you can have a Record of the lost music, and in the quietness of your home, play it over and over until you have mastered both music and words. The fleeting pleasure is made permanent.

An EDISON PHONOGRAPH and EDISON GOLD MOULDED RECORDS give this music with all the naturalness and pleasing quality of the original. Thomas A. Edison's many improvements now in his PHONOGRAPH have made it a delightfully entertaining instrument—a treat that asks only trial.

Here are the 25 EDISON GOLD MOULDED RECORDS for March. Edison Dealers throughout the country have them. Whatever your taste you will find some pleasing selections.

Make a choice, go to an Edison Dealer and ask him to play them for you on an EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

If you cannot reach a dealer, fill in the coupon below the list and mail to us, checking the catalogue you want.

If you have an old Phonograph not in use, send us its number. We have a special proposition for you.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., Orange, N. J.
New York Chicago San Francisco London
I. C. S. Language Courses Taught by EDISON PHONOGRAPH.



New Records for MARCH

| | | | | | |
|------|--|---------------------------|------|--|------------------------|
| 8928 | A Sprig o' Shillalah | Edison Concert Band | 8929 | Oh Promis Me, <i>Tenor Solo</i> | Irving Gillette |
| 8930 | Never, <i>Comic Song</i> | | 8931 | Take a Trip in My Air Ship, <i>Medley</i> | Bob Roberts |
| 8932 | Come Take a Trip in My Air Ship, <i>Medley</i> | | 8933 | <i>Xylophone Solo</i> | Albert Benzler |
| 8934 | It Makes Me Think of Home, <i>Sweet Home, Tenor Solo</i> | | 8935 | The Troubadour | Edison Concert Band |
| 8936 | The White Swan | Edison Symphony Orchestra | 8937 | Oh, Oh, Sallie, <i>Coon Duet</i> | Collins & Harlan |
| 8938 | Mexico, from "Humphy Dumphy," <i>Harry MacDonough</i> | | 8939 | Darkie Tickle | Edison Military Band |
| 8939 | The Bingville Band, "Comic Song," <i>Arthur Collins</i> | | 8940 | Evening Star, Tannhauser, <i>Cello Solo</i> , <i>Hans Kronold</i> | |
| 8940 | Hans Krausmeyer and His Dog Schneider, | | 8941 | <i>Corn Duet</i> | Len Spencer & Alf Holt |
| 8941 | Can't You See My Heart Beats All for You, | | 8942 | The Wren Polka, <i>Piccolo Solo</i> | Murray & Roberts |
| 8942 | <i>Corn Duet</i> | | 8943 | Won't You Fondle Me, <i>Coon Love Song</i> , <i>Arthur Collins</i> | Frank S. Mazziotta |
| 8943 | When the Harvest Moon is Shining on the River, | | 8944 | Tell Me With Your Eyes | Edison Male Quartette |
| 8944 | <i>Tenor Solo</i> | | 8945 | Ye Ancients March | Edison Concert Band |
| 8945 | Tennessee Minstrels | | 8946 | Tommy (Tell Me True), <i>Sentimental Duet</i> , | Harlan & Stanley |
| 8946 | There's a Dark Man Coming With a Bundle Medley, | | 8947 | <i>Bells Solo</i> | Albert Benzler |
| 8947 | Edison Military Band | | 8948 | My Carolina Lady, <i>Sentimental Song</i> , <i>Miss Ada Jones</i> | |
| | | | 8949 | When the Harvest Moon is Shining on the River, | Minstrels |
| | | | 8950 | <i>Tenor Solo</i> , <i>Harry Anthony</i> | |
| | | | 8951 | Tennessee Minstrels | |
| | | | 8952 | There's a Dark Man Coming With a Bundle Medley, | |
| | | | | Edison Military Band | |

Fill out and mail this coupon, checking the catalogue you want.

**NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.,
No. 22 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.**

Mail to my Address

Phonograph Catalogue

Complete Catalogue of Edison Records

Sample Copy of the Phonogram

Name.....

Street & No.

City..... State.....

My Phonograph is No.



True Heating Economy

The home builder discredits the best value of his property at the very start unless he puts in steam or hot water heating.

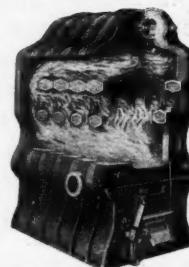
AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

bring a quicker transaction at a higher price in the event of sale or lease of the property.

Meanwhile they produce true heating comfort for the owner, protect the family health, reduce his fuel bills, require no repairs, are dustless, simpler to run than a parlor stove, and they outlast the building.

Unlike stoves or hot-air furnaces, our Boilers and Radiators are made upon the unit or sectional plan, so that if the building is made larger, or the rooms altered (65% of all buildings are rebuilt) extra sections or parts may be readily added or removed. Hence, to buy IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators is an investment—not an expense.

Whether your building is OLD or new, SMALL or large, farm or city, send for our booklet (free) "Heating Investments Successful."



Open view of Ideal Boiler, showing long fire travel and all fire surfaces backed by water to absorb and deliver to the various rooms the largest possible percentage of heat from the fuel.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 44.

CHICAGO



THE EQUITABLE

HENRY B. HYDE
FOUNDER

J. W. ALEXANDER
PRESIDENT

J. H. HYDE
VICE PRESIDENT



\$2,500 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society paid yesterday the claim on policy No. 996,674. This was one of the Society's new Continuous Instalment Policies; and under it the widow of the deceased is guaranteed \$2,500 a year as long as she lives. As the widow is only about thirty-five years of age, it is probable that she will live to receive the income for thirty-five years, or even more.

—New York Tribune.

pro
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the

The assured under the above mentioned policy had only paid \$7240 in premiums. In return for this amount, the Equitable must pay \$50,000, and may pay \$100,000 or even more.

If you would like full information regarding this new form of policy send coupon below, or write, for leaflet.

Splendid opportunities for men of character to act as representatives.

Write to GAGE E. TARRELL, 2nd Vice President.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 120 Broadway, New York, Dept. 6.

Please send me information regarding a Continuous Instalment Endowment for \$.....
issued to a person.....years of age.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



"WINNERS"

Men interested in athletics should have the set of ten poster pictures which we have published showing such representative men as

H. CHANDLER EGAN
Golfer

HOLCOMB WARD
Tennis-Player

CAPTAIN HOGAN
Quarter-Back

HILDEBRAND
Jockey

LAJOIE and CHESBRO
Base Ball Players

and others who have distinguished themselves in various branches of outdoor sport during 1904.

Printed in color on art paper $7\frac{1}{2} \times 45$ inches from drawings by Scottson Clark, and enclosed as a separate insert with our

STYLE BOOK

showing the authoritative Spring fashions for men and boys. Sent free on application to our store at 843 Broadway, New York City.

Our influence in determining the fashions of the American Gentleman may be judged by the fact that in our three Broadway stores, New York's most discriminating public buys

Hackett-Carhart "UNCOMMON CLOTHES"

and that these identical styles are for sale by dealers throughout the country.

Each size and style is designed from living models and executed in accordance with an experience gained by fifty years continuous experience.

If your dealer is building trade for the future he has our clothing. If not, write us.



HACKETT, CARHART & CO.

Three Broadway Stores

NEW YORK

Established 50 Years

CROSSETT SHOE

"MAKES
LIFE'S
WALK
EASY"

\$350

\$400

2347
Patent

2348
Russet

2342
Patent

DISCRIMINATING DRESSERS should call on the Crossett dealers and see the correct shoe styles for Spring, 1905. The complete line of Crossett shoes is a little in advance of anything yet shown. You will find every new desirable shape in every good, seasonable leather. The only old-fashioned feature is—COMFORT.

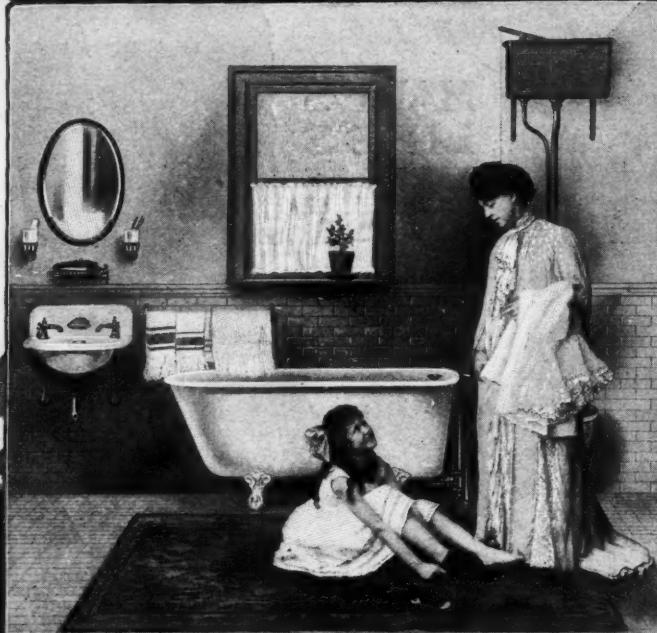
Twenty years of scientific shoe making are responsible for the graceful lines and perfect fit of the Crossett. Vigilant care in selection of material accounts for the splendid wearing qualities. These elements combined produce that complete satisfaction known as CROSSETT COMFORT. Next time you buy, try Crossett shoes—a more thrifty purchase can't be made.

If your dealer does not keep them, we will send by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of price and 25c. for delivery. State size and width—narrow, medium or wide toe—with or without toe cap—kind of leather desired—Lace, Button, Congress or Blucher. For further information, let us send you our illustrated style booklet

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc., North Abington, Mass.

"Standard"

PORCELAIN ENAMELED
Baths & One Piece Lavatories



The advertisement features a large, ornate title "Standard" in a stylized, flowing font. Below it, the words "PORCELAIN ENAMELED" and "Baths & One Piece Lavatories" are written in a smaller, sans-serif font. The central image is a black and white photograph of a woman in a white lace-trimmed nightgown reclining in a large, white, porcelain enameled bathtub. The bathroom is well-furnished with a sink, a mirror, and a window with a small potted plant. In the upper right corner, there is a circular seal with the text "DESIGN AND DURABILITY TRADE Standard MARK UNSURPASSED". The entire advertisement is framed by a decorative border with floral and scrollwork elements.

If you build or remodel this Spring by all means put in a modern sanitary bathroom equipped with snowy, non-porous "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware. No matter how low the cost a "Standard" bathroom is comfortable, healthful and beautiful, and an added money value to the house. It has the strength of iron and the purity of china, and is the only safe equipment for the modern home.

Send to-day for our book of "MODERN BATHROOMS" (100 pages) which shows many complete model bathrooms ranging from \$70.00 to \$550.00 with price of each fixture in detail. (The fixtures in the above interior cost only about \$70.00 not counting piping or labor). It gives expert information on laundry, kitchen and toilet room equipment—decoration, tiling, etc., etc. Free for six cents postage.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our guarantee "**Green and Gold**" label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. Y, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Offices and Showroom in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street
Cleveland, Ohio, 208-210 Huron Street
Louisville, Ky., 325-329 West Main Street
New Orleans, La., Baronne and St. Joseph Streets
London, England: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E.S.

St. Louis, Mo., 622 Security Building
Boston, Mass., 712 Paddock Building
Philadelphia, Pa., 906-907 Commonwealth Building



Over

\$440,000,000

Back of its Policy Contracts

OLDEST IN AMERICA
LARGEST IN THE WORLD

THE MUTUAL LIFE
HOME OFFICE BUILDING



\$1,106,701,837.00 have been paid to and accumulated for its policy holders—or over Two Hundred and Seventeen Million Dollars more than any other company has accomplished.

The Mutual Life

Will Provide You with an Income
and an Estate

If you are in good health, THE MUTUAL LIFE will make this contract with you: At the end of 15 years it will pay you \$1,000 and \$1,000 each and every year thereafter, until \$15,000 have been paid. At the end of that time THE MUTUAL will also pay you \$10,000 cash.

Fill out the attached coupon and learn the exact cost of this most desirable form of Investment Insurance.

RICHARD A. McCURDY
PRESIDENT

The Mutual Life
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INS. CO. OF NEW YORK,
New York City.

Gentlemen:—I shall be glad to receive, without in any way committing myself, information regarding cost of your policy mentioned in your April advertisement.

My occupation is and age

Name.....

Address.....

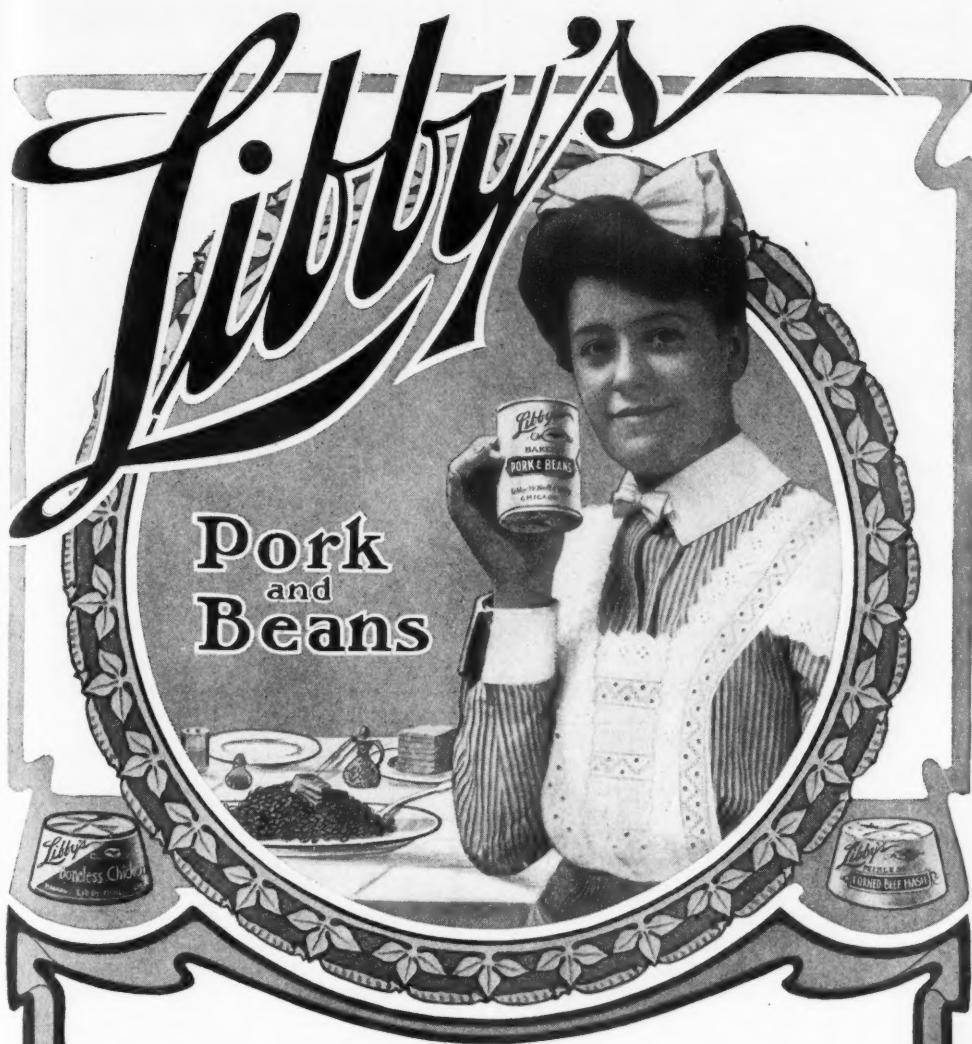
TEAR OFF AND MAIL COUPON.



Many soaps, made especially for use in shampooing, are positively injurious. They may cleanse the scalp, but they darken the hair.

Ivory Soap is the only soap you should use. It gives blonde hair that peculiar "sun-light" effect, while in the case of dark hair, it intensifies the gloss.

IVORY SOAP—IT FLOATS.



Libby's Natural Flavor Food Products

A few suggestions for the house-wife, suitable for all purposes—
Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner—at any time of the year.

| | | |
|------------------|------------|---------------------|
| Boneless Chicken | Veal Loaf | Peerless Dried Beef |
| Melrose Pate | Potted Ham | Vienna Sausage |
| Whole Ox Tongues | Soups | Corned Beef Hash |

At All Grocers

Our booklet "Good Things to Eat" sent free upon request.
Send five 2 cent stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby,
Chicago

For Easter

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon
Swift & Company U.S.A.

Shivery Days

Start off best with a cup of steaming, invigorating Postum, and they end without the nervous depression that coffee brings to many. It gives the coffee pleasure in taste, with Postum benefits in results, and where there has been trouble, trouble, trouble from coffee drinking, a new condition of health and strength sets in.

"There's a reason" for
POSTUM

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL



**BAKING
POWDER**

Absolutely Pure

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

Used Round the World

**Walter Baker & Co.'s
Chocolate**



AND

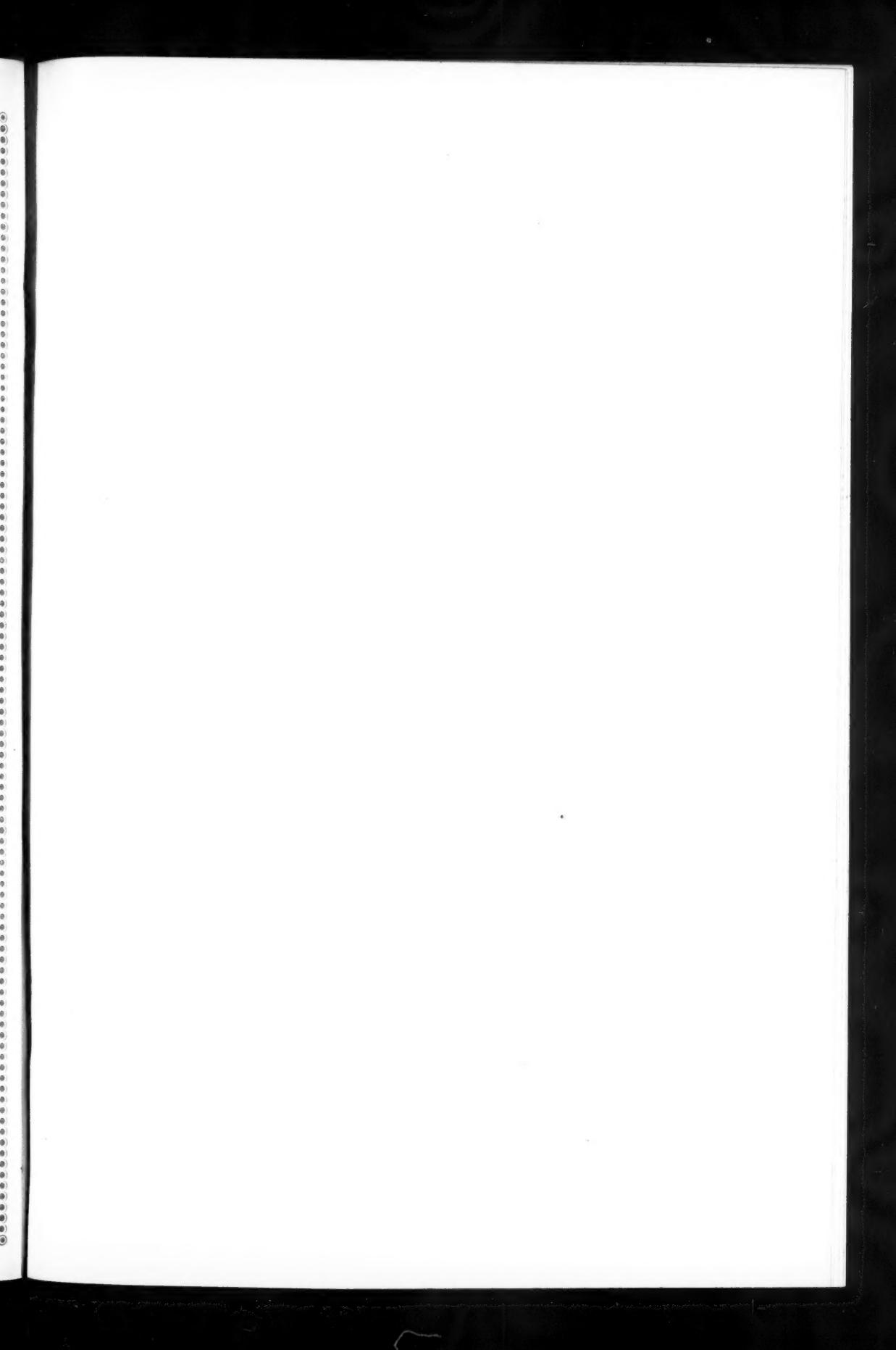
Cocoa

The leader for
124 Years

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TRADE-MARK
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Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

**45 HIGHEST AWARDS IN
EUROPE AND AMERICA**





JAMES STUART, DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENNOX.

This fine portrait of a cousin of King Charles I, by 'andyke, is one of the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, to which it was presented by the late Henry G. Marquand.

[See page 179.]